

Another new year opened bright and clear. I spent the day arranging and filing papers and in the evening playing violin records on the phonograph. Both the children had visitors.

The 2d, Saturday, I sent a notice to all members of the Interdepartmental Committee to meet in the conference room of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics the following Monday. At the office I met a number of officials, including Dr. A. J. Pieters of the Bureau of Plant Industry, who was interested in ascertaining to what extent the growing of leguminous plants for green manuring was practiced in France and Italy.

In the afternoon of Jan. 4 our² interdepartmental committee of statisticians met to consider the program for the world agricultural census, eight different bureaus being well represented. I opened the meeting with a brief outline of the history, aims, purposes, and probable value, of the census project, and expressed the hope that I might have the benefit of their discussion, experience, and judgment on a series of specific questions that I had listed, ^{in order} ~~so~~ that I might return to Rome feeling that I had the advice of the best agricultural and statistical technicians of the United States back of me so that I could meet with the utmost confidence and with some authority the statisticians of any and all countries of the world. I informed them that in the preliminary forms I had listed all the items to be found in the census schedules of all countries of the world since the beginning of the century, that it was obviously of vital importance to make the standard form for the world census as simple as possible, and that if it were left to me alone I would at once strike out ninety percent of the questions listed, and I hoped they would join me in trying to reduce the questions to be asked to an absolute minimum to insure the success in the first attempt in history

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to take a world wide agricultural census on a comparable basis. Then I proceeded to read off the series of questions I had formulated. I was gratified and much surprised to see how closely their reactions and answers to these questions corresponded with my own, and how liberal, tolerant, and generous they were in recognizing the differences in the agricultural psychology of farming populations in other countries, and the unanimous agreement of all that the success of any attempt to get comparability in the agricultural statistics of all countries depended upon keeping the census questionnaires as simple as possible and limit them to essentials only.

The next day I received from Rome a package of census forms as revised by Mr. Dore in which he had redistributed the items of the questionnaire I had prepared under a series of technical headings, together with a letter asking for an immediate reply. I cabled "Suggested changes satisfactory only as basis of discussion. Returning January 30." The same day I engaged passage on the only ship that would enable me to reach Rome on the last day of January, which was necessary because an international committee of statisticians had been called to meet in Rome on the first day of February to consider the plans for the world census of Agriculture. At the Farm Hands Club luncheon one of the members arose and in a most realistic manner berated the longtime president, Mr. Marquis, for his sins of commission and omission until he got all the members in a tense state of mind and Mr. Marquis sitting with an astonished and hurt look on his face, and then the speaker right about faced and began to tell about how Mr. Marquis had founded the club, presided over it, and made it one of the most useful and interesting of informal organizations to which the members had ever belonged, and as a testi-

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monial of their indebtedness and high regard for him he had the honor and pleasure to present to him a gold watch suitably engraved. This, of course, was followed by cheers and by a unanimous standing vote Mr. Marquis was continued in office as president. It was a high honor, duly appreciated, and through all the years since its foundation Mr. Marquis has been its only president. In the weekly meetings of that club have been discussed practically all questions of national importance in their initial stages just before they were sprung on Congress or the American press, and always the questions were discussed on a nonpartisan basis and upon firsthand, inside information.

I walked back to the office with one of my Crop Estimates friends who showed me a tabulation sheet on which was noted in parallel columns the census of cotton ginnings in 1920 and 1925, and the individual farm census of cotton production taken by the same bureau in the spring of 1925, ^(Bureau of the Census) and how the figures had been arbitrarily raised as much as 10,000 bales in county after county to make them agree with the census of cotton actually ginned. In the afternoon the chief of the agricultural division of the Bureau of the Census called up to say that neither he nor the chief of the bureau should be held officially responsible for the expression of their personal opinions at our committee meeting, and I assured him that I fully understood their official position, would see that they were duly protected, and thanked him for their cooperation.

On the 6th I took luncheon at the Cosmos Club with Dr. E. Dana Durand, who expressed the opinion that the statistical branch of the League of Nations was doing excellent work. He said the division was largely in the hands of the English who were very desirous of having the cooperation of American statisticians

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and economists. He mentioned a so-called international statistical organization with headquarters at Brussels which was not really international, and the International Institute of Statistics with headquarters at the Hague, which last had done good work, and expressed the opinion that all these organizations, including the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, should be brought together under the ^{general} ~~joint~~ direction of the League of Nations. ¶ In the afternoon we had another two hour meeting of our interdepartmental committee of statisticians to discuss the tentative program of the world agricultural census. ¶ We spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert and their daughter. He was in charge of the exhibit material in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and both he and his wife were interesting. He crossed Russia and Siberia in a box car as a representative of the Y.M.C.A. and was with the American expeditionary force in Siberia during the war. He married his wife, daughter of a missionary, in China. ¶ From him I learned of one of the romances of American life. One of our colleagues who was formerly in charge of the market news service had a son who was obsessed with radio as a boy and highschool student. All his spare time was spent in experimenting. About the time he finished high school and entered college he discovered a new use or application of a recent invention in radio apparatus, which new application was patented and sold to the American Radio Corporation for ~~\$2200,xxx~~ \$20,000, and in addition the corporation gave him an annual retainer fee ^{of \$6000} for an option on any new improvements he might make, with the obligation that he should spend at least two weeks in their laboratories each year. Probably in no other country of the world could a boy make so much with his hobby.

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statistical committee meetings. Also I went through a file of photographs to select illustrations for the bulletin on Argentina I had submitted nearly a year before. My sister having expressed a desire for a cheap second hand car to run back and forth between Winworth and Sunny Hill, I made the rounds of several automobile agencies to inspect their stock of used cars. I saw hundreds of them ranging in price from \$125 up, mostly several years old and disreputable in appearance.

On the 8th we had another meeting of our statistical committee which was very satisfactory. In the evening wife and I went to a meeting of the Grange at the Wilson Normal School and I gave a talk on Italian life that was well received. There I met a Mr. Bonner who said he had been in Washington ten years advocating a ship canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson.

I began the 9th by revising manuscript and noting amendments that had been proposed to the census questionnaire. Had an interview with Secretary Jardine who was an old acquaintance, and who, I thought, had begun to show the pernicious effect of exalted official position. I wondered how many people in the United States would be able to recall his name ten years later. We discussed the situation at the Institute and I learned from him incidentally that there had been another interview with the State Department officials, and that he had in mind to designate Dr. Lippman of New Jersey, Dean Mann of Cornell, and President Pearson of the Maryland University, and one other as delegates to the next General Assembly meeting at Rome. He said he would much like to appoint his brother as one of the members but feared it would arouse criticism. I went home for luncheon and found that Sister Nellie had arrived. In the afternoon she purchased a used Ford roadster, which later became known as "The Bug," and

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gave good service on the mountain roads. Later I met her at the Union Station and together we rode on the train to Frederick. The hired man met us with the farm truck in which we rode out to her place, Winworth. The road was covered with snow that had drifted in places but the truck plowed through very well. At Winworth we had a delicious supper, followed by some homemade wine and radio music. Before retiring I gave my sister a check in part payment for the roadster she had bought, inasmuch as it was to be used in connection with Sunny Hill as well as Winworth.

The next day, Sunday, was a quiet one at Winworth, the ground covered with snow, the sun shining, and one had a beautiful view of Frederick and the Valley. For breakfast we had buckwheat pancakes, country sausage, and maple syrup, and coffee,-- most satisfactory combination in all the world on a cold day. I visited with mother, sister, Eunice and her husband, smoking and sipping homemade wine, and answering questions about what I had seen in Italy. Charly^{ie} drove me into Frederick and by train I reached Washington at 6.20 p.m. After a light supper wife and I went in a bus to Falls Church to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Gage. Congressman Hare, formerly our field agent for South Carolina, and his wife, the field agent for Ohio, and several others ~~were~~^{also} there. Gathered about a fire of blazing logs we spent a very pleasant evening together. Mr. Gage brought us home in his car.

The next day at the office was a busy one, mostly interviews, with a meeting of the statistical committee in the afternoon. In the evening wife and I visited Miss Ellerbrock, my former secretary, where we spent a very pleasant evening together.

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At home wife had prepared a nice supper of roast spareribs, baked sweet potatoes, sweet Bermuda onions, and a cranberry pie-- a supper that could not be obtained for love or money outside the United States.

The next day I arranged for transportation to Naples. Dictated a letter to the chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry asking him to have the botanical ^{terms} in the glossary of ^{Agriculture} ~~terms~~ prepared by Prof. Brutini for the census checked by the specialists in the bureau. Spent the evening with wife, children, and mother, who was spending the week with us.

The following day I had a long interview with Dr. Taylor of the Bureau of Plant Industry who readily agreed to have the glossary checked up by his people and who discussed at considerable length the unsatisfactory results secured from Mediterranean grown clover seed in this country and the demands of seed growers in this country that it be excluded. I made a hasty round of the bureau to bid good by to all my friends. [#] I spent the afternoon and evening at home with the family. In the evening Miss Ellerbrock brought over a letter from Rome that had arrived in the afternoon mail. This was to be my last day in Washington. Wife was looking very well, very brave, and seemed reluctant to have me go. She was ~~full of~~ subject to singular reticenses. ~~Then~~ Only the night before did she tell me that Otis had got into trouble and been arrested. It took some persuasion on my part to induce her to divulge the horrid details. It seems that Otis, 12 years old, and two other boys were playing cowboys from the wild and wooly west. Otis was dressed in Indian costume that his foster mother had bought for him, with moccasins and turkey feather headdress. This little band of desperate outlaws decided that they would take turns in robbing a bank, which in this case and

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E--1631. 1770

for their purposes was a newspaper penny box at our street corner, the proceeds of this villainy to be invested in ice cream cones. It fell to Otis's lot as the larger of the three to make the first foray. He bravely did his part while his confederates watched him from a safe distance. Unfortunately for him the agent for the newspaper company was on guard and captured the big Indian chief redhanded with two pennies in his hand that he had extracted from the box. Although the Indian chief ~~promptly~~ ^{and} politely surrendered the two pennies to the newspaper man he was promptly turned over to ~~the police~~ a big policeman who responded to a call. Then came the black Maria and, still in the custody of the big policeman, the culprit was rushed ~~to~~ through the streets to the juvenile court. A telephone message brought my wife who was required to deposit ten dollars to obtain the temporary release of the desperate ^{do}. A few days later she was summoned to appear in court with the prisoner, and after the hearing he was released. She said that at the first meeting, the boy, dressed in his Indian costume and very white in the face, was badly scared and duly impressed with the enormity of his crime, the majesty of the law, and the promptness with which he was apprehended. She had worried about it ever since and could not bring herself to tell me about it until our last night together. As for me I had to restrain an almost overwhelming desire to laugh at the whole proceeding, but she evidently took it so seriously that I had to keep a straight face and say consolingly that perhaps it was the best thing that ~~could~~ have happened to the boy and that she had no cause to worry.

At 10 p.m. I embraced and kissed the members of my family, bid them a husky and hasty good by, and rushed out to the waiting taxi that was to take me to the train, to avoid shedding tears.

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The next morning, Jan. 15, we reached the station in New York at an early hour. I arranged for the transfer of my baggage, went downtown and bought some Italian money, and then was driven to ~~Pier~~ the pier at the foot of 57th Street and boarded the Italian steamer Colombo. My first impression of the ship was that the corridors were exceedingly narrow and the cabins unusually small. I found another passenger in my cabin, but he promptly moved out, whether he did not like me any more than I liked him, or because he wished to be alone as I did, I never knew, but I admired his prompt and decisive action that relieved us both of embarrassment. There was a great crowd on the pier to see the ship off.

The ship was to sail at noon sharp. As soon as the gang plank was pulled away and the little tugs got busy the gong for dinner sounded. I went to the dining room. It was the full width of the ship and had long tables like those in old fashioned hotels. The ship moved slowly down the ~~harbor~~ river, ^{past} through the mysterious fairyland of skyscrapers, through the harbor, and out into the open sea. I got out my papers and began to edit my notes on the various conferences that had been held in Washington. I met several very agreeable American passengers and after getting out in the open sea we all went into the smoking room and had a vermouth and other drinks and got better acquainted. From the ship's library I got a book on the "History of Rome" that was very interesting. At the supper table I began to realize that not only were the ~~quarters~~ quarters and the service, but the meals as well, were inferior to those on the American boats. The portions were small, and as there were exactly enough to go round, without an extra one to spare, ^{and} if by chance one passenger took ~~two~~ portions another passenger had to go without. The corridors were so narrow tht

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(1926, Jan. at sea.

E--1633.

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a stout person would have to walk sideways to get through. The plumbing in the cabin was defective and the lock on the door was out of commission. However, the serving of wine at meals and the bar compensated for all these shortcomings, promoted good feeling among the passengers, and accounted for the crowded passenger list in comparison with the great American liners with their incomparable accommodations and service but with meagre passenger lists because of arid puritanical prohibition. The passengers were mostly Americans and Canadians and all were friendly, more so than any group of passengers I had so ^{far} ~~xxx~~ met. After supper I sat in the lounge and enjoyed some good music by a small orchestra with piano, violins and cello. This was delightful music and a great relief ~~to~~ and pleasure after listening to the constant syncopated jazz noises I had heard ground out in the United States. After the music ceased I retired to the smoking room and enjoyed a bottle of beer. The wine and beer to be had on a European boat compensated for many shortcomings in food, service, and conveniences. The sea was calm and the temperature rising.

Saturday, the 16th, was a beautiful, clear, mild day with a smooth sea and bright sunshine, in striking contrast with the frigid weather of the past few weeks in Washington. I settled down to a regular routine, setting aside the forenoon for working on the census project and preparing a report of our Washington committee meetings, and in the afternoon and evening reading, conversing with other passengers, and listening to the music. I began to get acquainted with the passengers at our long table in the dining room. Next to me sat a large and very dignified gentleman, who said he was a banker and from Denver, and who was exceedingly noncommittal in his conversation and very fussy about his food. Opposite sat a short, stout, genial old gentleman from

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 Saturday, the 15th, was a beautiful, clear, mild day with a
 smooth sea and bright sunshine, in striking contrast with the
 frigid weather of the past few weeks in Washington. I settled
 down to a regular routine, setting aside the forenoon for working
 on the census project and preparing a report of our Washington
 committee meetings, and in the afternoon and evening reading, con-
 versing with other passengers, and listening to the music. I be-
 gan to get acquainted with the passengers at our long table in
 the dining room. Next to me sat a large and very dignified gen-
 tleman, who said he was a banker and from Denver, and who was ex-
 ceedingly noncommittal in his conversation and very frisky about
 his food. Opposite sat a stout, genial old gentleman from

(1926, Jan. at sea.

E--1634.

1773

St. Louis and his niece, a strikingly beautiful young woman of the Swedish blond type from Oakland, California. Next to them sat a large woman of uncertain age with a masked face and supercilious manners. I learned from her conversation that she was mainly interested in casinos, and later was told that she had given her cabin steward an advance tip of fifty dollars. Next to her sat a middle aged matron with a refined face and expression, whom I later learned was the widow of an engineer who was killed in an automobile accident the previous year, and that she had continued to operate his factory at a considerable profit, and that she lived in Ohio. Her daughter Catherine was with her, ^a slender, youthful, bright, highly educated, and attractive young lady of 21. Mother and daughter were from Piqua, Ohio. Oposite this pair was another widow and a lifelong friend of theirs from the same town originally, a diminutive, middle aged lady, bubbling over with good humor and wit, but handicapped by a difficult German name that she acquired from her deceased husband, who also was an engineer. She had a face as delicate as a cameo, sparkling eyes, ^{was} ^a graduate of Vassar, widely traveled and highly cultured, and with whom I later formed a warm friendship. Then there was a middle aged couple of Scotch origin, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, from Canada. Finished reading the "History of Rome" brought down to the present century, and began reading "History of Agriculture in Europe and America" by Gras.

In the evening, Sunday, I visited the smoking room at 11.30. All the tables were full. At one side was a party of three men smoking cigarettes, drinking beer, and talking hilariously. At another table was a party of three men and three women, all of whom were beautiful in evening dress, the women in gowns that showed off shapely shoulders and arms to good advantage. At another

St. Louis and his niece, a strikingly beautiful young woman of the Swedish blond type from Oakland, California. Next to them sat a large woman of uncertain age with a masked face and suspicious manners. I learned from her conversation that she was mainly interested in casinos, and later was told that she had given her cabin steward an advance tip of fifty dollars. Next to her sat a middle aged matron with a refined face and expression, whom I later learned was the widow of an engineer who was killed in an automobile accident the previous year, and that she had continued to operate his factory at a considerable profit, and that she lived in Ohio. Her daughter Catherine was with her, slender, youthful, bright, highly educated, and attractive young lady of 21. Mother and daughter were from Piquette, Ohio. Opposite this pair was another widow and a lifelong friend of theirs from the same town originally, a diminutive, middle aged lady, bubbling over with good humor and wit, but handicapped by a difficult German name that she acquired from her deceased husband, who also was an engineer. She had a face as delicate as a cameo, sparkling eyes, a graduate of Vassar, widely traveled and highly cultured, and with whom I later formed a warm friendship. Then there was a middle aged couple of Scotch origin, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, from Canada. Finished reading the "History of Rome" brought down to the present century, and began reading "History of Agriculture in Europe and America" by Gras.

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(1926, Jan. at sea.

E--1625.

1774

er table was a party of three, a gentleman and two ladies, one of them ~~Mrs. Gray~~ the little lady from my table with the difficult German name, whom I will call Mrs. Gray, because somehow she reminded me of a ^{Quakeress} ~~New England puritan~~, although she was in no sense puritanical; and the other was the Swedish young lady from Oakland. They were drinking champagne. I found a seat, smoked a cigar, and sipped a whiskey and soda, and watched the varying expressions on the well dressed, decorous people in the smoking room, and listened to the steady humming and throbbing of the machinery, ^{and} thought of our ship plowing through the sea and darkness, mile after mile over the watery waste, and drawing ever nearer to the Mediterranean and sunny Italy.

On the 18th I followed my regular routine of revising the census project reports and papers, and reading. I was impressed more and more by the inconvenience of this Italian ship, its lack of space, decks too narrow for promenading, its labyrinthian arrangement of stairways and narrow corridors, poor service, dirty bathrooms and corners, and food poorly cooked and insufficient in quantity. ^{evening} In the ~~afternoon~~ again amused myself watching the other passengers. The party of six I had noticed the previous evening, three athletic young men and three beautiful young women, became hilarious on champagne. The three couples lost their sense of decorum and sat with their arms about each others necks and ~~and~~ occasionally had a kissing bout. I sat at a table to one side with a whiskey and soda and a cigar, reading, and from time to time glancing about to observe the status quo of my fellow passengers, when two good looking young ladies came to my table and drank a bottle of beer between them. They were very demure and as quiet as two little mice, both opened books and began to read, and no word passed between us. One of them, however, curled

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(1926, Jan. at sea.

H-1685.

(1926.Jan.17at sea.

E--1636.

1775

up on the cushioned seat and displayed a most interesting pair of shapely legs. Curiously enough I found this to be a distraction in my reading and a disturbing influence in spite of my unusual power of ^concentration.

The 19th was another gloriously beautiful day. At the dinner table Mrs.White, the widow matron from Ohio, asked for a cup of tea. Minutes passed and the tea was not forthcoming. Dinner was finished and still the tea did not come.The delay became the subject of conversation and joking among us. Then, as an experiment, Mrs.White signaled the head steward and reported the delay. He disappeared and after a long absence returned with the report that the waiter was "looking for it." By this time the fellow passengers at our table ~~were~~ had broken the ice and were on a friendly basis. Observing that my dignified banker companion had begun to take notice of the conversation, although he continued to maintain a profound reserve, I tried to thaw him out by asking questions about the situation of banking in the United States, the currency situation, the relation of banking to agriculture in Colorado, the use made by bankers of statistics and price indices, and from these technical matters tried to draw him out as to where he had traveled and what he had seen, the books he had read, whether he enjoyed music, whether he had visited Washington, and similar questions--anything to draw him out, but without success because he remained as taciturn and dignified as an Indian. However, I judged from the expression of his eyes that he was enjoying himself. The other passengers at our table had given him up as hopeless. Having sized him up to my satisfaction I deliberately and with malice aforethought adopted him as my partner at the table and when any subject, no mat-

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ter how inconsequential or fantastic, was broached, I would join in and say that Mr. Blank and I thought so and so, giving free rein to reckless imagination and mak^{ing} the most astounding statements, my effort being to make them both plausible and utterly absurd and fortify them with distorted statements of ~~known~~ facts of common knowledge and obvious misquotations, and ending with the statement that this was what Mr. Blank and I thought on the subject and that it should be considered as final and conclusive. It soon became a regular game at our table and afforded us much amusement, Mr. Blank sitting through it all in dignified silence, but with a gleam in his eyes that told me he was enjoying it quite as much as the others. After some particularly atrocious statement I would wave my hand toward Mr. Blank and say, "You, see, friends, silence means complete acquiescence."

The 20th was a day of bright sunshine, mild temperatures, a blue sky, and a ruffled sea. In the forenoon I was leaning over the rail watching the white spray and the bubbles rising from the black depths below, ~~when~~ ^P I was joined by Mrs. Gray, the little white haired lady with the cameo face. From our common interest in the beauty of the scene we became sufficiently interested in each other to exchange information as to who we were and where we were from. She said she was born and raised in Piqua, Ohio, that her maiden name was Howe, that she had known Mrs. White since childhood, that she owned property in Piqua, that she was educated at Vassar, that after the death of her husband she had spent a year or more in Italy with an only daughter, that her daughter had since married a professor of Columbia University and had a baby boy which she and the daughter called the Crown Prince. She was very intelligent, very sympathetic, and very agreeable. ^P In the afternoon I met the gentleman who was to ^{have} share^d my

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1926, Jan. at sea. E-1637

(1926, Jan. at sea.

E--1638.

1777

cabin at the beginning of the voyage and had succeeded in finding a separate cabin. He said that all his life he had been interested in the manufacture of glass, as were his father and grandfather before him. He told me about the different pressed glass (molten glass pressed in molds), cut glass (glass cut, shaped and polished with emery grind stones), and glass finished with acids. He told the story of how he lost a fortune with a patent for making bottles by machinery, and another fortune with a second patent, and his later discovery that to achieve success it was necessary to use a particular kind of furnace of iron and brick containinf twenty tons or more of materials, in order that glass might be withdrawn through tubes. He said that probably the old stained glass windows of cathedrals of Europe owed their beauty largely to the effects of time and exposure due to weathering and chemical changes on the surfaces. He asserted that the finest glass in the world was made in the United States about 1915 and that potash is an essential ingredient in the flux and that this element has not been so common since the war. Another passenger with whom I talked said he had known the glass manufacturer with whom I was talking for more than fifty years, that he had lived in Washington for a time, that he had letters bearing the autograph signature of President Lincoln and members of his cabinet, and that he was personally acquainted with Alexander Shepard, one time governor of the District of Columbia and who, more than any other one man, was responsible for embellishing the city of Washington,

After bantering Mr. Blank ~~am~~ at the supper table on the beauty of the sea he finally emitted one spark to the effect that he "did not care to see the sea, and simply crossed it to get on the other side." "Like a hen crossing the road," I

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(1926, Jan. at sea.

E-1638.

(QOWY, Jan. at sea.

E--1639.

1779

responded, which sent a smile around the table..

The 20th was like unto the preceding days, glorious in every respect. In the forenoon we sighted the Azores. One of the passengers with whom I talked said he purchased one of the first of the Ford automobiles on the market in Wisconsin. It was painted red and had a two-cylinder engine, and an entrance from the rear. However, it ran. *P* About noon we passed the Island of San Miguel and could see Delgado, the capital of the group. The island rose abruptly several hundred feet out of the sea. It appeared to consist of a succession of rounded hills, mostly cut up into fields of pineapples. Very few trees were visible except in the ravines between the hills. The land seemed to have suffered much from the effects of erosion. The houses were whitewashed or painted white and looked very attractive against the green background of the hills. There appeared to be no harbor, only a small open roadstead, and no ships were to be seen. A shower passed along the slopes of the green hills and a beautiful rainbow appeared back of the town. *P* Finished reading the "History of Agriculture in Europe and America," by Prof. Brien Gras of the University of Minnesota, which to me was rather depressing. It seemed to be little more than an abstract or summary of the books listed in the bibliography ~~listed~~ at the end of the volume.

The 22^d was a continuation of fine weather and calm sea. Started reading the tales of Boccaccio in Italian. Talked with a naval officer in charge of inspecting immigrants, and with an elderly couple from Hartford, Connecticut, who knew Mark Twain and Dean Howells.

The 23^d was a magnificent day, with bright sunshine, balmy air, blue sky, and a purple sea. As I sat sunning myself on the upper deck with a book in my lap I listened with interest to the

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(LOWY, Jan. at sea.

2-1899.

(1926, Jan. at sea.

E--1640.

1779

dapper Italian captain explaining to a passenger some of the ~~ex~~ eccentricities of the compass. He said that metal ships become magnetized in different ways according to the direction in which they lay when under construction and that this magnetization affects the compass. It is also affected by the material of which the ship is constructed and that on the average trip from New York to Casa Blanca the compass will vary as much as twenty-eight degrees, and that if the ship were steered by the compass alone it might land in Ireland instead of north Africa. He also expressed himself freely and vigorously on the subject of education. He said that because parents observe that their little boy is fond of cake they decide that he is a genius and must be sent to college, regardless of his antecedents, the expense, and the sacrifice involved, and then after the young man reaches the age of thirty everyone realizes that he was born to be a boot-black. Then the captain started talking politics. He expressed the opinion that Mussolini was the greatest man Italy had produced for many centuries. He was especially bitter in his references to Great Britain and France, ^{and their greed} first, because having been saved by Italy remaining neutral at the beginning of the war so that France could withdraw 500,000 nationals from her colonies; second, by entering the war as an ally, ^{and then both had sided against Italy's demand for more territory.} Then the captain launched into an enthusiastic panegyric of Italy, his own Italy, the mother of history, which had produced more great men than all the rest of the world, not only artists, architects, literary geniuses, ~~but~~ statesmen, and generals, but scientists, surgeons, ~~and~~ athletes, and sportsmen. Evidently the captain knew what he was talking about, citing names and dates as if he ^{was} well read in history, as no doubt he was, and I could not blame him for his pride of nationality. He impressed me as being unusually intelligent and capable, and this impression was confirmed later when I saw him in command

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gapper Italian captain explaining to a passenger some of the ex-

(1926, Jan. at sea.

E--1641.

1760

of one of Italy's crack liners, one of the finest in the world and the last word in naval construction and luxurious appointments.

Then I became interested in watching the gulls sailing along with the ship, some of them only a few feet away. Without visible movement of wing they kept pace with the ship, apparently motionless in the air, their bright black eyes taking in everything. When I threw a cigar stump away one of them darted down and caught it almost before it reached the water. There was a shaking ^{of} the head, a squawk, and a flapping of wings, and as he rose and sailed over me I fancied I saw a most angry expression in its face. After supper there was a special musical entertainment for the benefit of the musicians. Following this entertainment I adjourned to the smoking room. First I was joined by the old couple from Hartford, who were very agreeable. When they left a good looking young woman who had been flirting desperately with the Italian doctor of the ship sat with me awhile until the doctor appeared and claimed her. Then a young lady came and introduced herself, saying that she was from Washington, D.C. and that her father had seen my name among the list of passengers and asked her to make my acquaintance. She was agreeable and we talked about the familiar places of Washington.

Sunday, the 24th, was another ideal day, rather cool in the morning and evening, but delightful at midday. The ship entered the harbor of Casa Blanca at 6.30 and docked at 7 ^{a.} p.m. ~~It was dark~~
~~and I did not go ashore.~~ The harbor was simply a small open bay protected from the ocean by a magnificent concrete mole. The city was both new and old, the old part being typically Moorish and the new part quite modern, having been built by the French during the last twenty years.

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The steamship company had organized an excursion to Ray^bat, capital of Morocco, and most of the passengers took advantage of the opportunity to see something of the country. Shortly after breakfast the passengers went ashore, walked two squares through the customhouse, pestered all the way by the importunities of villainous loo~~k~~ing native men wearing red caps, and outside the gates found five large, modern motorbuses. Some of the passengers were late because the steward in charge of their section overslept. The procession got under way about 8.30.

The first mile was ~~through the country~~ over a well paved street through the straggling outskirts of Casa Blanca, and out into the open prairie country, still over a well paved road running parallel with the beach. We passed an almost continuous procession of natives, men, women, and children, mostly afoot, but some were riding little fuzzy donkeys or great, awkward shaggy camels. It was surprising where so many people could come from in the absence of farm houses or villages. About six miles out we passed a village. Near it was an open space larger than a city block completely covered with a dense throng of natives as thick as they could stand or squat on the ground, with all sorts of wares for sale or exchange. Nearly all the men wore white cotton nightgowns, red caps, and sandals, and all were very dirty. Most of the women wore cotton gowns with hoods which they could pull over their faces, exposing only one eye to the vulgar gaze of man. The children were dressed much as their parents except that the faces of the little girls were not covered. In the course of the next few miles over a barren country our bus descended into a gorge across the bottom of which was a narrow concrete bridge whe^ye we met a caravan of camels. Here our driver learned that he had

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(1926, Jan. Casa Blanca.

E--1643. 1782

taken the wrong road and that it was necessary to go back to the village to find the right one. ^{and Rabat} The country between Casa Blanca is an undulating treeless region which in winter is barren. There were few houses so that at first sight it looked uninhabited until one observes off in the ~~hills~~ hollows between hills little clumps of low tents made of black or brown mats over a framework of poles. There were, of course, no barns and no hay stacks or other signs of provision for feeding domestic animals, which probably accounted for the fact that the donkeys, camels, cows, sheep and goats that were seen were so emaciated they could hardly stand. The good road over which we traveled was constructed by the French for military purposes. It is wide enough for to motor vehicles to pass and was bordered on both sides by planted Eucalyptus trees that sometime will afford shade. The road follows the general direction of a little narrow guage railway that was not in use. The soil varies in character from loose sand on the coast to black limestone loam or red clay farther back, is rather shallow ~~in most places~~ and in many places there are outcroppings of limestone and coral, showing that at one time it was under the sea. The surface rocks, of which there are many, are all water and weather worn. Apparently about forty percent of the land was under cultivation, of which about ninety percent was in wheat. In the few villages through which we passed shops were open and artisans were busy, so that it was clear that our Sunday meant nothing to the people of this country. In the fields some labor was being performed. At one place I saw two small, thin, scraggy ponies pulling a crooked wooden stick and scratching the surface of the soil; near by a yoke of emaciated oxen were pulling a similar kind of ~~instrum~~ implement; and in the next field two shaggy sad looking camels were pulling another; in still

taken the wrong road and that it was necessary to go back to the village to find the right one. The country between Cass Blanes is an undulating treeless region which in winter is barren. There were few houses so that at first sight it looked uninhabited until one observes off in the Kifex hollows between hills little clumps of low tents made of black or brown mats over a framework of poles. There were, of course, no barns and no hay stacks or other signs of provision for feeding domestic animals, which probably accounted for the fact that the donkeys, camels, cows, sheep and goats that were seen were so emaciated they could hardly stand. The good road over which we traveled was constructed by the French for military purposes. It is wide enough for motor vehicles to pass and was bordered on both sides by planted acacias trees that sometime will afford shade. The road follows the general direction of a little narrow gauge railway that was not in use. The soil varies in character from loose sand on the coast to black limestone loam or red clay farther back, is rather shallow in most places and in many places there are outcroppings of limestone and coral, showing that at one time it was under the sea. The surface rocks, of which there are many, are all water and weather worn. Apparently about forty percent of the land was under cultivation, of which about ninety percent was in wheat. In the few villages through which we passed shops were open and artisans were busy, so that it was clear that our Sunday meant nothing to the people of this country. In the fields some labor was being performed. At one place I saw two small, thin, scraggy ponies pulling a crooked wooden stick and scraper along the surface of the soil; near by a yoke of emaciated oxen were pulling a similar kind of ~~knarxxx~~ implement; and in the next field two shaggy and looking camels were pulling another; in still

another field a cow and a camel were yoked together; and all were going at the same imperceptible speed.

In the scramble for seats in the busses at Casa Blanca I found myself wedged in the center, which restricted my freedom of movement and prevented me from using my pocket camera for snapshots. However, at my side was Mrs. Gray, who proved to be most companionable. On the other side was Mr. and Mrs. Graham. He seemed rather crusty, but she was matronly and good natured. He had all the dourness of a Scotchman and was rather crabbed and querulous which his good wife apologetically explained was due to poor health. Shortly after we started Mrs. Graham asked her husband if he had their passports convenient in case they were called for. He replied testily, "No, you have them." She replied, "No, I have not; look in your pockets, my dear." He thrust his hand into his inside coat pocket and pulled out some papers, but the passport was not among them, and he began to look anxious. She opened her reticule and the passport was not there. Then she became anxious and he became nervous. A hysterical search followed, and other passengers expressed sympathy by their looks, because the loss of a passport in a foreign country is a serious matter. Of course, they did what every human being does when anything is mislaid; ~~th~~ they looked in all sorts of impossible places without success, becoming more and more distracted. Finally, when they were convinced that the precious document was lost the old gentleman thrust his hand mechanically into an inside pocket on his left side and withdrew the missing passport. A look of profound relief and satisfaction came over their faces at this fortunate discovery that was reflected in the faces of their fellow passengers. And this incident was followed by a wave of good feeling and fellowship among the passengers.

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In the scramble for seats in the buses at Casa Blanca I found myself wedged in the center, which restricted my freedom of movement and prevented me from raising my pocket camera for sharp shots. However, at my side was Mrs. Gray, who proved to be most companionable. On the other side was Mr. and Mrs. Graham. He seemed rather crusty, but she was matronly and good natured. He had all the downiness of a Scotsman and was rather crabbed and querulous which his good wife apologetically explained was due to poor health. Shortly after we started Mrs. Graham asked her husband if he had their passport convenient in case they were called for. He replied testily, "No, you have them." She replied, "No, I have not; look in your pockets, my dear." He thrust his hand into his inside coat pocket and pulled out some papers, but the passport was not among them, and he began to look anxious. She opened her reticule and the passport was not there. Then she became anxious and he became nervous. A hysterical search followed, and other passengers expressed sympathy by their looks, because the loss of a passport in a foreign country is a serious matter. Of course, they did what every human being does when anything is mislaid; they looked in all sorts of impossible places without success, becoming more and more distracted. Finally, when they were convinced that the precious document was lost the old gentleman thrust his hand mechanically into an inside pocket on his left side and withdrew the missing passport. A look of profound relief and satisfaction came over their faces at this fortunate discovery that was reflected in the faces of their fellow passengers. And this incident was followed by a wave of good feeling and fellowship among the passengers.

En route there was a short stop at a wayside filling station and I ran out to take snap shots at a native butcher, two native women on a donkey that dived into a straw hut, and a little ~~girl~~ girl on a donkey that screamed when she saw what I was doing.

Shortly after noon we entered Rabat. Like all Mediterranean cities and towns it ^{has its} ~~is~~ old, ancient, dirty, native section and a bright, new, spick and span, modern ~~quarter~~ quarter. Our procession drew up before a little hotel so new that the plaster was scarcely dry, and all passengers alighted glad of the opportunity to stretch their legs and with pleasant anticipations of a luncheon. Also, after being packed like sardines in a motor bus for several hours continuously they one ~~at~~ and all wished relief from certain natural physical necessities. This would have been a simple matter for any Mediterranean people who are devoid of all sense of false modesty, but we were Americans and Canadians with certain inherited ideas of modesty which are sacred and immutable. So the five busloads of Americans and Canadians surged into the little hotel in search of modern conveniences with which it was said to be equipped, according to our Italian ~~guides~~ guides. I was personally much interested, and because I was supposed to speak French I was followed by Mr. Blank, my dignified banker friend, Mr. Graham, and two other male acquaintances. I made a bee line for the rear of the diminutive lobby of the hotel and with eager eyes I scanned the walls, corridors, and recesses for anything that would indicate the presence of a lavatory. I spotted it almost immediately, but to my consternation a procession of ladies of our party was entering and leaving by the one narrow door, ladies with whom we were personally acquainted, some of whom sat at our table. So we marched by with averted eyes and solemn faces as if we were bound on serious business of our own--and so we were.

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We followed the corridor around and back to our starting point without seeing any sign of another lavatory. "All right," I said, "let us try the second floor." We did, and found another, but again the ladies were ahead of us. Returning to the first floor I looked about for a man servant, or any man connected with the hotel, but could find none. In desperation I stoped^{ed} a female servant and asked her to show us where to find the men's room. She was a pretty young French maid in a neat uniform. She flashed a bright smile at me and with a pretty toss of her head, nodded, and said, "Oui, oui, monsieur, suivez moi," so we "suivezed" and trailed along after her. She led us directly to the place I had first espied. Our guide turned, smiled, waved her hand, and said "La voila, messieurs." "But," I remonstrated, "it is occupied by the ladies." "Oh, messieurs, certainment, certainment; il ny a defense pas; c'est a vous." Seeing us hesitate, she added, "C'est toute la meme; c'est pour les femmes et pour les hommes; entrez vous, entrez vous, messieurs." With that she turned slowly away and left us standing ~~there~~ there. Mr. Graham, the dour Scotchman, who understood a little French was actually smiling. My dignified banker friend asked me with unusual animation, "What did she say?" I replied, "Why, after I suggested that the ladies are using this place" (they were passing in and out all the time) "she assures me that it make^s no difference, it is all the same, the place is yours, all you have to do is to walk right in and join the ladies." A look of utter incredulity spread o~~ver~~ his face and he looked at me with an eye of stern suspicion and hostility. "Mr. Estabrook," he replied, "this is serious; I asked you what the young woman said." "She said exactly this," I answered, and then I repeated her words in French, knowing that he did not understand a word of it. Mr. Graham, the crabbed, was

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(1926, Jan. Rabat.

E--1647. 1796

actually chuckling. The banker turned an inquiring look at him and he responded to the look by saying, "Sure, the young man is right. The girl said it was for both men and women and invited us to go right in. So now, if you want to join the ladies, now is your chance, and it won't cost you anything." The banker looked puzzled and ~~the other~~ ^{other} two men grinned in appreciation of the situation. "Come on, gentlemen," I said, "let's explore outside," and I led them through a side door and around to the rear where we found a stable.

Our Italian tourist guide, who was almost frantic because this was his first attempt at organizing and conducting an excursion, decided that the hotel was too small to accommodate all of us, so three bus loads were left at the hotel and two bus loads were driven to a restaurant. This unexpected influx of customers swamped the meager resources of the restaurant and it was difficult to get waited upon. As soon as I saw the growing confusion I grabbed a waiter by the arm, pressed a coin in his hand, and asked him to hand me a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, which he did. These I ate and drank in peace while pandemonium raged in the restaurant. Some of my fellow passengers got nothing at all, because the supply was soon exhausted.

After luncheon we were taken across a bridge over a river to a walled town on the other side, the sacred city of Sale, that until the French occupation was closed to foreigners. It was reputed to be the original site of the garden of Eden and the birthplace of Adam and Eve. It was old, characteristically dirty, and correspondingly interesting. We were divided up into parties and conducted through the narrow streets by guides. The inhabitants were in native costumes, the bazaars were crowded, in the little shops that opened on the streets one could see the

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shoemakers, the tailors, cabinet makers, jewellers, and other craftsmen at work. The men and women were garbed as were those we saw at Cassa Blanca. I tried several times to get pictures of street scenes and of the veiled women, but always some one would see me and give the alarm and the people would turn their backs. I was so absorbed in trying to get photographs that I became separated from my companions, but had no difficulty in making my way back to the busses alone.

At the appointed time all passengers were supposed to be in their seats, but there was much confusion because of straggling. The horns were sounded again and again and the guides counted and recounted the passengers in their vehicles. I called the attention of ^{our} ~~the~~ guide to the fact that Mrs. Gray and Mr. and Mrs. Graham were not in my bus. He assured me that they had found seats in another bus.

Upon our return to Rabat the busses stopped at a museum that had formerly been one of the Sultan's palaces, built in the form of a square with terraced gardens in an interior court. As we were about to leave we were rejoined by the three missing members of our party, the Grahams and Mrs. Gray. They had become separated from the main party in Sale and could not find their way back to the busses. Fortunately they found a shopkeeper who understood French to whom Mrs. Gray explained their predicament and who was obliging enough to obtain a carriage for them and instruct the driver where to take them.

From the museum we were taken to a highly decorated building occupied by the secretary to the Sultan. It was a new building of Moorish pattern in the form of a square around a central court. Outside it looked like a fort, but inside everything was very ornate. There was a series of chambers opening on to a

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E--1649. 1788

beautiful collonade around the court in the center of which was a large fountain, some palms, and some flowering plants. Inside, the floors, walls, and ceilings were of mosaic. The doors seemed to be of light colored walnut, were hand carved, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl in Arabesque patterns. The rooms were large, the ceilings high, and the floors covered with thick soft rugs. Around three sides of a large reception hall into which we were shown were divans and soft ~~cushions~~[^] which one's imagination could picture covered with ravishing houris. We were permitted to look into several rooms in which were canopied beds that looked soft and inviting, beautiful rugs, cushioned divans, mirrors, and to one side a modern bathroom. Tea and cakes were served to us in the large reception hall by dark skinned, sandalled, voluptuous looking girls, whom some one suggested were female slaves. After leaving the palace we were driven through the narrow streets of the city. Some ^{of} them were barely wide ~~enough~~[^] for the bus to get through. At one point in the center of town there was a traffic jam at a street corner and a crowd of excited natives immediately collected and filled the streets, those ^e in front being pressed forward by those behind until the busses were surrounded ~~by~~ by a sea of faces that if not hostile certainly were ^{neither friendly} ~~not~~ attractive. The busses were extricated by backing out the way they came, to the imminent danger of the throngs about them.

We got clear of Rabat about 5 p.m. It soon became dark and the ride back to Casa Blanca and the ship seemed long drawn out and exceedingly tiresome and everyone suffered great discomfort. We reached the ship after 8 p.m., and how like home it seemed. One of the passengers who remained on the ship all day said that several thousand residents of Casa Blanca, including the mayor of the city and the governor of the province, had trooped

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through the ship all day long. The ship got under way promptly at 9 p.m.

The next morning, Monday, the 25th, when I went on deck in the bright sunshine we were passing through the Strait of Gibraltar. It was hot. Underneath were green waves with snowy white caps; to the south and to the north were hazy mysterious mountains against the sky; and ships were passing in both directions because this is the only waterway between the great ocean to the west and the great inland sea to the east. Soon we were approaching the massive rock, a natural sphinx, rising out of the water and at its foot a cluster of houses, and below the harbor full of ships flying every known flag.

It is not easy to estimate dimensions or heights from a distance, especially over the water, but my guess was that Gibraltar was a mile or a mile and a half long, about a mile wide, and perhaps six or seven hundred feet high. Portions of it are precipitous, and the water on one side and the flat neck of land and beach on the other add to its appearance of height. At any rate it is one of the most imposing masses of rock in the world, which is enhanced by its reputation as the most impregnable fortress in the world. At the very top was a small signal tower, and around its sides were many dark cavernous holes in the solid rock. Very few guns are visible. It was said that the rock was honeycombed with galleries and tunnels. At the side toward the bay is the town of Gibraltar, the hospitals, shops, and residences, and back of a mole were anchored six giant armored destroyers, a mother ship for airplanes, and innumerable smaller craft flying the British flag. On one side of the great rock is a small Italian settlement said to be survivors of a shipwreck. Across the bay is the small

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city of Algeciras which from the Rock looks like a cluster of white houses. Back of this town are rounded green hills and beyond a series of mountain peaks and ranges in old Spain. Across the strait to the south one can see the lofty mountains of Morosso.

Our ship steamed in slowly close to the great Rock and made a complete circle, crossed the harbor and came to anchor about 10 a.m. A tender came out and about fifty passengers went ashore, of which I was one. On the tender was an old white haired vendor of souvenirs, especially amber and crystal beads. He tried to sell some of his wares to my companion, Mrs. Gray, who really wanted to buy a string of beads. He offered to make a special price to her "because the first purchaser always brings good luck." He asked the equivalent of five dollars for a string of amber colored beads and ten dollars for a string of jade beads. After reducing the price of the jade beads to just half the first asking price Mrs. Gray bought them, but only after the old rogue had expressed the most incredulous astonishment at her offers, scornfully offering to present the beads to her, and then told of a dying wife and starving children and shedding copious tears into his venerable beard. At any rate he was an accomplished actor and it was worth something to see him perform.

At ~~the~~ the pier we were met by little carriages drawn by small ponies and I was assigned to the one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Graham. We were driven through the streets of the town and it seemed good to see all the shop signs in English. The carriage took us up a considerable height to a sort of landing with a guardhouse, where we dismounted and walked up a winding road cut in the face of the solid rock with a stone wall on the outer side higher than a man's head. We walked through a number of cor-

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ridors with holes cut through the outer wall at intervals. From these openings one had a wonderful view of the harbor and the Strait and Mountains of north Africa beyond. I had my pocket kodak with me and from several of these openings I took snap shots of the scenery, until one of my companions reminded me that we were inside a fortress and the possession of cameras and the taking of pictures was prohibited. As we entered the fortress wall and passed the guards a resounding bray of a donkey echoed and re-echoed over Gibralter. I said to the stiff, bright eyed young British guard, "Is that the way tourist guests are welcomed to a British stronghold?" "Yes," he answered, "they know when their friends are coming." "Well," I rejoined, "we Americans consider the British our friends, of course, but we did not know that they greeted their friends in that fashion, or that their strongholds were defended by asses." At this young Bobby's grin faded from his face and he stood up very straight and saluted. I suspect, however, that his first answer was innocent and that he had not realized the interpretation that might be placed upon it. On the return we stopped a few minutes at a pretty little park on the slope of the Rock above the town. Mr. Graham was fatigued and testy and querulous--unreasonably so it seemed to me. His cheerful wife said, aside to me, "Please be patient with him; he has not always been this way, but he has suffered from a nervous breakdown." I nodded and smiled at her and the landscape to let her know that I understood.

In the afternoon there was a trip to Algeciras. We crossed the bay and from the pier walked up through the streets of this interesting old town. The streets were exceptionally clean and the houses neat and attractive. We arrived just as the schools closed and the streets were full of bright, romping, chattering

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(1926, Jan. Algeciras.

E--1653.

1790

children. Some of them knew a few words of English and swarmed about us crying "Good day," "Glad to meet you," "Now are you Mister," "How are you Misses," "Give me a penny, please," and they danced around us holding out their hands for pennies. Soon a fat, cherubic looking policeman in full uniform appeared on the scene and tried to drive the children away. Inasmuch as he was fat and slow and they were young, light, and overflowing with youthful energy, they ~~xxx~~ easily evaded his clumsy efforts to catch them, danced circles about him, made faces at him, jeered at him in their native Spanish, some of which I understood. They called him "Old pudding face," "Square head," and equally complimentary terms. This little drama followed us for several blocks. We were interested in the vendors of bread, the vegetable and fruit market, and the paniers of foods carried on the backs of donkeys. We visited one or two old churches, the amphitheater where bull fights were held, this time occupied only by a little donkey sound asleep, and the Palacio del Municipali- dad where a famous treaty was drawn up and signed regarding European spheres of influence in Morroco, and then we strolled down the hill to an excellent hotel near the beach. Here we had refreshments, our party consisting of Mrs. White, her daughter Catherine, Mrs. Gray, and myself, and we were all in exceptionally good humor. We crossed the bay, passed the great frowning rock of Gibralter, just at sundown, and were home on board ship as darkness settled. My description of this day seems lame and inadequate, because the afternoon, the sunshine, the blue water, Gibralter, Algeciras and its romping children and the cherubic policeman, stand out as one of the brightest spots of my memory, a priceless treaure of beauty and pleasure that I would fain share with my friends but cannot. I suspect that only Mrs. Gray shares it with me.

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After supper Mrs. Gray and I went to the social hall, talked and lived over the day's outing, and listened to the music. We were interrupted by the ship's doctor. He was an old, distinguished, somewhat foolish looking gentleman, who annoyed us with a steady stream of talk and reminiscences about Palermo and Rome. So persistent and offensive did he become that one of the ship's officers, seeing our plight, came ~~and persuaded him to~~ with a message that his professional services were needed. Later the officer returned to apologize and explain that the old doctor had a most distinguished career for which reason he was retained in service, but that within the last year he had failed mentally to such an extent that he had to be kept under close supervision because he had become especially annoying to ladies.

The next day, Jan. 27, was gloriously beautiful, with blue sky, calm sea, and soft balmy airs. At times the surface of the sea was almost glassy, as if covered with a coating of oil. I spent the forenoon leisurely reading an Italian romance, having finished all my necessary work on the census project. The afternoon I spent very agreeably with Mrs. Gray, the white haired grandmother with the cameo face, whom I found more and more charming as we became better acquainted. In the course of a merry conversation she related an experience in London. She and her daughter entered a fashionable restaurant. Glancing at the menu card she saw ¹⁻¹²⁻²⁰ "~~1-12-20~~" at the top and thought it was the price of the dinner. ^(1 pound, 12 shillings, and 20 pence—about \$8.40) It happened that she did have with her the price of a meal for two at that rate. Greatly chagrined, she pretended to have an attack of the nosebleed in order to make her escape. After she regained the street it occurred to her that the figures she had seen on the menu referred to the ~~date~~ day, month, and year and not to the price of the meal.

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(1926, Jan. at sea.

E--1655.

1794

In the evening a masquerade leap-year ball was held, that is, a ball at which the ladies were privileged to ask gentlemen to be their partners. Some of the costumes were very pretty. Some of the girls were dressed in trousers or pajamas, which was interesting but not especially attractive. When the dancing began Miss Catherine came to me and asked if I would dance with her. I warned her that I had never danced in public and that if she insisted she would have to take the consequences. She was a good sport, and so my first dance was with her. I simply did as I saw others doing. When we returned to the side of her mother, Mrs. Gray assured me that I was "light on my feet and kept time with the music gracefully," and that she must have the next dance. She extended her arms and away we went. Then Catherine brought up and introduced several young ladies of her own age and at their invitation I danced with them. As near as I could judge it was simply walking and gliding back and forth and around in time to the music, with the added pleasure of holding one's arms about a woman's waist and shoulders. One of the dances was different and at a signal all partners changed in succession, catch as catch can, so that each^h gentleman had the privilege of holding each lady in turn--which was not a bad idea. Among the ladies was a professional dancer and when I had my arms about her I could feel that she had nothing on under her silk outer garment and the touch of her silken body was not at all disagreeable. This evening's dancing experience was agreeable, but in spite of the encouragement I received I had misgivings about beginning a dancing career ~~inxxxx~~ on the shady side of fifty; but have regretted that I did not take it up earlier in life.

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(1926, Jan. Palermo.

E--1656.

1795

fore Palermo. The sun was rising through a bank of beautiful clouds, presaging another fine day. I had breakfast with Mrs. Gray, and parted from heré regretfully because she was to remain for a sightseeing tour of Sicily.

I went ashore about 9 a.m. in a small rowboat and found automobiles waiting for the passengers. We were driven rapidly through the town and stopped at the cathedral. It is very large, very old, and very ornate, and has some good pictures. . A short ride brought us to the royal palace, which was an old Moorish fort and for a time was the palace of the vice-king of the two Sicilies. It was occupied until about 1860, but for many years has served as a museum. It also is large and has beautiful marble stairways that are easy to climb, with a large interior court surrounded by beautiful colonades. We were shown the large hall in which the parlaiment met and ^{which was} decorated by pictures by Rafael. We were shown the apartments of the vice-king and queen the walls of which were decorated ~~by~~ with beautiful paintings; the dining room, which must have been cold because it was of stone, about thirty feet square with an arched dome at least forty feet high; and then into an ornate chapel in which royalty worshipped; and out on the stone balcony overlooking the city and bay of Palermo.

Next we ^{drove} ~~drived~~ through the principal street and out to Monte Royal, some three or four miles from the city and about half way up the slope of the mountain, overlooking the beautiful Valley of Conca d'Oro. This valley appears to be three or four miles wide between two mountain ranges and is almost entirely covered with orchards of lemons, oranges, mandarines, and almond trees. Higher up the slopes are olive orchards with silvery foliage, but no vineyards were to be seen. The ground between the orchards was covered with growing crops, so that the

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the whole valley was a vision of vivid green in sunlight and shadow. To the east could be seen the city of Palermo, a city of 360,000 inhabitants, spread out around the bay. The seaport was full of shipping, much of it with old-fashioned sails, which enhanced the picturesqueness of the scene.

Entering the cathedral we found it to be among the most interesting to be seen anywhere. Inside it is entirely covered with mosaics, the result of infinite patient labor of monks and their proselytes. The walls and ceilings are covered with these mosaics in beautiful and fantastic patterns, many of them illustrating scenes from the Old and the New Testaments. No matter how devout an American may be he cannot help smiling at some of the scenes depicted in the mosaics. For example, the series representing the building of the ark by Noah, the entrance of the male and female pairs, the waters that covered the earth, and the successful landing. The ark is represented as of about the size of an old fashioned bus. There is a small hole in one side for a door and a narrow plank extending from the door to the ground. Noah, a feeble old man, is represented as pushing a reluctant sheep up the plank. Then the old tub is seen tossing on the waters and five human faces are shown through a little window on one side looking out. The last picture shows the old scow stranded in the mud. Again the narrow plank extends from the hole in its side to the ground, and old Noah is seen pushing strenuously the stern of a reluctant sheep down grade. The most amusing series is that representing the Garden of Eden, and Adam and Eve. Adam is first represented as a naked figure with pugilistic muscles and proportions lying flat on his back, apparently unconscious from knockout drops or anaesthetics. Eve, full grown, fully developed and voluptuous, is standing by his side with one

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(1926, Jan. Palermo.

E--1658.

1797

foot embedded in his ~~side~~ ribs. Next, Eve stands beside a tree that reaches almost to her shoulders and is laden with globes the size of grape fruit or small pumpkins, and by her~~e~~ side is the serpent, a creature as large in diameter as her ~~thigh~~ leg, poised upright on the ~~end of its~~ curled end of its tail, with large round eyes and a most ^{amiable} expression on its face.

Third, Adama and Eve having eaten of the forbidden fruit are lying on their backs and rubbing their tummies as if in great pain. Lastly, the two original sinners are driven from their garden by tremendous and portentous clouds and jagged strokes^s of lightning, each ostentatiously holding an enormous leaf, shaped like a cabbage leaf and at least three feet in diameter, across their middles. If one forgets the pious and patient industry of the artisans who fabricated ^{the} Ark and the Garden of Eden pictures in this cathedral he will see them as being quite as comical as the comic strips in some of our Sunday supplement^s.

From the main hall we were conducted into the cloisters and then into an interior court around which is an arched gallery supported by small marble pillars, carved by hand and each different, many of which are inlaid with small pieces of glass and gilt. At one time the cathedral was occupied by Spanish soldiers who thought the gilt was gold, so many of the gilt pieces are missing. One of the altars in this church is covered with solid silver plates and gold ornamentation. In the maiⁿ hall we were shown vestments covered with pearls and threads of gold, but many sacramental vessels of gold and silver were kept under lock and key. Different parts of this great structure are said to be from 200 to 2,000 years old. In the tombs of the cathedral are said to be the remains of several Norman kings.

XX 1691 f We were next shown a most gruesome spectacle, the Capuchin

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(1926, Jan. Palermo.

E--1659.

1799

catacombs, a veritable chamber of horrors, where more than 8,000 bodies of wealthy people have been mummified and tucked away on shelves so that the whole place looks like a warehouse of human remains. It is a horrible and depressing sight and one that no sane person would want to see if he knew in advance what he would have to see if he entered this earthly purgatory. The catacombs consist of a series of chambers and corridors underground. These chambers were full of dried specimens ranging ~~ranging~~ from infants to extreme old age in every stage of dry decomposition. Our guide, presumably as all guides do, pointed to a specimen above our heads and remarked casually, "That is my grandfather." Fortunately the custom of exposing the dead in these underground chambers was discontinued in 1886.

Our party had luncheon at a fairly good restaurant with a terrace overlooking the city. The only thing that distinguished this luncheon for me was a small bottle of excellent wine that cost six lire, or about twenty-five cents.

In the afternoon we visited another interesting church, did some shopping, and drove over the city. There were a few good streets with houses four and five stories in height, many narrow streets like alleys, laundry hanging out of the front windows of many of the buildings or spread out to dry on the dusty borders of the streets. Throughout the city was an incredible amount of dirt, innumerable diminutive donkeys, wonderful two wheeled carts with sides gaily painted with scenes representing peasant life, and axles painted and carved ^tto represent soldiers, animals, and various other things. The backs of the donkeys and ponies were covered with brightly decorated harness, each with a bright red tassel sticking up above its head, and strings of little bells dangling from his neck.

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(1926, Jan. Palermo.

E--1660. 1711

We were taken to the Botanical Garden but were not admitted although it was not yet late. The guide explained that the superintendent had recently visited Kew Garden in London and was told that he could not enter the garden after 5 p.m., and his resentment was so great that when he returned to Palermo he gave orders that visitors were not to be admitted after that hour in his garden.

On the small boats that took us back to the ship were some violinists that played a number of American airs, for which they were rewarded by liberal tips.

On the morning of the 29th I was awakened by the ship's gong and found that we were at the pier in Naples and the officials were examining papers. After breakfast I transferred from the ship to the Hotel Londres and was given a front room on the second floor overlooking the Municipal Square. After purchasing some Italian money I hired a carriage for a drive around the outskirts of the city. It was a most unsatisfactory drive because most of the way the road was between high walls on both sides so that but little could be seen. On the return trip I stopped at the Aquarium and paid two lire for the privilege of looking at strange fish. Some polipi were especially interesting because of their resemblance both to plants and animals. There were many different forms, some exceedingly ugly and others pretty. Next I was driven up on the heights from which there was a fine view of Naples, the bay, the sea, the islands, and Vesuvius. To one side and almost within the city limits were some interesting vineyards in which the vines are trained on trellises ten to twenty feet in height. The soil looks like solidified volcanic ash over which is a reddish loam. In places the clay hardpan is dug out, cut into square blocks with axes, allowed to

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(1926, Jan. Naples.

E--1661.

1400

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The steep slopes of the hillsides are cut up into narrow terraces, most of which were planted to vines or vegetables. Descending into the congested portion of the city we passed slowly through narrow crowded streets that were indescribably dirty.

After a villainous luncheon in the hotel and sending some telegrams I visited the National Museum. This is a large marble structure full of interesting exhibits, especially of antiquities, but poorly arranged because no matter in what direction one goes it is necessary for him to retrace his steps to the starting point. Several large galleries are full of objects taken from Pompei. Other galleries are well stocked with paintings, in which were many young art students and artists making copies. From the museum I walked back to the hotel and purchased some attractive picture postcards on the way. One of the places at which I stopped had postcard reproductions of the lascivious pictures found on the walls of some of the rooms in Pompei, which are similar in character to the photographs and reproductions of paintings offered to male tourists in Paris. Between the post-office and the hotel I was accosted by four different men who offered to show me the famous or infamous Crystal Palace. The day in Naples was cloudy, cold, and disagreeable, the first of its kind since leaving New York.

The next day, Saturday, Jan. 30, was bright and clear. I left Naples in the forenoon and reached Rome in the afternoon.

(Wife, Jan. 30, blue folder.

E-1661

(1926, Jan. Naples)

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starting point. Several large galleries are full of objects taken
from Pompei. Other galleries are well stocked with paintings,
in which were many young art students and artists making copies.
From the museum I walked back to the hotel and purchased some
attractive picture postcards on the way. One of the places at
which I stopped had posters reproductions of the lascivious
pictures found on the walls of some of the rooms in Pompei, which
are similar in character to the photographs and reproductions of
paintings offered to male tourists in Paris. Between the post-
office and the hotel I was accosted by four different men who
offered to show me the famous or infamous Crystal Palace. The
day in Naples was cloudy, cold, and disagreeable, the first of
its kind since leaving New York.

The next day, Saturday, Jan. 30, was bright and clear. I
left Naples in the forenoon and reached Rome in the afternoon.

(Wife, Jan. 30, five folders.)

(1926, Jan. Rome.

E--1662m

1491

The next day, Sunday, I went to my office and unpacked and arranged my papers. There was no heat in the office so I did not linger. I crossed over to the main building and found Mr. Hobson in his office. He reported that upon his return he had a stormy interview with the president, who told him that in future where he had anything to say to do so in writing. He said that all the officials of the Institute were opposed to Americans and that undoubtedly they would make it extremely uncomfortable for him and for Mr. Hodgson, the librarian. Among the letters awaiting me was one from Miss Broad, my secretary, saying that she was convalescing from typhoid fever at Sorento, a letter from Mr. Thompson of the British Ministry of Agriculture, and one from Prof. Buck of the Nanking University, urging me to visit China in 1926 because of the great need of statistical organization. Mr. Hobson ~~asked~~ said his travel allotment from the U.S. Department of Agriculture was running low and asked if I could spare a portion of mine. ~~At this~~ I accepted his invitation to take luncheon at his house. The meals I took with the Hobsons from time to time were always agreeable affairs because he and I were together so frequently that we were like officials/ colleagues and old friends, his wife was a charming lady, and the meals were cooked and served just as they were at home and were therefore a great treat to me after the Italian cooking I got in restaurants that I so much disliked.

Feb. 1 I called early on Mr. Dore, chief of the statistical division. He greeted me pleasantly, but his face hardened when I asked why he had presumed to change the program ^{that I had prepared for} ~~of~~ the census project ~~that I had prepared~~ for which I was solely responsible and for which he was in nowise responsible. I wanted to know why he had presumed to ~~take the~~ have the proposed census questionnaire forms reprinted with a regrouping of the items under

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1663.

1801

a highly arbitrary and technical system of classification headings that nobody could understand except a few technicians in Europe instead of the simple and logical classification and headings I had proposed because they were simple and logical, could be easily understood by everybody and had long been used in the census questionnaires of many countries. His reply in effect was that the importance and prestige of the Institute was such that it could not afford to submit to the distinguished statisticians the simple form of ⁵ schedule I had proposed. Still laboring under the delusion that I was the supreme head of the census project and that Mr. Dore had nothing to do with it officially, except by courtesy, I asked if we could expect him to sit with us at the meeting of the international committee that had been called to consider the census project. Instantly he showed that he was greatly offended and curtly asked if I expected to be at the meetings. This misunderstanding was most unfortunate and deeply regretted by me. I had accepted the appointment on the express written condition that I was to be its recognized head, solely responsible for it, and have a free hand, subject only to the approval of the governing body of the Institute--and here was a minor official of the Institute who apparently assumed that he was in some way responsible for the project and clothed with authority to interfere with my plans. I had expected to cooperate with him and felt that I had a right to expect cooperation from him; he was younger than I, less experienced, and I had many subordinates in my Bureau at Washington whom I considered his equals or superiors, and his salary was ~~one~~ less than one-third of mine; and yet he had presumed to intervene while I was away and recast the program I had prepared; and here we were at loggerheads, and in his excitement he had forgotten that ~~the~~ French was the official

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1664.

1462

language of the Institute and had dropped back into his native Italian, which he spoke with the rapidity of a machine gun. I said, "Just a moment, M.Dore; I am responsible for the census project, otherwise I would not be here at a very considerable sacrifice; I had expected you would be present at the meetings of the statistical committee that is about to meet, because you should be present and I had expected to invite you, and I am pleased to hear you say that you will be present; you are welcome; but it must be understood that I consider myself responsible for the census project and not you; also, may I suggest that you have much to learn, and one of the things that you will soon learn is that the rest of the world will not consent to listing strawberry plants under the same heading as trees, where you have placed them in your scheme of classification; and that is simply one of many mistakes that will have to be corrected by the committee. I shall expect you to be prepared to ~~defend~~ acknowledge responsibility for these mistakes and try to defend them at the committee meetings. Au revoir, monsieur," and I departed.

From Mr.Dore's office I went directly to the Secretary General, Sr.Dragoni, who was a much bigger man in every^{way} than M.Dore, He was very agreeable and evidently much embarrassed when I charged him with having acquiesced in and authorized a complete revision of the material I had prepared for the consideration of the international committee, and that also he had authorized the use of a portion of funds provided by the International Education Board specifically for the travel of the director and assistant director of the census project for the payment of the travel expenses of the statisticians called in to consider the project. "It seems

to me, Sr.Dragoni," ^{I said,} "that in your desire to meet the wishes of M. Dore you have made two faux pas, one ~~xxx~~ ^{over the unauthorized use of cooperative funds, and} by interfering with the

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(1926; Feb. Rome.

E-1664.

(1926, Feb. Rome.

E_1665. 1403

program prepared by the director of the census project, who is responsible not only to the officials of this Institute but also to the United States Department of Agriculture and to the International Board of Education that is supplying the funds to finance that project; of course, you do not have to justify your action to me, but you will have to justify it to the next meeting of the General Assembly which comes within sixty or ninety days. You^x will also have to explain, of course, the extra expense of printing a separate edition of the census program for Mr. Dore's benefit." The American and British delegates will, of course, see that these interesting questions are brought up for consideration of the General Assembly." No wonder he was perplexed and embarrassed. .

During the afternoon a number of officials and employees of the Institute came over to welcome me back to Rome and the Institute.

Shortly after luncheon I heard a slight noise as of someone outside of my door where hung my overcoat and hat at the head of the stairway. I paid no attention to it, thinking it was Guidi, the messenger and general factotem. A few minutes later an Italian boy ran up the stairs and opened my door and out of breath and stammering with excitement said that Guidi wanted to see me. "Well, tell Guidi to come here if he wants to see me," I answered. He became more and more excited and kept repeating "Guidi wants you, Guidi wants you." I asked where Guidi was and the boy waved his hand toward the park. Seeing that it was hopeless to get more information from the excited boy I stepped outside, reached for my hat, and noticed that the overcoat was missing. As soon as I stepped out of the building a crowd up the driveway a few hundred yards away caught my eye and I could see them gesticulating and talking excitedly. Among them I espied Guidi, pale of face and

(1926, Feb. Rome.)

E. 1665.

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

1666.

1804

clinging to the arm of another man. I walked out to the group and saw that the young man that Guidi held by the arm had my overcoat slung over his other arm. Guidi had caught sight of the thief as he was leaving the Casetta with my overcoat over his arm, had called to him to stop and when he did not comply gave chase and caught him. Boys and men nearby ran to Guidi's assistance and prevented a struggle. I at once took possession of the coat, put it on, and caught the thief by his free arm and Guidi and I marched him to the office of the Secretary General. On the way over the young man begged us to let him go. He said that he had a wife and children that were without food, that he was out of work, and that he had never done anything wrong; and, weeping, said if we would let him go he would never do anything wrong again. He repeated his pleas and supplications before the Secretary General, who asked what I thought should be done with him. I advised that he be turned over to the police who could verify his statements regarding his family and their situation, and if he had a previous criminal record he could be punished; but if this was a first offence and he was telling the truth about his family his punishment would no doubt be light; but in any event it was a case for the police to handle. This was done. The next day everyone connected with the case was required to make a detailed affidavit of what he knew for the "documentation." I had to state where I bought the coat, when, its cost, color, size, material, where I had worn it, why I knew it was my coat, and in addition show my official passport^s and give my personal history. ^aAs if this was not enough the police ~~asked~~ wanted to take the coat with them to remain in the ⁱⁿ possession of ~~the coat~~ as material evidence ^{To} until the case was decided. ~~This~~ this I objected that I was wearing the coat daily, had no other, and should not be deprived of the use of my own coat. The officer reluctantly allowed me to

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1667. 185

keep the coat on my promise that I would produce it in court upon call. The last I heard of the matter was a statement from one of the employes that the police reported that the young man who had prayed so fervently for us to release him because of the destitute condition of his wife and six starving children had no family and had previously been arrested for larceny.

Mr. Hobson called in the afternoon ~~was~~ and was very pessimistic and much discouraged. He promised to have his secretary try to find a temporary stenographer for me during the absence of Miss Broad.

The next day I spent the forenoon in formulating a series of questions for the consideration of the statistical committee. In the afternoon Mr. Dore called at my office to discuss the question of the manner of presenting our material to the committee. I assured him that I had all the material and was fully prepared to submit it, along with many specific questions that the committee would be asked to consider. I asked if his assistant, Mr. Longobardi, could be assigned to act as my interpreter, and he said it would be impossible. "Very well," I said, "fortunately I can get along without an interpreter, but not so well; of course you understand that under the cooperative agreement between the Institute, the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and the International Education Board, the Institute agreed to furnish clerical and other necessary assistants. Is it your desire that I report to the Department and to the Board that the Institute cannot comply or refuses to comply with my request for an interpreter at this most important series of meetings?" He was silent. I added, "I shall probably understand every word that is spoken in French or Italian, but because I cannot express myself adequately in those languages I shall probably speak in English, the world

(1926, Feb, Rome)

E-1567

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1668. 1986

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Before leaving he gave me a paper prepared by Prof. Benini of the University of Rome who proposed that all agricultural census data should be sent by each country directly to the Institute for tabulation and summarization "by communes," and that the census should include topography, character of soils and vegetation, and climate, so that crop and livestock production could be ~~correlated~~ correlated with those factors for each commune and groups of communes having like conditions. Obviously this was a purely theoretical scheme and ignored practical conditions, such as prompt and absolute refusal of governments to send all their original data to a foreign agency, prohibitive cost, and the fact that probably ninety percent of the world area is not organized on a communal basis.

In the afternoon I had a number of other callers, including several candidates for my secretarial work, but none of them could write shorthand. A financial statement submitted by Mr. Walsh showed barely enough Institute funds allotted to the census project to pay Miss Broad's salary until June 30. Mr. Hobson called to say that he was sure that the Secretary General and Mr. Dore had put their heads together and agreed to dominate the meetings of the international committee of statisticians and discredit me. I assured him that I felt supremely confident, because of my su-

(1926, Feb, Rome.)

E--1668.

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1669.

1407

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The next morning, Feb. 3, I called on the Secretary General who said that the International Committee of Statisticians would meet at 10 a.m. in a committee room of the main building. At the appointed time I found in the committee room Mr. Thompson of the British Board of Agriculture, whom I knew slightly; Prof. Barbo, of the University of Riga, a German, well known in Europe because of a statistical investigation he had superintended and some books he had written, but now very old and almost in his dotage, and he was made chairman; Prof. Benini of the University of Rome, a

(1926, Feb. Rome.)

2-1669

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1670.

1809

tall, slender man with a clear cut ascetic looking face, bright eyes and a shock of gray hair, keen mind, animated expression, courteous manners, and a gift for oratory; President De Michelis, the Secretary General, Mr. Dragoni, Mr. Dore, and one or two clerks. In other words, this great International Committee of Statisticians to consider the census project on which the Secretary General set such store, had boiled down to three members, Mr. Thompson, competent and practical; Prof. Benini, brilliant but impractical; and Prof. Balbo, superannuated, with no knowledge of English and so little of French that it was extremely difficult to make him understand what was said or to understand what he wished to say. In the afternoon one other member appeared, Prof. Brdlyck of Checkoslovakia, a short, thick set man in his prime, a competent statistician, but just at that time much interested in economic data, such as cost of production, weights and ages of meat animals, and other minutae entirely out of place in an agricultural census. At the afternoon meeting I was pleased to see that Madame Agresti, the interpreter par excellence, was present, having been called in by the Secretary General as a result of my conversation the previous day with Mr. Dore. - Ø

On the whole the two sessions of the committee on the first day passed off better than I had expected. President De Michelis welcomed the committee, stated the purpose of the meeting, and placed every facility of the Institute at their disposal in appropriate and courteous terms. Prof. Benini presided and asked Mr. Thompson to serve as rapporteur, that is, to write up the report of the committee. I made a preliminary statement regarding the importance of the census project, the absolute necessity of keeping the census questionnaires simple, the absolute necessity of having the cooperation of all governments in this first attempt at

(1926, Feb. Rome.)

E-1670.

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1671. 1889

a world wide census of agriculture on a comparable basis, that its success depended upon organization, that because of widely different conditions in different continents the project of a world agricultural census would be defeated if any attempt were made to obtain nonessential data that did not exist in many countries, and that to insure success of this first attempt it was highly desirable to restrict the standard form of census questionnaire strictly to essential basic data, and leave each country free to supplement ~~that~~ those data with any other ~~data~~ ^{might} they deem of sufficient importance to pay for. By way of illustration I said that North America, South America, and Australia, each larger than all Europe did not consider kitchen gardens or areas of one hectare, ^{(2.4} ~~2.4~~ acres), of sufficient importance to justify the expense of including them in a census; but that in Europe, which was smaller and less important agriculturally than Canada, the United States, Brazil, or Australia, kitchen gardens and areas of less than one hectare were of predominant importance; also that in many countries of Europe agriculture was organized on a communal basis, but that outside of those countries, relatively unimportant agriculturally, communes were wholly unknown; and that these and other differences would have to be kept in mind with respect to each item of the standard form of census questionnaire. Secretary General Dragoni and Mr. Dore had a good deal to say and talked at every opportunity, but it soon developed that Mr. Thompson and I were in complete agreement and as a representative of the British Empire he carried great weight. Without a preliminary interview even there was fine teamwork between us, and as his views and my views were turned into elegant and voluble French by Madame Agresti, who also was in complete accord with ^{our} ~~out~~ point of view, we more and more dominated the meeting and

(1926, Feb. Rome.)

E-1671

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question after question was decided in our favor. French was, of course, the official language. While both Mr. Thompson ^{and I} understood French perfectly when we heard it spoken or saw it written or printed, and could speak it enough to be understood, yet with characteristic British and American instinct we proceeded to express ourselves freely in English, which was adequately and eloquently interpreted into French by Madame Agresti. Messrs. Dragoni and Dore understood a little English and from long practice could express themselves in French. Messrs. Balbo, Brdlyck, and Benini understood no English and could not express themselves in French, so they were greatly handicapped. The other members of the committee also were much handicapped by their lack of knowledge of agricultural conditions outside of their own countries, and even with those conditions they were not personally familiar, being simply professors whose only contact with the outside world was through and with the immature minds of ~~youths~~ inexperienced youths. So, as it turned out, both Mr. Thompson and I had the decided advantage of experience, knowledge of conditions of world agriculture, language, and mutual, instinctive, intuitive understanding of each other's point of view. This mutuality of opinion made quite an impression upon me. I had met Mr. Thompson for a few minutes only in 1920 and again for a few minutes the preceding year. And yet he expressed my thought every time he spoke in this committee, and I seemed to express his thought every time I spoke. I observed at various international gatherings that the British and the American delegates reacted to what they saw and heard in exactly the same manner, thought alike, expressed themselves alike, and instinctively cooperated ~~to~~ with each other to accomplish the same results.

At the morning session of Feb. 4 Mr. Dore argued with great

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1673.

1911

tenacity and volubility for a complete inventory of all natural resources and conditions in all countries, including climate, soils, forests, botanical and mineral resources--Prof. Benini's proposal. For nearly two hours Mr. Thompson and I tried to make clear to him that such an inventory, no matter how desirable, was impracticable, the expense of the attempt would be prohibitive, and that such an attempt would wholly defeat the proposed census. Prof. Benini backed up Mr. Dore with voluble and brilliant oratory in Italian. It seemed impossible to make them realize that all the world was not an extension of Italian vineyards and kitchen gardens, that strawberries were not trees, and that garlic was not even listed in the crop production of other countries. Mr. Thompson seemed to have infinite patience. I was patient at first, but finally lost patience and exploded with the statement that my country, and Canada, and Brazil, and Australia, and China, and Russia, were each larger than all Europe; that my country had 48 states, each a sovereign nation comparable to European nations; that the particular State I came from, Texas, was larger than any nation in Europe; that these other countries produced the surpluses that entered into international commerce and helped feed Europe; that in these countries kitchen gardens were looked after by the women folk, and while important in household economy, their products did not enter into international commerce and therefore were not of particular interest to other countries; and that to take a census of agricultural resources in the detail they proposed was not only physically impracticable but would cost more money than all Europe possessed; and that surely the learned and distinguished professors on this committee could and must appreciate the utter futility of asking governments to do something they could not do and most assuredly would not consider doing. By way

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1674.

1812

of clinching the argument and getting the idea across I reminded the committee that there was more unexplored territory on which Europeans or men of European descent had never set foot in south America and Africa, Australia and Borneo, than in all Europe; surely they must see the futility of asking governments to explore and take an inventory of natural resources and climate, and make cadastral surveys, in such unexplored regions. "Why," I said, "gentlemen, can't you see that to the rest of the world your proposals are simply so impracticable and so costly that they are laughable, ⁱradiculous, and utterly absurd, and there is absolutely no hope that they will be favorably considered at the meeting of statistical delegates to the next General Assembly that represent these other countries. Can't you see what the delegates from the United States, from ^uCanada, from South America, from South Africa, from Australia, and from other countries where agricultural conditions are totally different from what they are in the little gardens of Italy, will think of your proposals? Can't you ~~see them~~ imagine what they will think? What else can they think but that the men who drew up this census program were wholly ignorant of world agricultural conditions and that their program is utterly ^cridiculous and absurd, because it is impossible and because merely to attempt it would cost more than the expenses of all governments in the world. Why, before I would consent to be identified or associated with such an absurd proposal I would resign all responsibility for the census project, because it would be doomed to failure and bring down deserved ridicule from most countries of the world; ^{but} ~~if~~ I ~~did not~~ think and feel assured that the next General Assembly with full representation from the agricultural countries of the world ^{will} ~~would~~ instantly eliminate these impossible proposals." If you thin^k agricultural countries are go-

(1936, Feb. Rome.)

E-1674.

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1675. 1913

ing to report to this Institute how many hills of garlic they have in their kitchen gardens and how many chicks their hens hatch, and other things of equal importance, you are greatly mistaken; you are equally mistaken if you think agricultural countries will pay any attention to Latin botanical terms as headings for group classifications."

Mr. Thompson at once endorsed all I had said in clear, forcible, and diplomatic language. For the moment Prof. Dragoni and Mr. Dore were silenced.

Better progress was made at the afternoon session, although Mr. Thompson and I were kept busy heading off suggestions to increase the number of questions to be asked. The Secretary General announced that the International Forestry Congress that was to meet at the ~~General~~ Institute immediately after the General Assembly would insist on a census of forestry resources.

The next forenoon the committee considered the livestock section of the census without much difference of opinion. The age and sex classifications approved by the 1920 General Assembly were retained. The only snag we ran into was Prof. Brdlyck's insistence that the census should not only enumerate the meat animals by sex and age, but also by weight. No afternoon meeting was held because the Institute was closed in honor of a deceased president.

I lunched with Mr. Hobson, who was sore as a boil over the domination of the ~~effx~~ Italian officials of the Institute. Received a notice from the American Consul to the effect that Italian law required that whenever a national flag was displayed the Italian flag must also be displayed in a position of honor, that is, above/ or at the right, under a penalty of a fine of \$40 to \$200. On returning to my rooms I found that my typewriter had been

(1926, Feb. Rome.

E-1675.

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1676. 1914

returned from a repair shop where it had been for more than a week.

Feb. 6, Saturday, a long and tiresome session of the statistical committee was held. Our chairman, Prof. Balbo of Riga, was especially troublesome because of the difficulty of language. He was obsessed with the idea that the universal census questionnaire should include a series of questions about farm machinery by types, and should specify the kind of power, whether hand, water, wind, steam, or electricity. This was just one of his proposals. Then the question of a glossary or lexicon of agricultural terms came up, on which Prof. Brutini had been working. By this time I knew something about the origin of the scheme to provide for such a lexicon. I had learned that early in life Prof. Brutini had published a small dictionary of agricultural terms and that it had been a hobby of his to prepare a larger dictionary. In fact he had done much work on it but had been unable to obtain a publisher or financial backing. Although he was a minor employe in the Institute he had succeeded in getting the Secretary General to include the lexicon item in the census project. I believed that a dictionary of agricultural terms with their equivalents in several different languages would be very useful to students, but inasmuch as each country would have to take its own census and use its own language and terms with which it was entirely familiar I could not see the necessity of saddling the small census project allotment of funds with the cost of an international agricultural dictionary that ^{the} Institute itself could not afford to publish. I therefore attacked the lexicon proposal, much to the astonishment of Secretary General Dragoni and Prof. Brutini. I explained that I had so far acquiesced in the lexicon proposal because I thought it had been decided formally by the Permanent Committee before I was engaged to have charge of the

(1936, Feb. Rome.

E-1676.

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1667.

1815

project, but now that I knew otherwise and was convinced that a lexicon was not necessary ^{for census purposes} and that its allotment of funds was inadequate, I would object to any further contribution from that fund to pay the expense of completing and publishing the lexicon, and if it were to be completed and published the funds would have to be found elsewhere. Seeing that Prof. Brutini, who was a very old man and had spent many years working on his dictionary, was in great distress, I ~~turned to him~~ assured him that nothing I said was meant as a criticism of him or his work, that I thought he had done excellent work and I hoped it would be appreciated, and that my opposition to the proposal to make his lexicon a part of the census project was based wholly on the insufficiency of funds and because a lexicon was not needed in the census work. So this feature of the program was eliminated.

Then came Prof. Benini's obsession, his proposal that the census should be taken by communes and in addition to land, crops, and livestock, show elevation or topography, character of soil, meteorological and other data, and that the census returns should be forwarded by all countries to the Institute for tabulation. I attacked this proposal vigorously as impracticable and expensive, and was supported by Mr. Thompson. Prof. Benini was an adroit, ingenious, persuasive and very persistent advocate and would not or could not acknowledge defeat. The argument was long drawn out and the deadlock was broken only upon Mr. Thompson's suggestion that Prof. Benini's paper be printed and that reference to it be made in the official report of this committee so that the proposal would be sure to have the full consideration of the statistical committee of the General Assembly.

As this was to be the last session of the committee and so much time had been devoted to the question of the lexicon and the

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1678. 1916

proposals of Prof. Benini that little time was left for other questions, such as the actual date of the census, ~~and these~~ it was decided ^{also} that these should be mentioned in the report of the committee for consideration of the General Assembly.

After adjournment Mr. Thompson and I walked out together. He was an exceedingly modest man of few words but with a keen sense of humor. There was a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes as he remarked, as if in a soliloquy, "You hit them hard, very hard, Mr. Estabrook." "Why not," I said, "if these people don't know enough about geography and agriculture to know that there are countries in the United States and estates in Brazil, Argentina, South Africa, and Australia, as large as some of these kitchen garden countries of western Europe, and if they have not had sufficient experience in census and crop estimating to know that kitchen garden methods simply cannot be used in the great agricultural surplus producing countries of the world, they should be told, and I simply tried to tell them. Why, man, compare South Africa that is four times as large as Italy and has less than 200,000 farms and ranches, while Italy with one-fourth the area has 4,000,000 ~~farms~~ kitchen garden farms of less than ten acres. The moment we go beyond areas in cultivation, crop production, and numbers of livestock, conditions are not comparable and the same methods cannot be used. And think of the vast areas that have never been explored, the vaster areas that have never been surveyed, and the jungle areas of the tropics. Hit hard, of course I hit hard, ~~because~~ Those men were not qualified to sit on a committee of this kind because they have no conception of conditions different from those with which they are familiar. Fortunately you were here to save the day, because if you had remained away I would have had a fight on my hands, and

(1926, Feb. Rome.

H-1678.

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1679.

1817

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That evening Mr. Dore and I were guests of Mr. Thompson at the Ristorante Ulpia where we had a delicious dinner, good wine, and pleasing music.

The next day, Sunday, another meeting of the committee was held from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. This was a harmonious meeting, Prof. Benini no longer harping on his hobby. I saw Mr. Hobson in the afternoon. He was extremely pessimistic and discouraged. I was much fatigued and returned to my room, wrote a letter, and went to bed and slept through until the next morning.

(Mother, 7 Feb., blue ~~folder~~.

(1926, Feb. Rome.)

B-1679.

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(Mother, 7 Feb., blue folder.)

(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1680.

1878

Feb. 8, Monday, I spent the forenoon looking through the mail that had accumulated during the previous week. A final meeting of the statistical committee was held in the afternoon and with very little discussion approved the report prepared by Mr. Thompson, with the understanding that I should rewrite it and make certain minor changes that were agreed upon. On the whole it was much more satisfactory to me than I had expected.

Several applicants for the position of temporary secretary called, but as they could only work part time and at inconvenient hours, and none of them could write shorthand, no engagement was made. In the evening Mr. Thompson was my guest at the Ristorante Faigiano. This was our first meeting alone. Upon comparing notes it appeared that we had both had about the same experience as government statisticians in connection with agriculture, which accounted for our agreement on all practical questions. We were both agreed that the Institute should be given a fair opportunity to show what it could do. We were both agreed that Mr. Hobson was handicapped by his unfortunate animosity to the president and other officials of the Institute.

The next day Mr. Thompson called for a farewell visit, as he was leaving that afternoon. Mr. Hodgson called to invite me to take luncheon with him at the Ristorante Concordia with a group of Americans. The luncheon itself was a miserable affair, but the company was good, including the American Consul, and we made the best of it.

The 10th I spent in revising the report of the committee and left a copy with Mr. Dore. I found him unreconciled to the action taken by the committee and difficult to talk to because his conception of the agricultural world was simply an extension of Italy, and partly because of his exaggerated idea of the dignity

1926, Feb. Rome.

W-1680.

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(1926.Feb.Rome.

1681.

1819

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The 12th was spent in writing letters, which I wrote on the typewriter myself in the absence of anyone to do it for me.

{(Holmes, Feb.12, blue folder.

{cover " 10 " ✓

(1926, Feb Rome)

1881

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(Holmes, Feb. 12, blue folder.

" " " "

"Roma, 10 Febraio, 1925.

"Dear Mr. Cooper:

(Chief, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Washington, D.C.)

"This is not an official report but an explanation of why an official report is not immediately forthcoming, and to let you know that I arrived 'right side up with care.'

"Business before pleasure: I inclose my reimbursement account, which please ask Miss Joyce to put into the accounting hopper and see what comes out at the other end. It is full of charges for tips--many of which we would not think of paying in the U.S., but over here language and argument do not count, but money does, and about the only way an American can get through is to put something in every outstretched hand. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and I try to bear that in mind when some villain that I never saw before and hope never to see again steps blithely up and insists that he performed some very essential and arduous service that I never ~~even~~ even suspected and demands to be paid. I usually protest, swear a little in English to relieve my mind, and compromise by paying part of the demand, in order to save time and make a decent get-away.

x x x x x x

"Thanks for many courtesies, for the facilities afforded the committee meetings, and for the opportunity to meet so many of my old friends and associates in Washington.

"With best regards, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, World Agricultural
"Census Project."

"Roma, 12 Febraio, 1925.

(Mr. George K. Holmes,
Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
U.S. Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D.C.)

"Dear Mr. Holmes:

"Here's ^{an} S.O.S., with all distress signals flying.

"Within three days after reaching Rome a committee of European statisticians met at the Institute to discuss the tentative form of world agricultural census schedule that I had prepared. During my absence in the U.S.A. the Statistical Bureau of the Institute had entirely recast my draft so that I could hardly recognize it. The committee convened by the Institute was composed of Mr. Thompson of the British Ministry of Agriculture, whom I had insisted should be invited and who is a real 'brick;' Prof. Brdlyck of ~~JOM~~/Czechoslovakia, who is a man of energy and some ability, but like most of us greatly handicapped in his command of unused French; Prof. Ballo of the University of Riga, who perhaps has done good work in his prime, but is now a doddering, squarehead German, excluded from his native country for Bolshevik tendencies, and who requires at least thirty minutes for a simple statement to percolate through his mental processes; and Prof. Benini of Rome, with absolutely no personal knowledge of farm life or farm psychology; Secretary General Dragoni, M. Dore, Chef of the Statistical Bureau of the Institute; and myself, tongue-tied, because as an ostensible employe of the Institute I can not blow it into smithereens. ~~to meet his insistent demand~~

"As an example of the purely theoretical character of the Institute, they recast the form that I had prepared along Anglo-Saxon lines, put in a technical, schematic system of classification that will be an object of derision by all nontechnical people, and classified strawberries and pineapples along with cabbages and potatoes, hops under trees and shrubs, and manioc or mandioca, which

Rome, 12 February, 1925.

(Mr. George K. Holmes,
Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
U.S. Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D.C.)

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tatoes, hops under trees and shrubs, and melons or mandarin oranges

is as much an annual plant as upland cotton, as a shrub! Dore argues, upon the authority of a botanist in the Institute, that New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*) is a shrub! Hellendammation, ~~et~~/ carrambaaaa, dunnerundblitzen, etc.

"In addition to asking numbers of livestock, with the age and sex classifications approved by the General Assembly of 1920, which need to be modified somewhat, the form I submitted proposed to ask for the number of animals of each kind raised on the farm, number bought, number sold alive, and the number slaughtered on the farm, with the idea that these data, together with exports, imports, number slaughtered at packing houses and public abbatoirs, and estimated live and dressed weights, would give us a basis for estimating livestock production and meat consumption. At the same time I advocated simplicity in the census schedule as being absolutely essential to the success of the first attempt ever made to bring about a universal agricultural census in all countries, many of them never having taken a census and being wholly without experience, and as innocent as a new born babe of the time and expense involved. The committee agreed to strike out everything except numbers of livestock with age and sex classifications.

"Prof. Brdlyck was very insistent that data for estimating the meat consumption of a country is one of the most important objects of the world census--probably because of difficulties he has encountered in his own country--and to meet his insistent demand it was agreed that I should prepare a memorandum, state the problem, summarize what has been done and the methods followed in various countries, and suggest a formula that the Institute might recommend to all countries, and have it ready to present to a subcommittee of the General Assembly that will meet in Rome the first week in April. Nice little stunt, eh! Enough to make a mummy sit up and take notice.

"Since the committee adjourned I have been exceedingly busy recasting the report in accordance with the agreement reached and will continue to be busy for ~~some~~ some days to come. For the first time in twenty-five years I am without a stenographer or clerical assistance, and I am plunking this letter out on a portable typewriter which is badly out of order. Also I realize that the days are slipping by and that it takes thirty days for a letter to go and come. I immediately thought of your work with the meat committee away back in 1913 and the voluminous report that you prepared, but I have forgotten

(Here the damn machine absolutely refuses to function and I shall have to finish with a pen)

the formula used. If you can send me a brief, clear statement of that formula, and of any other that you know of, and any recommendations you care to make, I shall appreciate it beyond words.

"Mr. Thompson has promised to send me the details of the formula proposed by Sir Henry Rew and generally followed in England. I shall write to our Dr. Schoenfeld at Berlin for the German formula, to Prof. Brdlyck to reduce his ideas to writing, and to our own Bureau of Animal Husbandry. Also I will ask the Statistical Bureau of the Institute, but do not expect much from it. In this way I am hoping to get sufficient material and suggestions to enable me to prepare a creditable report that may have some value--always giving due credit to my sources of information.

"Sorry I cannot write more and ~~say~~ something about my voyage and observations in French Morroco, Gibralter, Palermo, and Naples, en route, but it is midnight and I must close.

"With best regards, and hoping to hear from you, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

I spent the 13th writing notes and revising manuscript. Mr. Dore called and I gave him a copy of a tabulation showing the dates on which censuses had been taken in different countries with request that he have it verified in his office.

Sunday, the 14th, I worked all day on the census project, writing letters, and arranging photographs. From my office window I could see daisies in bloom, butterflies fluttering about, hear birds singing, and see lovers walking about arm in arm--sure sings of spring. Meals at the Italian restaurants were very disappointing, mainly because of lack of variety and excessive use of olive oil, which to me was as disgusting as castor oil. I know all the arguments in favor of olive oil from A to Z and had ocular evidence day by day that many people are fond of olive oil and thrive on it, but my system was intolerant of it and no amount of thinking of it as a pure vegetable oil, odorless, tasteless, mild, nutritious, etc., could modify my aversion to it or the inconvenient effects of swallowing it.

(Mrs. Gray -- Zigenfeld? -- Febm 14, ~~blue~~ folder.

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(Mrs. Grey--Eigensfeldt--Feb 14, Blue Folder.

~~(Schoenfeldt, same.)~~

~~(Wife, same.)~~

~~1682--a~~ 1829

"Roma, 14 Febraio, 1926.

"Dear Mrs. Gray:

(C/o American Express Co., Florence).

"I must apologize for the delay in forwarding copies of some of the snap-shot photographs taken on our excursions. The fact is that since reaching Rome I have been overwhelmed with work, my stenographer is away convalescing from typhoid, and I am without clerical assistance. I am hoping, however, that these will reach you before leaving Florence. I am disappointed in the pictures, especially the one of you and the old church in Algeciras. Evidently the light was poor. The trouble in Morocco was that one had to be very quick to get a picture before the people, especially the women, turned their backs to avoid being taken. However, I hope they will serve to remind you of some very pleasant days.

"I hope your stay in Italy will be wholly enjoyable, that you will visit Rome, and that I may have the privilege and the pleasure of seeing you again.

"With pleasant recollections of our brief acquaintance, and with very best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

"Roma, 14 Febraio, 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"I have had to work continuously day and night since reaching Rome every day, including Sundays, so I have had no time to write letters home. This will probably last another week and then I can take things easier and write you something about my trip.

"I have had two letters from Mother, one dated the 15th and the other the 29th of January--but nothing as yet from 1926.

1682--b 1830

"We had some rainy days last week, but today was lovely, with bright sunshine, blue skies, and a warm balmy breeze. The daisies are blooming near the Maison d'Angelo, the buds on some of the trees are swelling, and I saw a bright yellow butterfly fluttering gaily in the sunshine and heard some little birds singing merrily in the trees. It was so pleasant that apparently all Rome, with all their wives, sweethearts, and children, were ~~off off~~ out. I wished that all the E's might have been there today and that I could have the time to go about with them.

"I am sending copies of a few of the photographs I took en route. They are not very good but will give you ^{an} ~~some~~ idea of some of the things I saw.

"With love to all, and hoping to get a letter from home this week,

"Daddy."

(1926, Feb. Rome.

E-1683 1831

All day the 15th I worked on a revision of the census questionnaire form. and the report of the committee. Mr.Dore, who had agreed to make the French translation, asked for the loan of the only complete copy I had. I let him have it on the promise that he would return it the following day. This was the first evening after my return to Rome that I did not have to work under pressure. I had lunch with Mr.Hobson, who was more cheerful than I had seen him because of the prospect of a trip~~z~~ to Switzerland and Poland.

(Miss Broad, Feb.15, blue folder. omit

(1926, Feb. Rome.)

~~E-1687 1921~~

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~~(Miss Brown, Feb. 15, blue folder.)~~

(1926, Febm. Rome.

E--1684.

1825

On the 16th I finished the second copy of the census questionnaire forms in accordance with the report of the committee. This was supposed to be carnival day in Rome, but aside from notices in the papers the only indication of a carnival on the streets ~~were~~ *was* a few children in fancy costume.

On the 17th I had several visitors, and between times tried listing and condensing the instructions to accompany the census questionnaires.

The 18th was spent in revising the supplementary notes to accompany the census questionnaires. Received from Prof. Buck of the Nanking University an English translation of a Chinese agricultural census questionnaire. Received first letters from wife and children since leaving Washington, ~~de~~ inclosing a newspaper clipping describing a great storm in the north Atlantic at the time of my crossing the southern route and asking why I had not cabled news of my safe arrival.

The 19th I made the final revision of the committee report and census forms in accordance therewith. With Mr. Dore tried to see the Secretary General to get his authorization for the printing of the revised copy, but without success.

(Wife, 19 Feb., ~~blue~~ folder.

(Thelma, ~~same~~.

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(Wife, 19 Feb., 1926, Rome folder.

(Thelma, same.

(Otis, same.

"Roma, 19 Febraio, 1925.

"Dear Mommie:

"I was delighted yesterday to receive your lovely letter of January 31 and to know that all is well at 1026. I wrote you the day after I reached Rome and again last Sunday, so that you must have received my first letter before this. I am sorry I did not cable on my arrival here. I thought of it on the train, but became so preoccupied here that I forgot it and my conscience did not trouble me because I had written.

"I am still very busy and rather tired. Miss Broad writes that she expects to return next week, but will not be strong enough to do much until March. I could get no one else, so I had to do my own typewriting on a machine that was new to me. Wonder if the machine at 1026 is out of the running? I ask, because all three letters from 1026 were in longhand. I was glad to see how well the children can write, but I think it is very important that they write at least one letter a week on the typewriter, and as much between times as they can, because it may be of great advantage to them all through life--and there are not many children that go to their school that have a machine to learn on.

"I was greatly pleased to know that both the children had been promoted and are beginning to catch up with other children of their own age. This is one compensation for our separation, to know that they are not falling behind their playmates, as they certainly would have done had they come to Rome.

"The food situation here seems to be even worse now than before my visit home. I suppose it is the contrast with what I had at home. I attended an American luncheon last week and the subject of food was mentioned. I remarked that I had trouble with olive oil, which to me is the same as castor oil or any other poison.

A fat gentleman opposite had the nerve to suggest that I start by taking a teaspoonfull with plenty of salt the first day, two the second day, and so on until I could absorb a pint a day. Said it would be good for me. I said 'Friend, if you want to see how your recipe works, try it yourself with castor oil. I can recommend it as a flesh reducer of the first order. As for me, before I reached the pint-a-day stage with olive oil I would be nicely planted and some of my folks might feel under obligation to wear crape; anyhow, when I get ready to commit suicide, it won't be with olive oil.'

"Well, dearie, thanks for the nice letter and the happiness it brought. Love to all.

"Daddy."

"Roma, 19 Febraio, 1926.

"Dear Kittiwinks:

"Your nice letter of January 31 came yesterday and I was delighted to hear from you. I was also proud to know that you were promoted at school, but sorry to hear that you had been sick again.

"You are getting old enough to give some thought to these spells of sickness that give you and others trouble. For a young person to be sick is simply disgraceful. Watch yourself closely and whenever you have an attack such as you have had several times last winter, try to reason out what caused it, and then do all in your power to avoid it another time. I suspect that most of your trouble comes from getting chilled when you do not wear rubbers, or sweaters, or wraps, when it is wet or cold, probably because you do not like to dress differently from other girls of your age who are stronger, healthier, and more robust than you are and who can stand more exposure than you can without getting sick. If you will reason it out for yourself you will see that by keeping well and avoiding sick spells you

~~1684--c~~ 1836

Ms. 1835 - stopped in 1836

will grow stronger, develop more plumpness, have a better complexion, feel better and therefore brighter and prettier, and will become far more attractive to every one than if you permit yourself to have sick spells that keep you thin, pale, and tired. I am not scolding or criticising, but just suggesting that for your own sake you should and can do a great deal to avoid being sick. The greatest blessing that any one can have is good health, because good health usually means happiness to oneself and to others. Ill health is just the reverse. Good health can usually be obtained, especially by young people, by regular habits of eating, sleeping, bathing, exercising, dressing for comfort instead of appearance, avoiding exposure to sudden and severe changes in temperature, and so on--that is, just a little common sense. Seems as if Daddy was preaching again, eh? But I hope you will give a little thought to this subject on your own account and for your own sake, because sometimes good health or poor health makes a woman either beautiful, much loved and happy, or unattractive, unpopular, and unhappy.

"Last week there was a carnival in Rome, but I was too busy to see much of it. Here, only the children are dressed up in fancy costume. Some of the little ones looked very pretty, and they were so full of the importance of the event that they were very dignified and proper. I am sure you would have enjoyed seeing them.

"Well, sweetheart, try to write me a letter once a week and tell me all about the things that interest you. With a hug and a kiss, To my own little Miss, and much love to all, from

"Daddy."

Love to you and all, from -----

"Roma, 19 Febraio, 1926.

"Dear Captain Jinks:

"Yesterday your nice letter of January 31 came and found me at work, as usual. I am sorry I could not be home on your birthday.

1684-a 1837

"I hope you will learn to play the bugle, and perhaps you may become the regular bugler of your company of Boy Scouts. No reason why you can't, if you will practice hard enough.

"I am glad you were promoted. Keep up the good work, get as many E's as you can, and maybe in another year you will catch up with the other boys of your age and size.

"Nobody said a word about Rosie's pups. I wonder if you found good homes for them all.

"I spent one day in Africa and was disappointed because I did not see any lions or hyenas. I supposed, of course, that they were as thick and common in Africa as are Indians and buffalo in America. Well, maybe they are. Anyhow, I saw a lot of Moores, Arabs, Berbers, and Africans--all of them very dirty, slovenly, and not much to look at. If one of our negroes was dropped in ^{the} ^{the} ^{of his ancestors} his native land ^{he} certainly would curl up and die of a broken heart.

"Then I spent a day at Gibraltar, the strongest fortress in the world. It is a mountain of solid rock that comes up out of the sea and the British have cut tunnels all through it and put guns in ~~tr~~ the tunnels with their muzzles sticking out through holes, and these guns can shoot clear across the Strait of Gibraltar and sink any ship that tries to get through between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea. Nothing can get through except submarines, and during the war the British stretched great steel nets across and caught the submarines like fish. The African coast and mountains seem to be about twelve miles away.

"Well, Good Night, Otis; take good care of Mommie and Sister. Love to you and all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, Feb. Rome.

1685. 1826

The 20th was bright, clear, warm, and pleasant. I succeeded in having an interview with the Secretary General and the material I submitted was quickly approved and the printing authorized. Relieved in mind, I returned to my office and disposed of some correspondence. I left the office early and walked through the Borghese Park, pleased with the sight of numerous lovers, attractive nursemaids and their infant charges, stopped at the Pincio for a glass of beer, listened to the municipal band, and then to my rooms to write letters home.

(Sister Nellie, Feb 20, blue ~~folder~~.

(Eunice, same.

(1926, Feb, Rome.)

1882.

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Pincio for a glass of beer, listened to the municipal band, and
then to my room to write letters home.

(Sister Nellie, Feb 20, blue folder.

(Rumice, same.

~~1685~~ - 1839

"Roma, 20 Febraio, 1926.

"Dear Sister:

"Your letter of February 1 with the January account came a few days ago with one from Eunice and three from 1026. The account is satisfactory. Glad to see you are getting good seed. ^{One year} I tried to save ~~one year~~ by getting seed from the Farmers Exchange, but got only a third of a stand, lost the use of the land and labor, and the difference in yield amounted to many times the difference in cost of seed.

"I hope this spring, as soon as the ground is thawed out, you will have Lewis dig up a load of honeysuckle roots from the patch in the lower place and set them along the wire fence by the roadside all the way from the lower corner up to the Widow Whipp place. If one is put at each post and two ^{Pa} spaced between, in the course of a few years we will have a fine display of honeysuckle. It can be quickly done and will not require much care, as the roots will live if they are set deep enough not to dry out before the first rain.

"I am glad the truck is running satisfactorily, and hope the little Bug will do the same. Just a word of caution--watch your brakebands, because the steep grades are hard on them, and for safety one must always have complete control of the machine, which cannot be done if the brakes are not working perfectly. After you get accustomed to running the machine you will get a lot of joy and satisfaction out of it. Next to the family, I miss an automobile more than anything else over here--and good food.

"I intended to write in my letter to Otis something about how my overcoat was stolen, but forgot about it. The first day I went to my office in the little 'Maison d'Angelo', or 'Casetta' as it is officially designated, my major domo, Guidi, was somewhere in the neigh-

borhood sunning himself. The door was open, my coat and hat were on a rack at the head of the stairs on the second floor outside my room, and I was within absorbed in work. About 3.30 p.m. I heard a slight noise outside, but thought it was Guidi, who sometimes slips quietly upstairs to see if I am still there. A few minutes later a little boy came in out of breath and said Guidi wanted me outside. I stepped out of the room, saw that my coat was gone, and then outside the building I saw Guidi hanging on to a man and surrounded by a group of young men and boys a short distance out in the park. I went to them, took possession of my coat and also of the man who had it, and with Guidi marched him to the office of the Secretary General. There the fellow broke down, fell to his knees and begged and prayed that we let him go, saying he had a sick wife and four children. I suggested that he be turned over to the police and that they be asked to investigate the story of the wife and children, and if the story was true to let him go. Later an officer of the Public Security took my affidavit, and also a receipt for my overcoat, which probably is still supposed to be in the custody of the authorities, although I am wearing it occasionally. Further than this the court sayeth not.

"I have been working hard every day since reaching Rome, but today the order was given for the printing of the revised report and I am now free to take up an accumulation of correspondence, and also rest up.

"Love to you and all.

"Lee."

"Roma, 20 Febraio, 1926.

"Dear Eunice:

"Your letter of January 31 came a few days ago along with letters written on the same date from Wifey and the two Niñas, and one from Sister Nellie of February 1, so you see I got a bunch of

of them at the same time.

"I am glad you are getting along so nicely with the pipe ~~or~~ organ and hope your desire to change from the violin to the organ will be gratified. You had a long steady pull of daily grind for many years and you deserve a great deal of credit for it. The time is approaching when you should make a change, or you will begin to grow old too soon. I am also glad that Don Carlos is beginning to find enjoyment in reading books. There's a world of fine books to be read and I envy any one who has the time to look into them. I have been too busy for nearly twenty years to do more than look at a few books and I am ~~b~~ looking forward hopefully and longingly to the time when I can sit down and read a book leisurely, with mind free from official responsibilities or the necessity for plugging away day and night to get something ahead for sickness and old age.

"We have had most delightful weather in Rome, more spring-like even than a winter in Texas. The grass is green, the daisies are in blossom, and the peach and almond trees are in full bloom. The delightful little visit home, the fine voyage, and the good weather I have encountered since leaving home, are among the compensations for separation from family and friends.

"Well, take good care of yourself, and Don Carlos the same, and with love to all, I will say Good Night, from

"Uncle Lee."

(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1686.

1827

Sunday, the 27th, I slept late. When ready for business I walked through the sunny streets across to St. Peter's, stopped at the Egyptian obelisk in front to admire its colossal proportions; entered and walked slowly through the great open spaces and admired the succession of chapels and marvelous decorations, enjoyed hearing a magnificent male chorus, and listened awhile to a sermon in Italian, and then walked back. In the afternoon I had a long nap and then began typewriting an account of my ~~z~~ voyage from New York.

Monday, Guidi, who showed up after an absence of several days, reported that the man who tried to steal my overcoat had a court record extending back to 1920. At noon I had a disagreeable experience, the second within a week. Walking from the Institute to the American Express Company, a distance of perhaps half a mile, I had an attack of nausea and dizziness. When I reached the familiar quarters of the Express Company I could stand only with difficulty. Everything went black before my eyes, I felt that I was reeling, and was just able to grasp the side of the door to keep from falling. The feel of the solid door frame helped me greatly, and after a moment my vision cleared enough so I could see a vacant seat inside. After resting I recovered sufficiently to realize that my trouble was intestinal and that to get relief I must find a lavatory. I asked one of the employes who directed me to the second floor, follow the corridor to the right, and turn to the left twice. ~~With some difficulty~~ I tried to follow these directions, ^{and} after much difficulty I found the place, but a succession of women were passing in and out. After further search I found another place, and here also women were passing in and out. In desperation I asked a young woman employe if there was any place for men and she shook her head. By this time my head

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was clear and I could walk without staggering. In desperation I walked outside, got a taxi, and asked to be driven to the nearest hotel. I paid him liberally, rushed into the hotel and got relief, and had no further trouble. In the thirty minutes that elapsed since I left my office it seemed as if I had lived a century in purgatory and came near collapsing on the street^x, all, I suspect, the effect of the olive oil I had taken into my system with the Italian cooking that so many people rave about.

On the 2³~~4~~d I wrote a letter to Prof. Cooper and wrote shorthand drafts of letters to American officials expressing my appreciation of their cooperation at the Washington meetings.

(Cooper, Feb. 23, pink ~~folder~~ folder.

(Wife, Feb. 23, blue ~~folder~~ folder.

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(Cooper, Feb. 25, pink folder.)
(Wife, Feb. 25, blue folder.)

"Rome, 23 February, 1926.

"Mr. Thomas P. Cooper,
"Chief, Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U.S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Cooper:

"If the Department has not already arranged to have one of its delegates to the General Assembly arrive in Rome ten days or more before the opening of the General Assembly, I would recommend that it be done without delay. I am without clerical or stenographic assistance and cannot submit a complete report, but the following will indicate some of the reasons for the recommendation:

"On October 16 I submitted to the Secretary General, Mr. Dragoni, the manuscript of the proposed standard form of census questionnaire, with recommendation that it be printed and distributed, inviting constructive criticisms and suggestions. No action was taken on this recommendation, later ^erepeated in writing, and I was not granted an interview until November 16. Then a further delay of four days before a second interview was granted, when the Secretary General agreed to issue the order for printing. Printed copies reached me on November 30, one day before I left for the United States. No French translation of the preliminary draft was made and no copies were distributed.

"During my absence in the United States the preliminary draft was rewritten by Mr. Dore, Chief of the Statistical Bureau of the Institute, and the items were reclassified under a systematic scheme that originated with Mr. Dore's predecessor, Prof. Ricci, who, as chairman of a committee of the International Institute of Statistics, got it approved at the Brussels meeting in 1923, and later it was approved by the Permanent Committee of the International Institute of Agriculture. This scheme of classification is cumbersome and in my judgment impracticable, or at least wholly undesirable for

use in the first attempt ever made to have a world wide agricultural census. For example, it proposes to classify all cultivated crops either as 'herbaceous' or as 'trees and shrubs,' and to duplicate the numerous subdivisions of industrial crops under each of the main divisions. It uses such technical botanical terms as 'herbaceous' and 'graminaceous,' and uses the term 'arable' in the restricted sense it has come to have in Europe, especially in France, meaning land that has been plowed within the last six years, other plow land being classified as 'permanent meadow and pasture.' It puts pineapples and strawberries in with 'vegetables' along with beans and cabbages, and lists hops and manioc under 'trees and shrubs.'

"The committee of European statisticians that met here the first week of this month to revise the preliminary form was composed of three professors, namely, Benini of Rome, Brdlyck of Prague, and Ballo of Riga; and Mr. Thompson of England. Secretary General Dragone, M. Dore, and myself, ranking in the order named, were adjoined to the committee, but had no vote.

"Discussion of the systematic scheme of classification, to which I so strongly object, was not permitted because the Secretary General announced that it had already been approved by the Permanent Committee and therefore was not open to discussion. Otherwise the results of the committee's work were as satisfactory as could be expected. They agreed upon a single form of schedule for use in all countries, with a list of supplementary questions for the optional use of such countries as wished to utilize them. Several impractical recommendations were made by the professors on the committee, but fortunately were not adopted.

"Now, I feel very strongly that the theoretical and rather complicated scheme of classification foisted upon the committee by the Secretary General is impracticable, or at least very undesirable.

It will appeal strongly only to professors and students who know nothing about the practical conditions of farming or of the psychology of farmers and business men. The only opportunity that will be afforded to modify the proposed standard form will come in the committee of delegates to the General Assembly that will meet in Rome on April 8 in advance of the General Assembly meeting especially to consider the census project. It is probable that any report agreed upon by this committee will be approved by the General Assembly. My fear is that the committee will contain a preponderating number of professors and office men to whom the ideal scheme of classification presented by the Secretary General will appeal strongly, and that the United States will not be represented. It is probable that Mr. Hobson will not be a member of this committee, with voice and voting power, because he is a Permanent Delegate and a member of the Permanent Committee. I shall have no voting power because I am an employe of the Institute. Furthermore, I was advised by the Secretary General that as an employe of the Institute I will be expected not to oppose the views of other officials of the Institute, namely, himself and M. Dore. I replied that I expected to cooperate with the officials and employes of the Institute at all times, and in turn expected to have their cooperation, but I would reserve the right to oppose the adoption of certain parts of the proposed standard census schedule in its present form.

"For the foregoing reasons I would urge the Department to arrange immediately to have one or more of the American delegates to the General Assembly to reach Rome not later than April 8, when the new committee will begin its work. It would be even better if he could arrive a day or two before so that we might have an opportunity for consultation before the meeting opens.

"With best regards, I am

"Sincerely yours,

Director etc.

"Roma, 21 Febraio, 1926.

"Dear Mommie e tutti:

"This is the first day since reaching Rome that I have had any time to write anything about my return trip from Washington. You will remember that I left Washington the evening of January 14 and sailed on the Italian steamer 'Colombo' the following day from New York.

"The Colombo is comparatively small, only about 12,000 tons, or about the size of the Santa Eliza on which we made the trip from Chile. My first impression on entering the boat was its extremely narrow corridors and small staterooms. It has a social hall, reading room, a smoking room with bar, and a dining room. The dining room is furnished with long narrow tables, boarding house fashion, with revolving chairs screwed to the floor. The promenade decks are extremely narrow, and the solid lines of steamer chairs ranged to one side make it impracticable to walk during the day, so passengers had to take their exercise at night. The food on the boat was modified Italian, that is, partly Italian and partly something else, barely sufficient in quantity, little room for selection, and no second helpings--it was a question of take it or leave it, eat what was put on the table, or go without--and sometimes I went without. The service was generally poor, although the stewards were smiling and well disposed, but evidently lacked training. The American boats are, to say the least, 100 per cent better in space, accommodations, cleanliness, and service.

"I was fortunate in having an outside cabin to myself, although it looked dubious at first. When I was shown to the cabin I found an old gentleman already installed with four pieces of baggage. When I showed up with five pieces we both saw how inadequate the space was and how inconvenient it would be, and both began to joke about it. Shortly thereafter he arranged for another cabin to himself, leaving

me in full possession of the one that had been assigned to us both contrary to the promiss of the company's agent that we should each have a separate cabin.

"We had fair weather, sunshine, blue skies, balmy air, and smooth seas for fourteen consecutive days from New York to Naples. About January 22 we passed the Island of St. Miguel, the principal island of the Azores. (Otis and Thelma please look in your geographies and see if you can find the Azores). We were in sight of the island for nearly half a day and at times were within five miles of the shore. It looks like the top of a mountain sticking its head out of the ocean. There is no real harbor, the surf beats continuously on the shore, and the land slopes upward rather steeply and shows great ravines and gullies washed out of the sides. The hill-sides are marked off into fields, said to be planted mostly with pine-apples, and the towns and villages are low down near the beach. The houses are white and in the morning sunlight looked very pretty against the green hills behind. There was a cloud resting on top of the mountain so I could not judge of its height. We passed the city of Ponte Delgado, which is the capital of the Azores. It looked to be nearly two miles long and half a mile wide.

"We entered the harbor of Casa Blanca early Sunday morning, January 24. Cassa Blanca is in French Morocco on the northwest coast of Africa. The French have had administrative control of the country for the last fifteen years or more and are trying to develop Casa Blanca into a port of call with a view to making tourist travel an important source of revenue. It is therefore a new town and very modern, except the old Moroccan village which served as a nucleus. At great expense stone and concrete walls or moles have been constructed out into the ocean so as to provide a harbor. New four-story buildings have been constructed in the town, all of them plastered white.

The coast as seen from the steamer is hilly and treeless. Passengers left the boat shortly after 8 o'clock in the morning and were immediately assailed by porters, vendors of postcards and curios, and coachmen. Mostly they were a mixture of Arab and Negro, dressed in flowing robes of dirty cotton, wore red fez caps, baggy trousers, legs bare below the knee, with sandalls which flapped as they walked, which makes one wonder why they do not come off. There must be some trick in making them stay on.

"Two excursions had been organized for the day, one through the town of Casa Blanca, and the other to Rabat, capital of the province, about 65 or 70 miles from Casa Blanca. I took the one to Rabat, in order to see something of the country and its agriculture. This was the first excursion of the kind between the two places and there were several hitches in the program. The assistant purser, who was generalissimo in charge, sweat blood and so aroused the sympathetic commiseration of the passengers that they put up with the inconveniences of the trip with characteristic American good humor. (I forgot to say that most of the passengers were Americans and Canadians) Our party was transported in five large motorbuses, much like those that run between Washington and Baltimore.

"We started at 8.30 a.m., went through the streets of Casa Blanca, which were crowded with Moores and Arabs in their native costumes, with a sprinkling of Europeans and Negroes. The shops, including several department stores, are modern, with plate glass windows, and ~~with~~ displays of manufactured goods, very much as in an American city. There were many vacant lots, as in all newly built towns.

"Out over a good hard surfaced road built by the French, as good as any in Maryland, we first passed through a village called Fedhala, where a market was being held. In fact, for two hours we

passed swarms of natives on the road coming from all directions, making their way to this market. They were a motley crew, men, women, and children, little long-haired and long-eared donkeys, a few little ponies not much bigger than donkeys, some oxen, and many grotesque, dirty looking camels. Horses, or rather little skinny, skeleton-like decrepit ponies, are rare. Donkeys are numerous. A donkey no bigger than a calf will carry a load that we would hesitate to place on a horse; or maybe he will carry a big, lazy lout of a negro and his wife, or the wife and the children--all that can hang on without falling off. Our bus did not stop at the market, although others did, but we saw a space larger than a city square with literally thousands of robed and turbaned figures standing close together in a compact crowd, with the donkeys and camels standing patiently in a ring on the outside.

"Some ten miles farther on we entered a gulch with a small river at the bottom crossed by a wooden bridge that was broken, so we had to go back to Fedhala and pick up the right road. In other words, this excursion organized by the Italian Company had lost its way. Except for the pedestrians, donkeys and camels, the road was clear and the buses made about 25 miles an hour. At every kilometer (about $5/8$ of a mile) was a concrete marker painted white with figures to show the distance, and at cross roads there was a concrete sign at least 12 feet high and 2 feet wide, with names of places, distances, and arrows to indicate the direction of different places. Most of the distance traversed the road was only a few miles from the ocean and one could see the white surf breaking on the beach.

"The country is rolling, open, treeless, and generally stony. In places the outcropping stone is jagged, rough, white or gray, coral, the same as in parts of Florida, showing that at some time in the ages past this coast was partially submerged. Occasionally

the soil is sandy, but generally it is a thin black loam or red clay. Generally the soil is thin and poor, with rock or hardpan near the surface, and it is evident that crops can be raised only when there is plenty of rain. In fact, the country along the coast has a semi-arid appearance. There are a few attempts at primitive irrigation from wells, the water being raised by a crude apparatus made of wood, operated by a blindfolded donkey, which will perhaps raise one bucketfull of water per minute. Apparently about 40 per cent of the land is in wheat, one per cent in broad beans (horse beans) and fig orchards, and the rest wild and uncultivated. There are no fences, no trees, no bushes, no grass, but only occasionally patches of yucca-like plants. Eucalyptus trees have been planted along both sides of the hard surfaced road by the French and if they live will make a fine avenue of shade trees. There were many patches of little white and orange colored daisies in bloom. In gardens one saw morning glories and geraniums, and occasionally a small almond tree in bloom.

"The plowing is done with a very crude implement that looks like a crooked stick with only one handle with which to guide it. In one field I saw three plows going (remember it was Sunday), one drawn by a pair of little skinny ponies, the second by two shadowy looking oxen, and the third by two ludicrous looking camels with humped backs and crooked necks, sprawling legs and flapping ears. The three outfits were moving at the same rate of speed--no, not speed, or velocity; just moving, that's all. One had to look twice to decide whether they were moving or standing still. The little wooden, make-believe plows were rooting up the surface of the soil about three inches deep. The wheat was generally green, perhaps six inches high, a poor stand, and in it were growing patches of the wild yucca-like plants, which I suspect are hard to eradicate.

On the uncultivated ground the pasturage is very poor and one wonders how an animal can subsist on it. No hay or straw stacks or other forage was visible. There were occasionally flocks of sheep and goats with little, dirty, dark colored bodies; and small herds of cattle, the thinnest, scrawniest, scrubbiest, most woe-begone and miserable specimens of animated skin and bones I have ever seen. I doubt if they could stand up before a strong wind, and I suspect they would be transparent if it were not for their hair and hides.

"Although it was Sunday much work was being done, such as plowing, hauling, digging, stone breaking, etc.

"We crossed three gulches or breaks in the rolling plain, each with a small stream at the bottom, shrubby sides, and beautiful new suspension bridges supported by ornamental stone pillars at each end. The bus crossed these bridges at full speed.

"Near the towns there are a few new villas or chalets built by the French. These are little, plain, one-story houses with flat roofs, covered with plaster and painted white, and with the beginnings of a garden in front. . In the villages and towns the houses are small, one-story, covered with cream colored plaster, with one door, no window, no water, no heat--just four walls and a roof. In the country one sees a group of low, flat, dark colored tents or thatched dwellings that look like small straw stacks. The tents are perhaps twenty feet in diameter, nearly circular, covered with nearly black tarpaulin, and with walls made of coarsely woven matting. The tents appear to be about ten feet high in the center and three or four feet at the circumference. They have only one entrance, no windows, and no chimney. The thatched dwellings look like little hay stacks, twelve feet high and ten feet in diameter, with a single round hole three or four feet high that serves as an entrance and, of course,

no window and no chimney.

"About 25 miles out from Casa Blanca our procession of buses stopped at a primitive looking restaurant operated by the tourist company. There was a conspicuous absence of sanitary facilities and in an open country of bright sunshine this was a little embarrassing to Americans and Canadians.

"We reached Rabat, the capital and a new city of about 16,000 inhabitants, about noon. After being driven through the streets we stopped at a little hotel so new that we could smell the plaster. There was immediate inquiry for toilet facilities. A party of men, of which I was one, were directed to a toilet room on the first floor. It was already full of women. I asked the lady manager in French if there was another place for the men. She said this one was for men. But, I said, it is full of women. She said 'Ce'st tout la meme, il n'y pas de difference; entrez, c'est pour tout.' (It is all the same; there is no difference; enter; it is for all). Maybe so, maybe so, but this particular group of American and Canadian men backed out and did some exploring outside.

"After our party had milled around in this little hotel for nearly half an hour, our entrepreneur, the assistant steward, who was suffering severely from the evident impossibility of accommodating so many in this small *placée* space, announced that we would adjourn to a large restaurant in the business section of the town. We found the restaurant and filled it to overflowing, the proprietor nearly had hysterics, and the poor waiters were nearly scared stiff. A ~~few~~ few near the source of supplies got waited on, some were half served, and the rest not at all.

"Then we were driven two or three miles across a little river to the ancient Moorish town of Sale, home of the Sultan of Morocco. It is regarded as a holy city, said to have been founded by the Mo-

ammedan Adam and Eve, and was opened to Europeans only recently. Apparently it is a town about the size of Frederick, with narrow winding streets, one-story brick and plaster flat roofed houses, and a motley looking population that seemed to regard the tourists with quite as much interest as we displayed in looking at them. Here we were turned loose for an hour to wander through the narrow, winding streets, without guides. We peeked into one building through an open door. It was a single room about 24 feet square, with the one door opening on the street, no window, a dirt floor, and very dark. A dozen or more little boys from eight to twelve years old were plaiting straw into mats and working as hard as in a sweatshop under a master. Then there were innumerable little shops, little cubby holes not more than eight or ten feet square, in which men were sitting, spinning, weaving, making sandals, or doing some kind of metal or carpentry work. I saw a little forge no bigger than a tea kettle in which some charcoal was burning and to which was attached a bellows made of a dried sheep skin, which must have been taken off the animal whole and the leg and end holes sewn up, ~~and~~ which the smith operated by squeezing between his hands.

"The streets were crowded with men, ~~and~~ women and children. The men were dressed in caps, fezes, or hoods, gowns of various colors, baggy trousers, and sandals. None of them were shaved or washed. All were nearly black, but mostly with straight noses, thin lips, brown eyes and beards. All were inexpressibly dirty in their garments and persons, and all smelled just like the goat without a nose--awfull. The women were simply bundles of robes or rugs, moving noiselessly about, with only one eye--usually the left one--peeking intently out of a crack or opening in their robe. The boys and girls were much like little negro children the world over, except that the girls over ten years old would hastily cover their faces if a stranger looked

ten years old would hastily cover their faces if a stranger looked like little negro children the world over, except that the girls over of a crack or opening in their robe. The boys and girls were much about, with only one eye--usually the left one--peering intently out. The women were simply bundles of robes or rugs, moving noiselessly persons, and all smiled just like the goat without a nose-swift. eyes and beards. All were impressively dirty in their garments and were nearly black, but mostly with straight noses, thin lips, brown beaky eyebrows, and sandals. None of them were shaved or washed. All The men were dressed in caps, breeches, or hoods, gowns of various colors. "The streets were crowded with men, women and children. between his hands. ice and end holes sewn up, and which the smith operated by squeezing sheep skin, which must have been taken off the animal whole and the coal was burning and to which was attached a bellows made of a dried I saw a little forge no bigger than a tea kettle in which some charcoal was burning and to which was attached a bellows made of a dried weaving, making sandals, or doing some kind of metal or carpentry work. them eight or ten feet square, in which men were sitting, spinning. Then there were innumerable little shops, little cuppy holes not more straw into mats and working as hard as in a sweatshop under a master. down or more little boys from eight to twelve years old were playing opening on the street, no window, a dirt floor, and very dark. A door. It was a small room about 24 feet square, with the one door streets, without guides. We peered into one building through an open were turned loose for an hour to wander through the narrow, winding quite as much interest as we displayed in looking at them. Here we mostly looking population that seemed to regard the tourists with ing streets, one-story brick and plaster flat roofed houses, and a Apparently it is a town about the size of Frederick, with narrow wind- Hamadan Adam and Eve, and was opened to Europeans only recently.

~~1687--I~~ 1852
with my Kodak

at them. If they saw me they would turn their backs instantly.

"At the halfway restaurant I saw a man cutting up a sheep. It was near a straw hut in front of which were two women mounted on a donkey. I tried to get a picture of them, but they were too quick for me. One of the women slid off and turned her back. The other slid off and dived into the hole that served as a door to the straw hut and she did it as quickly and neatly as a prairie dog. The husband of the two women (this is a free country and a man can have as many wives as he can support--or as he needs to support him) looked a little disturbed, but I grinned at him and he grinned back at me and seemed to think it a great joke. I saw a mother and daughter riding by on two cute little donkeys. The daughter was about ten years old (they marry at ten in this progressive country) and was very attractive in spite of her dirty clothing. I ran out and asked in French if I might take her picture. She responded by digging her heels into the donkey's sides to make him go faster. When I prepared to take a snap shot of her anyway she looked at me with the same expression of fright and terror that I would expect to see if I had approached her with an uplifted ax. Then she slid off the donkey and ran to her mother. I pushed the button, but all I got was a rear view of her fleeing form.

"Sale was so interesting that our party got separated and the assistant purser with the assistance of his five autobus drivers had difficulty in finding all the party. There was a long wait to round them up. Finally, after counting noses several times, the signal to depart was given. We then returned to Rabat, where we were later rejoined by three of our party that had been left at Sale. They had got lost, could find no one who understood English, not one of them could speak French, but solely by means of signs they succeeded in hiring a horse and carriage and by making a short cut were able to

catch up with the main party before it left Rabat.

"Here we were taken to the new palace of the Sultan and of his Secretary of State. It is a large square building, one story high, with a large court, garden and fountain in the center. Around the four sides of the court are large rooms or halls luxuriously furnished. The floors, walls, and ceilings are covered with mosaic or glazed tiles, the doors are of unpainted carved wood, and the rooms are furnished with soft velvety rugs, ~~with~~ soft cushioned divans on three sides, and velvet curtains and tapestries. Two of the rooms had unoccupied beds with a modern bathroom attached. Of course, we were not admitted to the harem, so all we could do was to imagine how one of the large rooms would look with a beautiful, languishing houri or sultana lying negligently and invitingly on one of the divans. Tea and cakes were served in one of the large halls by mute, young, and rather attractive negro slave girls--or they may have been only employes, but anyhow they looked like slaves, and all were as plump as little butterballs. The tea was amber in color, rather strong, and flavored with mint, so that it tasted much like mint tea. The women of our party were enraptured with the tea, but I think all the men were disappointed that they did not see the harem.

"On the return trip through Rabat our bus got into the worst jam I ever saw. We were going down a very narrow street, just wide enough for the bus, when it met an obstruction. The only way out was to back up for about a square and make a turn at an alley crossing. When we got to the crossing we found the two side alleys completely blocked by massed crowds of people. Then there was a great ^bhub, many people talking, shouting, and gesticulating, all at the same time. However, our driver was full of nerve, kept his head, and by charging the crowd, first forward and then backward, he succeeded in making the turn and escaping. It was sundown when we left Rabat

and nearly eight o'clock when we reached Casa Blanca. The steamer looked almost like home to us after the long hard day in the country.

(To be continued).

"Yesterday the Secretary General gave the order for the printing in English and French of the revised copy of my report that will be considered by a large committee of the Assembly General early in April. This is the work that has been pressing me since reaching Rome, and today is the first Sunday that I have felt free to go out and take a walk. In the forenoon I walked to St. Peter's, looked at its magnificent proportions, ^{and decorations} listened to a choir of male voices and part of a sermon in Italian, and then back to write this letter. Had a nice long nap in the afternoon.

"It is still so warm and pleasant that I have had my windows open most of the day..

"Well, dearie, its time to stop writing. Love to all.

"Daddy."

(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1688.

1434

I began my office day on the 24th by drawing a diagram and listing the reasons why a short and simple form of census questionnaire would bring better results at less expense than a more complicated form. At noon Miss Broad called for the first time after an absence of nearly three months because of an attack of typhoid fever. To me she looked exceedingly well. She ~~xx~~ promised to report for duty the next day.

The next day she came to the office in the morning and took a few letters. She seemed afraid to exert herself. Received a printed copy of the report of a meeting of the Permanent Committee in December which considered a report of the Swiss delegate on the census project, and incidentally noticed that the name of the director of that project was mentioned once.

I noted also that the Permanent Committee had approved an estimate of 150,000 lire, equivalent to about \$6,000, as the Institute's contribution to the census project for a period of two years, and the record showed that the President had opposed this allotment and had suggested that any unexpended balance from the American allotment of funds for the census project should be available for general expenses of the Institute.

(Taylor, Feb25, pink folder.

(Thompson, same.

omit

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(1926, Feb. Rome.)

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(Taylor, Feb 23, pink folder.)
(Thompson, same.)
(Taylor, same.)

(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1689. 1832

The 26th, dictated some letters to Miss Broad, who was working half time until she recovered her strength. Spent the rest of the day reading the proceedings of the British Royal Statistical Society with reference to estimating the production and consumption of meat. Met Prof. Powell of Cornell in Mr. Hobson's office.

P An instance of telepathic coincidence occurred in the morning. I suddenly began thinking of Dr. ⁱPeters' request for information regarding the use of leguminous plants in Europe. Through Mr. Hobson I had asked the Institute to make inquiries and was awaiting results. As I was in the act of drafting a letter to Dr. ⁱPeters explaining the cause of the delay, ~~when~~ I felt an overpowering impulse to lay it aside and go over to Mr. Hobson's office and inquire if any information on the subject had been received. I did so. As I entered the office his stenographer was in the act of sealing an envelope containing the desired report. *P* Prof. Powell said that it was generally understood that Prof. Cooper would remain as chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics for only a short period and that Mr. Tenny would succeed him. Somehow this made me feel that I had made a mistake when, with the approval of my associates, Messrs. Murray, Calander, and Jones, I acquiesced in the proposal of Mr. Livingston that the Bureau of Crop Estimates be merged with the Office of Markets. We acquiesced in and advocated the merger in the sincere belief that the bureau would fare better in the matter of appropriations which would enable us to bring about better organization and more efficient service in both organizations. In both objects we were disappointed, although ultimately the crop estimating service did benefit from larger appropriations, but suffered in many other ways.

~~(Forester, 26 Feb, pink folder, omit~~

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E--1690. 1934

I spent the 27th working on methods of estimating meat production and consumption with numbers of livestock, imports and exports, and population as factors. Dictated letters to Miss Broad. Mr. Hodgson called at noon and was very talkative and full of Institute gossip. I took Prof. Powell to luncheon at the San Carlo and he told me something about his life and work. He had specialized on agricultural economics with ~~special~~ reference to commodity exchanges and had spent a year at the Chicago Board of Trade. He was accompanied by his wife and two daughters and had spent about seven months in Europe studying exchange organization and methods. He said he had submitted a thesis to the Guggenheim Endowment for a scholarship and if he succeeded he hoped to spend another year in Europe. I spent the afternoon abstracting the proceedings of the British Royal Statistical Society on methods of estimating production and consumption of meat. In the evening at my rooms Mrs. Scolari, the landlady, came in to talk about her daughter at Vassar. After she left I settled down to making out an income tax return.

~~(Austin, Feb. 27, pink folder. omit)~~

(1926, Feb. Rome.)

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(1926, Feb. Rome.

E--1691. 1935

Sunday, the 28th, I slept late. After a cup of coffee I walked along the Tiber a mile or more until I came to a street or road at right angles, which I followed until it brought me to the Gallery of Modern Art. After inspecting and enjoying some of the paintings I walked through Borghese Park until I came to my office, where I spent two or three hours working on the census project. Then I walked across town to the old, mysterious Pantheon, had a light supper at a restaurant, and back to my rooms.

(Wife, Feb. 28, blue folder.

(1926, Feb. Rome.)

A--1691.

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(Wife, Feb. 28, plus folder.)

"Roma, 23 (28) Febraio, 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"My last letter left off with the sailing of the boat from Casa Blanca on the evening of January 24. Early the next morning we entered the Strait of Gibralter. The sun was shining brightly and the curling waves were dancing merrily under a stiff breeze. To the south we could see the mountains of Morocco a few miles away. To the north we could see the mountains of Spain (one of the passengers said it was Portugal). Soon the mountains drew together and the strait narrowed from 30 to 20 miles, then to 16, and finally to about 12 miles. We could see white villages on the slopes of the mountains on both sides of the strait.

"About 10 o'clock we approached the great rock of Gibralter, key to the Mediteranean, visible symbol of impregnable strength, emblematic of British empire and of world supremacy in which all English speaking peoples can take pride. Gibralter is a solid rock, rising like the back of an elephant to a height of several hundred feet between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediteranean Sea. It would be an island but for a low narrow strip of land that connects it with Spain. This narrow strip is the neutral zone and belongs neither to Spain nor to Great Britain. The rock is honeycombed with galleries, criss-crossed on the outside with zigzag roads cut out of the sides of the steep slopes and protected by stone walls higher than a man's head. It is, of course, bristling with long range guns that are carefully concealed but which could ~~no~~ probably sink any hostile fleet that tried to pass the strait. To one side is a town and a harbor protected by a stone wall or mole, behind which were ~~rang~~ ranged at anchor six of the largest dreadnaughts in the world. In the harbor I saw a great steel ship with five decks and flat on top, like a floating apartment house, designed especially as a mother

ship for aeroplanes. The harbor was full of other shipping, flying the flags of many countries, including several passenger steamers. Our boat approached quite close to the rock, made a complete circle to give the passengers a fine view of the fortress, and then steamed across the harbor and anchored. A tender took off most of the passengers for a morning excursion. We were met at the wharf by a procession of two-passenger, one-horse carts that climbed up from the town to the entrance of the fortress. Here we dismounted and walked up the winding road and through the tunnels and galleries, catching wonderful glimpses of the harbor and the towns, hills, and mountains of Spain. Then we retraced our steps and were driven along the slope above the town to a beautiful park and gardens, on to the hospitals and back to the neutral strip and the wharf. Our group took a launch and plowed through the dancing waves of the harbor back to the ship where we had luncheon.

"In the afternoon a large party was taken in a tender across the harbor to the little Spanish town of Algeciras. It is a very pretty town on a small hill and has a cathedral and a plaza in the center. The whole town was ~~sur~~surprisingly clean. Most of the houses were two or three stories high, many of them were faced with glazed tile of various colors, and most of them had little projecting balconies. The streets were full of bright-eyed children just out of school and many of them followed our party about, holding out their hands and exclaiming 'Pennies, Pennies, Thank you, All right,' and 'Goodbye,' evidently practicing and showing off the few English words they had picked up. A fat, pompous, Spanish policeman followed our party and it was a joy to see him chase the nimble children who had no fear of him and no trouble in keeping just out of his reach. We were shown through the public library, a plain building on the principal street, but interesting because in it met an international court of arbitration

in 1906 to consider the 'Moroccan Question,' whatever that was, because nobody in our party knew what it was and I have not had time to look it up. Then we marched through the public plaza and inspected the great amphitheater where the bull fights are or were held. When we saw it the only occupant of the arena was a meek little donkey.

"We walked back through the interesting streets to the beach and to a beautiful hotel, the Hotel Reina Christina, which to my surprise is said to be one of the best in Europe. Here we had tea and cakes, and then back to the boat, which weighed anchor at 8 o'clock. The lights of Gibraltar shone like jewels around the bay. To enable the passengers to see the spectacle better the lights of the boat were turned off for about half an hour and we were in darkness. It was a most beautiful sight to see the lights of the town of Gibraltar, the alternating white and red lights of the lighthouse, and the moonlight shining on the waves.

"I forgot to mention that Gibraltar is a customs-free town and is infested with vendors of all sorts of souvenirs and wares. They usually name a preposterous price for their wares, and as a special favor to each prospective buyer for cash they gladly accept half the price first asked. This was a regular picnic for the female passengers and in the dining room that evening there was a confused hubbub of conversation consisting mostly of ~~exciting~~ excited exclamations and explanations of women who had bought such wonderful bargains, at such highly profitable prices to the vendors.

"On this trip I have met many interesting people--probably because they are mostly traveled Americans who are approachable. I have been especially interested in a lady whom I am sure you would like. She has an outlandish name, so I will call her simply Mrs. Gray, and is from

Long Island. I suspect she is about my age, has fluffy snow white hair, gentle bearing, and a smiling face, and a keen sense of humor. She is partial to lace and lavender and in evening costume looks as if she might have stepped out of a picture of old colonial days or the French court of Louis XV XIV. Then there are several judges, embryo operatic singers, and other professionals, but mostly they are just plain everyday Americans, U.S.A. and Canada, whom it is good to know, because after all we are one people, ~~we~~ have the same psychology, think the same thoughts, see things in the same way, and have a common background of experience and, above all, a common sense of humor that makes everybody laugh and chuckle down to his toes when anything funny occurs.

"For three ~~days~~ days and nights we steamed over the blue Mediterranean beneath clear skies, in bright sunshine and balmy breezes. The third night out from Gibraltar there was a masquerade ball and a pretty display of costumes. It was also declared to be 'Ladies' Leap Year,' which meant that any lady might ask any gentleman to dance with her. A young lady at my table asked if I danced, and I said no. She asked if I would dance with her. I answered that if I was simply asked I would have to decline for her sake, because I had never danced in public and was awkward and did not know what might happen; but if she dared me to dance with her I would probably accept the challenge. She dared me and I accepted, and after that I accepted all challenges and got through without stepping on anybody's toes.

"Early in the morning of January 28 we anchored in the harbor of Palermo, the principal city of Sicily. It is situated in the curve of a beautiful bay and backed by picturesque mountains. Many of the passengers left the boat here to spend several weeks on the island. A large party took an excursion to see the city of which I was one.

We were met at the wharf by automobiles with chauffers who could speak a little English. We were driven through the city to a great cathedral, one of the most interesting I have seen. It is entirely covered inside with mosaics picturing scenes from the Bible. It's worth a trip from America just to see the scenes taken from the old testament. For example, there is Noah and his sons building the Ark, the Ark floating on the flood, the dove returning with an olive branch, and the landing after the flood has subsided. Well, the Ark is pictured as being about the size of an old fashioned bus, round as a tub, with one window, through which one can see the heads of Noah and three other persons. Evidently they were badly crowded, and one wonders where they slept and ate, where they kept their food, and above all where the animals were concealed. At the landing, Noah and his family are seen pushing an obstinate looking sheep down a narrow gang plank that is longer than the Ark.

"Then the touching story of Adam and Eve is depicted graphically in the same manner, a story that affects us all because we are all rebated, although distantly. The first picture shows Adam, a husky looking ruffian, lying on his back as he fell after having taken the knockout drops and entirely innocent of clothing, so that had he lived in the U.S.A. he would have been run in to the calaboose for indecent exposure. While in this helpless and utterly defenceless condition, Eve took advantage of her opportunity to spring from his side. She was three-fourths out when the artist caught her in the act, but curiously enough she was coming out of Adam's right side instead of his left, as we are told in the Scriptures. The rib which Adam lost to make Eve, and which all men are said to lack to this ~~dy~~ day, was not shown, much to my disappointment. Eve also was a husky specimen and looked as if she would make a good washerwoman. The next scene shows the husky pair in nature's bathing costume in

a scrubby looking corner of what might be taken for a garden, with a scrubby bush to one side bearing what might be ~~taken for~~ crabapples, and a cute, amiable looking and rather comical^a object that is supposed to represent the serpent. It is short and stubby and has a nice little round head the size of an orange and wears a winning smile on its face. The next scene shows A. and E. lying flat on their backs, still in nature's bathrobe, in the agony of cholera morbus, and it is quite evident that they are suffering from the natural and usual consequences of eating green crabapples. The last and saddest of all is where the ~~Yady~~ lazy, good-for-nothing couple have had to clothe themselves in ^{as big as palm leaves} fig leaves/and are on their way to the heaviest of all punishments--hard labor for life.

"There are many other scenes from the old testament, but these two interested me most. This cathedral was said to be very old and there are several kings and saints buried in it.

"Next we were taken through the Moorish palace that was occupied by various kings of Sicily. The rooms are on a grand scale and are full of relics, so that the building is really a most interesting museum--but, oh! how uncomfortable they must have been to live in. From there we were taken to see some catacombs. Italy seems to specialize on catacombs. In this particular set of catacombs, underground tunnels and chambers, are preserved for the horrified gaze of visitors some 12,000 skeletons and bodies dried like herrings. It seems that the custom of preserving one's relatives continued down to about twenty-five years ago, so that one of our guides was able to point with pride to a dried up bag of bones and a grinning skull and say 'Behold, there is my grandfather.' It is said that once a year the people of Palermo, or rather the descendants and relatives of these grinning skeletons, visit this gruesome place to venerate, felicitate, and mourn for the dear departed.

"Then we were driven out of the city five or six miles to the celebrated monastery of Monreal, which is on the side of a semi-arid mountain, but which overlooks a great valley, the Conca d'Oro, or Valley of Gold, so named because it is planted almost solidly with lemon and orange trees, and when these are covered with ripe fruit one can readily see why it is so called. From the monastery one has a wonderful view of the city of Palermo, the beautiful bay beyond, and the mountains on either side. The most interesting feature of the monastery is the cloister, or courtyard, with a large fountain in the center, and a beautiful colonade on four sides, each column being similar in dimensions but different in design. The columns had been covered originally with a mosaic of little pieces of glass backed with gold leaf, so that they looked as if made of solid gold. The place was occupied by ~~Spani~~ Spanish troops a century or more ago and one can see where the soldiers dug out pieces of the mosaic, thinking they were of gold.

"Near the monastery we had luncheon at a restaurant. It did me good to watch the expressions of disgust on the faces of some of my American acquaintances who had said on the boat that they thought Italian cooking was 'perfectly lovely.' What they had in mind, of course, was Italian cooking, American style a la New York, and not the genuine article from which there is no escape in Italy.

"In the afternoon we were taken on an automobile ride through the streets of Palermo from end to end, with stops to permit ^{me} us to buy some cigars and the ladies to buy some lace. Perhaps the most distinctive thing about Palermo are the two-wheeled carts used for all purposes. They have deep boxes, and the outside of the boxes, the wheels, the axles, and the thills, are painted bright red as a background on which are painted in colors all sorts of figures--figures of men, women, and children, animals in great variety, angels and demons; and some

of them are carved in the same fantastic way. And the donkeys or small ^ophies are decorated with colored pieces of cloth and hung with little bells that jingle merrily. Another characteristic of the city is the laundry hung on cords in ~~to~~ front of the houses and shops, and in the suburbs is seen lying on the sidewalk and in the dust of the street, to dry. I suppose the theory is that when the clothing dries in the sun, the dust can be shaken off. There is also much dirt and many smells in ~~PA~~ Palermo--but the little people are smiling and cheerful.

"We left Palermo at four o'clock in the afternoon and for an hour or more had a beautiful view of the city, the bay, and the blue mountains beyond.

"The next morning we were anchored at the wharf in Naples by 7 o'clock. After a light breakfast there was much hurrying and scurrying to get off the boat and through the customhouse. By paying something to everybody who looked at me I got through in about thirty minutes and with my bags and baggage was whirled ~~was~~ away to the Hotel de Londra, which I found to be both good and reasonable in price, except that to the price of everything twenty per cent is added for service.

"After getting settled in the hotel I hired a carriage and driver by the hour, drove first to the American Express to get a supply of Italian money, then to a photographer's for some films, and then for a two hour drive around the Bay of Naples and across a peninsula to another beautiful bay, with islands and mountains in view as far as one could see. Then back by another route, through interminable lanes bordered on either side by stone walls twenty feet high, to the very heart of the city. Italy is fortunate in its building material, except for lack of wood. There is a kind of clay or soapstone that ^{can} be cut out with an ax and hewn or sawn into blocks of any desired size, and on exposure to the air it hardens into soft stone. With this they

can build any kind of a structure from a fence to an apartment house. The temperature was lower in Naples than at any time since I left New York fourteen days previously, and I was uncomfortable on this ride.

"In the afternoon I visited two art galleries and museums filled with mosaics, frescoes, mural paintings, statues, and relics from the buried city of Pompei just across the bay. In the early evening I saw Vesuvius and the Isle of Capri fade away in the gloom of nightfall. After supper I walked the streets or sat in sidewalk restaurants to watch the night life of Naples.

"Saturday morning, January 30, I got my bags and baggage aboard the 10.30 train for Rome. It was a bright pleasant day and I enjoyed the ride. I was interested in the three-story agriculture I saw for many miles north of Naples. I call it three-story agriculture because the fields are planted to poplar or mulberry trees for ~~fuel~~ fuel in rows thirty or more feet apart; in the tree rows are planted grape vines which are trained to climb the tree trunks and are suspended on wires hung from tree to tree; and between the tree rows are planted other crops. Just at this season the ground was being broken and prepared for planting, mostly by spade or heavy hoe, and more rarely with plows. Literally thousands of acres are spaded ~~up~~ up by hand, both men and women working at the task. Naturally after this treatment the country looked like a garden, with the ground spaded up and the black earth showing fresh right up to the tree trunks. I saw a good deal of wheat, which was six or eight inches high and of good color.

"As one goes north there is less and less land in cultivation, the soil is poorer and more stony, and the country more broken and mountainous. As the agriculture thins out the olive orchards on the hillsides, mountain pasture and grazing, increase. About the middle of the afternoon we ~~came~~ out on the great Roman ~~campagna~~ ^acampagna and within

sight of the old Roman watch towers, the broken aqueducts, the great dome of St. Peter's shining in the west, and then Rome herself, the Eternal City, one-time mistress of the known world.

"As soon as I entered the railway station everything seemed as familiar to me as ⁱⁿ Washington. Within half an hour I was at my old apartments and spent the remainder of the day unpacking and arranging my belongings. I found the Signora looking just as she did when I left, but Mina, the maid, was quite ill and has been until the last few days.

"And so, dearie, this brings the account of my travels and my 'do8ins' up to the time I began to write scrappy letters after reaching Rome. For three weeks I was submerged with work under pressure and with no help, but two days ago I reached the stage where I can slack up a little and begin to take notice.

"Love to all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, Feb. Rome.
Mch.

E--1692. 1936

March 1st was cold with the Tramontana blowing from the Alps. Mr. Dore called with proof of the Thompson report and the revised questionnaire form, which I immediately edited and returned. This was Miss Broad's first full day at the office and in the afternoon she showed signs of great fatigue. For the first time in several weeks I enjoyed my supper. At this meal I had some rolls that were not so cast-iron hard as usual, some butter that really looked ~~ix~~ and tasted like butter, a piece of steak that was tender, juicy and properly cooked, fried potatoes, and for desert raisins and nuts, with a bottle of wine. This combination was so rare that I regarded it as a lucky accident.

Curiously enough, all during the day and evening I was pestered with constantly recurring recollections of hastily spoken words and actions of which I was guilty in the past. They kept coming back repeatedly, poignantly, filling me with regret and remorse at the offense I must have given and the unnecessary heart burning and mental suffering those words and actions must have caused others; and I could not seem to get any consolation from the thought that those words and actions were spoken and done in good faith, honesty and sincerity at the time. I could only wish that they might not have been and that in future I might be more considerate of others.

~~(Durand, March 1, pink folder. out~~

March 1st was cold with the Tremontana blowing from the Alps. Mr. Dore called with proof of the Thompson report and the revised questionnaire form, which I immediately edited and returned. This was Mrs. Broad's first full day at the office and in the afternoon she showed signs of great fatigue. For the first time in several weeks I enjoyed my supper. At this meal I had some rolls that were not so cast-iron hard as usual, some butter that really looked it and tasted like butter, a piece of steak that was tender, juicy and properly cooked, fried potatoes, and for dessert raisins and nuts, with a bottle of wine. This combination was so rare that I regarded it as a lucky accident. Curiously enough, all during the day and evening I was bothered with constantly recurring recollections of hastily spoken words and actions of which I was guilty in the past. They kept coming back repeatedly, poignantly, filling me with regret and remorse at the offense I must have given and the unnecessary hurt burning and mental suffering those words and actions must have caused others; and I could not seem to get any consolation from the thought that those words and actions were spoken and done in good faith, honesty and sincerity at the time. I could only wish that they might not have been and that in future I might be more considerate of others.

(Dore, March 1, Pink Folder)

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1693.

1937

The 2d was another cold day from the Tramontane. My thermometer registered 36 degrees. Mr. Dore brought over another instalment of proof. Mr. Gray, a chemist in the division of scientific information, called to advise me that he had an offer to go to Cairo as a member of the technical staff of the Egyptian government at a salary of 975 pounds sterling under a two year contract. This was four times the salary he was getting at the Institute. In spite of the unusual cold the new heating plant kept the Casetta comfortably warm.

(Mother, March 2, blue folder.

"Roma, 28 Febraio, 1926.

"Dear Mommie e tutti:

"Sunday, last day of February, and nothing particular to write about, except that you are all in my thoughts and the time has come to write a letter home, in the hope that after awhile the letters from home will begin to come across weekly.

"As always, I have been extremely busy at the office during the past week, partly in answering correspondence that accumulated during my absence and partly in preparing a memorandum regarding the methods of estimating meat consumption of countries. This last is simply a child's puzzle, because no one knows, very few people care, and it is of no particular importance that any one should know how much meat is produced and consumed in a country, because so long as people pay the price they get all the meat they want, and so long as they pay the price all the meat they want will be produced; and the reciprocal relations between production, prices, and consumption will tend to maintain normal relations. However, in the committee of European statisticians that met at the Institute in February was one from Czechoslovakia who was obsessed, boiling and running over with the idea that the most important thing in this universe is to ascertain the quantity of meat consumed in each country, and to pacify him and keep him quiet ^{and his questions off the census schedule} it was decided by the committee that I, I who ^{was not interested and} had something else to do that was many times more important, shall prepare a memorandum or report showing what has been done in each country of the world, and the formula or method used in each country for estimating the total meat production and consumption. And, dammitall, that's what I'm doing now. This, of course, has nothing to do with the census.

"Thursday, my stenographer, Miss Broad, returned to the office after an absence of three months on account of typhoid fever. She looked well and strong but worked only half of each day the rest of

1875-1876

"Roma, 28 February, 1925."

"Dear Madame de Witt:"

"Sunday, last day of February, and nothing particular to

write about, except that you are all in my thoughts and the time

has come to write a letter home, in the hope that after awhile the

letters from home will begin to come again weekly.

"As always, I have been extremely busy at the office during the

past week, partly in answering correspondence that accumulated during

my absence and partly in preparing a memorandum regarding the methods

of estimating meat consumption of countries. This last is simply a

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the total meat production and consumption. And, dammit all, that's what

I'm doing now. This, of course, has nothing to do with the census.

"Thursday, my stenographer, Miss Brock, returned to the office

after an absence of three months on account of typhoid fever. She

looked well and strong but worked only half of each day the rest of

1693--b 1871

the week. She is just beginning to realize that her absence for three months was a calamity for the census project and that I have been greatly handicapped during the whole month of February by her absence. Also she is waking up to the fact that I have enough to keep her going full speed for a month to catch up with current work.

"The weather has been as mild as spring all through February, Today was the first cold day I have experienced since leaving New York on January 15. After breakfast I took a long walk along the Tiber, crossed a bridge of a single span, followed the car line up the Valley of Fine Arts to the park that surrounds my office, and spent the afternoon preparing the memorandum concerning methods of estimating meat production and consumption. Saw many lovers go by, arm in arm, kissing and hugging each other, God bless them. Heard the birds singing in the trees; God bless them too. Had a good luncheon and then to my rooms for a smoke and an afternoon nap.

"Had an invitation to accompany a party on a tramp through the mountains near Rome, but did not accept because it meant getting up an hour ahead of time and all day walking on the road with a new pair of shoes that are not very comfortable. I wanted to take the walk, but decided that a ~~few~~ free day to myself was better than a trying day of unusual exercise, painful shoes, and strangers, including women. And so, I have had a pleasant day and in the evening am all alone. The Signora, and Mina, the invalid maid servant, are absent.

"Love to all, from

"Daddy."

"Roma, 2 Marzo, 1926.

"Dear Mother:

"Your letter of February 18 came today. I am sorry that you all had occasion to worry about my voyage. It was such a mild and pleasant voyage that it did not occur to me that you had been reading

accounts of terrible storms at sea. For this reason and because I was desperately busy I did not cable on my arrival at Naples or Rome.

"I am sorry you have had so much snow and bad weather. However if the snow goes off gradually it will put moisture in the soil and help the crops this year. Such a contrast here. All through February we had day after day of mild pleasant weather, which made overcoats unnecessary and brought out the grass, the flowers, and the butterflies. However, yesterday the 'tramontane' (Italian 'norther') came swooping down from the Alps and the temperature fell in a few hours from 65 or 70 degrees to 36 degrees. We feel the change, but my office and rooms are comfortable.

"I hope Nellie and her neighbors will get a favorable ~~résp~~ response from the road commissioners and result in permanent improvement of the road. I am glad Lewis has been made overseer and I am more than willing that Sunny Hill shall contribute its full share in getting a good road and keeping it in good condition.

"In my letter to Sister Nellie I failed to answer a question she asked about potatoes. No, I do not think it will pay to grow potatoes at Sunny Hill either for sale or consumption at 1026. We tried it for several years and never got back cost of seed, fertilizers and labor. The only justification for growing potatoes at Sunny Hill is the superior quality for home consumption; but it is entirely too much trouble and expense to ~~g~~ get the potatoes from Sunny Hill to 1026, with our small facilities for keeping them after they arrive. It is more convenient and does not cost as much to buy them in small quantities as needed. Also a caution: Because potatoes, especially ^{for} ~~potato~~ seed, will be very high this spring, everybody will plant potatoes, and if the season is average or favorable the supply will be enormous and the price so low that it will hardly pay to dig them.

"I appreciate very much your setting aside some of your pictures for us so we can have them when we have a permanent place in which to display them. I love ~~all~~ things beautiful, including pictures. I wish you might have spent some years of your life in Italy. Things are beautiful here, because somehow the climate, the brilliant sunlight, ^{and} the atmosphere, color and soften all things and have their effect on the physique and psychology of the people. Every rock and tree has its soft outlines, its tones of gray, brown, and green, with moss and ferns growing in all sorts of places, and graceful clinging vines; and most of the time there is a soft, impalpable haze in the air that makes the sunlight fall in slanting golden rays that are visible and that seem to throw a halo of light about everything they touch. As I have written before, all young children here look young, instinct with all the life, grace and beauty of infancy and youth; and all old things look old, with all the dignity, grayness and venerableness suggestive of past strength and present decay that age should have. ^P I am reminded that the 'Casetta' or 'Maison d' Angelo' in which I have my office, is an object of interest to artists. Last autumn I saw a woman day after day for a week sitting out under a tree quite happily engaged in painting a picture of the 'Casetta.' Last week two artists were at work several hours for two or three days sketching it. For the ^{last} ~~first~~ two days a young man with long hair and shabby clothes has been standing motionless for hours at a time drawing or painting a small picture of the building.

"In the art shops of Rome, of which there are many, I see some very attractive paintings, some of which I should like to have-- but, oh dear, what a gulf there is between the things one sees in nature and the imperfect representations of them by artists. That is why I am inclined to be critical of pictures, even though they are pleasing because of the things they suggest or because of color

effects--because harmonious combinations of color are pleasing in themselves regardless of how they are used or what they represent. Another thing about pictures that I do not like, although I realize that it is unavoidable in the nature of things, is the fact that to produce a certain effect--and to avoid being ludicrous even--they must be viewed from a certain angle, at a certain distance, and seen in a certain light. This is true to a certain extent, of course, of objects themselves; but generally speaking an object that can be discerned at all can be recognized and appreciated in any light or in any position, and if it is beautiful in form or color it will retain its beauty from whatever angle or in whatever light it is viewed.

"However, I do not feel competent to discuss art, beyond feeling that I deeply appreciate beauty, that I derive great pleasure from it, that I can mentally visualize very vividly the proportions, perspective, coloring, characteristics and details of the things I have seen in nature, and when I set my mental vision up as a standard of comparison with pictures that I see, I find many of them disappointing. I realize the natural limitations of painting. No artist can be expected to paint on a flat surface the beauty of form and the delicate coloring and bloom of fresh fruits and flowers, or catch the ~~irre~~ iridescent lights of the sea, or the sky, or mother-of-pearl, or the rainbow, or the dewy freshness and perfume of a newly opened flower. It is because I sense these ineffable qualities in the things themselves that I miss them so greatly in the attempts to represent them on flat surfaces. Then, too, in nature there is the ~~never-changing effect~~ never-changing effect of movement, of growth and development, expressions on the faces of men and animals, and the play and constant interplay of light and shadow. Things are never exactly the same at different moments of time, and

~~1693--2~~ 1875

a part of our pleasure in viewing them comes from the constant, fleeting, perceptible changes of position, form, or color. Painting and sculpture can represent things only at a given moment of time, which in itself has a certain value, but in comparison with the life of the thing or the life of man, is cold, hard, and petrified. Enough.

"Flowers are plentiful in the shops and on the streets. I keep a few at the office and in my rooms to remind me of Sunny Hill and the prairies of Texas.

"I am beginning to get rested up from my strenuous work of February, am sleeping long hours, and feeling much better.

"With love to you and all,

"Lee."

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1694 1841

The 3d and 4th were quite cold. I spent the time drafting a memorandum on methods of estimating meat production and consumption. It was a subject in which I was not interested, but I had agreed to undertake such a study in order to satisfy Prof. Brdlyck, whose hobby it was and who had insisted that it be included in the world census of agriculture. I purchased a revolving chair for my office, one of the few in Rome. Mr. Gray resigned to accept the position in Egypt. A Miss Gibson, representing the New York Herald, called for an interview about the census project. She took copious notes, but seemed to know so little about agriculture that the result, if there was any result, must have been ~~surprising~~ startling. In the afternoon I visited Sir Thomas Elliott, the British delegate, at the Polyclinic Hospital where he had been under treatment for several weeks. He was quite cheerful and seemed pleased to see me. That was the last time I saw him alive because he died shortly thereafter. I stopped in at the office of the American Express and enjoyed overhearing two Americans talking ~~about~~ eagerly and enthusiastically about Chicago and Sioux City, Iowa.

I spent the 5th rewriting the argument for a short and simple census questionnaire and against the use of purely technical terms, such as the distinction between herbaceous and ligneous plants, a distinction for which the Latin members of the advisory committee were willing to die fighting, which to me seemed no better for practical purposes than the distinction between monocotyledons and dicotyledons, or between monoecious and dioecious plants, and not nearly so good for practical purposes as would be a ~~color~~ rainbow color scheme of classification in which all plants and animals and their products might be grouped as violet, yellow, blue, green, indigo, orange, red, white, or black

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1695.

1942

At the restaurant in the evening I found a new dish listed on the menu as "minudo de pollo col cristini," which I found to be the entrails of chicken cooked with gravy and served on toast, a messy and most repulsive looking dish.

On the 6th I finished revising the final proof of the English version of the Thompson report. Mr. Dore brought over the French version which differed from the original in some respects. One of these differences caught my eye where he had substituted for a statement in the English version to the effect that I had established a small office and prepared a program for the census, a statement in the French version to the effect that I had entered on duty "aupres" the division of statistics of which ~~he~~ Mr. Dore was chief. Turning to Mr. Dore I asked, "Who wrote that statement?" He seemed a trifle embarrassed and replied "The Secretary General made the change." "At whose suggestion," I wanted to know. He professed not to know. I continued, "The census office of which I am in charge is a part of the Institute and cooperates in every way with the statistical division, but it is not 'near', 'close to,' 'in,' or a 'part of' the statistical division, nor is it even an approximate translation of the language used by the official rapporteur, and will therefore have to come out," and with a pencil I struck out the offending words.

I received a note from Mrs. Gray saying that she and Mrs. White and her daughter Catherine were stopping at the Victoria Hotel and inviting me to dine with them. At the appointed time I called at the Victoria Hotel, which was a small hotel just outside the old wall surrounding Borghese Park and near the Flora Hotel. We had a moderately good supper, after which we all sat in a small parlor and had coffee and cake, and they told me about their enjoyable trip across Sicily. Curiously enough, after our

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1696.

short acquaintance on the ship from New York and our short separation after landing, we met as old friends in Rome, as if we had known each other all our lives. Mrs. Gray was especially entertaining and we spent a very agreeable evening together. She was an artist in dressing. This evening she wore a costume that displayed to advantage a beautiful pair of arms, shapely shoulders and neck, and with her smiling face, twinkling eyes, and fluffy snow white hair, she was a most attractive picture.

The next day, Sunday the 7th, I wore heavy clothing because of the cold that persisted. ~~Atxxxxxx~~ I walked to my office and read awhile and at noon walked across to the Victoria Hotel, where I met the ladies. In a taxi we were driven across the city to the Castello dei Cesare and had a nice luncheon and a fine view of the old ruins, the Circus Maximus, baths of Caracalla, and the like. Later we were driven to San ⁱGiovanni, and back ~~xxxxx~~ through the city to the Theater Augusteo where we tried to get tickets for standing room to hear Mascagni and his magnificent orchestra, but even the space for standing was all sold. Then we walked to the Piazza del Popolo and into the church that Luther is said to have attended and in which many interesting things are to be seen, including an extraordinarily beautiful statue of the angel of death. From there we walked to the Casetta and in my office I showed Catherine some of my photographs of our trip in Morocco, and she asked for the loan of some of the negatives. I walked across the park with them to their hotel where we separated.

(Wife, March 7, blue ~~✓~~ folder.

1-1696

(1926, March, Rome)

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(Wife, March 7, give folder.)

(1926, March, Rome.

E-1696-1878

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(Wife, March 7, blue folder.

"Roma, 7 Marzo, 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Ninas:

"It is late this Sunday evening, but as a sacred duty I feel that I must send a message to the dear ones at home at least once a week.

"I spend^t the past week revising the proof of the manuscript in connection with the census project. The weather has been real March weather, cold--almost freezing but not quite, with gales of wind that make the trees bow to one another and throw down all their old dead limbs and twigs. In fact, considerable damage has been reported. Then today the 'tramontane', the Alpine norther of Italy, died down, the sun shone brightly, and it became so warm I had to shed one suit of heavy underwear and change to a light weight outer suit.

"Yesterday I received a note from ~~a~~ Mrs. Gray saying that she and Mrs. White and daughter were at the Hotel Victoria and asking if I would dine with them. All three were table companions on the voyage from New York and we became friendly en route. I spent a very agreeable evening with them. I mentioned Mrs. Gray in a former letter as the white-haired lady who dressed in colonial or Louis XIV style and whom I admire because of her gentle manners and keen sense of humor. Mrs. White is an Ohio lady, also mild and gentle in manner, whose husband, an engineer and manufacturer of oil well machinery, was killed in an automobile accident last year, and whom she succeeded as president of the company. Her daughter, who is about 23, is not beautiful, but is bright and attractive, a graduate of Wellesley College.

"Today I took the three to luncheon at the Ristorante Castello dei Cesari, which overlooks the historic valley between the Aventine and the Palatine Hills; then an auto ride out the Appian Way and across country to San Giovanni, which is a large cathedral with a row

of colossal statues of the Apostles on top; then across the city to the opera house in the gigantic circular building erected as a tomb or mausoleum to Cesar Augustus, where the celebrated Italian musician, Pietro Mascagni, was to give a concert. We were unable to get tickets, even for standing room, all tickets having been sold two days before.

"Then we walked to the historic Piazz^za del Popolo and inspected the large church near the entrance to the Flaminian Way and saw some beautiful statues and paintings. Then up through the park to my office in the Maison d'Angelo. Miss Catherine was much interested in my photographs and I loaned her ^{some} of the films so that she might have copies made. We continued our walk through the beautiful park, past the lake with the swans, past the flower gardens, and on through the old Roman wall to their hotel, where I left them.

"All day I wished that you and the children might have been with us. You would have enjoyed not only the things we saw, but also the company of these three American ladies with their sense of humor, their funny experiences, and their pleasant manners. Somehow I miss you more this time than last year and I wish more and more that we might be together. Sometimes I even hope that something will occur that will give me a good excuse, sufficient to satisfy my conscience, to quit and tell these Italian Machiavellians to go to the place where it never freezes and heat costs nothing, so that we could all go to Sunny Hill and live our lives in our own way, independent of the world; because I begin to realize that the sands of time are steadily flowing. It is because of this feeling that yesterday I talked very plainly to the Chief of the Statistical Division regarding my relation to the Institute, saying that my project was wholly independent of the Statistical Division, that I would take instructions only from the Permanent Committee, that I knew

more about agricultural census and statistical organization and methods than the whole Institute combined, that for three months I had refused to accept the position, that I accepted it only because of my interest in the project and because the great Department of Agriculture in Washington had insisted that I was probably the only man in the world who could make it a success, that in accepting the position I lose more financially than the entire administrative staff of the Institute make^s, and therefore all I wanted was a good excuse to resign and do not expect to take any unnecessary nonsense from any of them. Whereupon Mr. Chief of Statistics began to apologize. All of which makes me hopeful that something will occur so that I can resign with honor and credit. As a matter of fact the Institute is in a bad way. The Secretary General is very apprehensive of the coming General Assembly, which will be composed of delegates from all adhering governments. I tell them that I welcome the coming of the General Assembly, that I expect it to indorse my views regarding the census project, and that probably some necessary changes will be made respecting the management and conduct of the Institute. And so I am getting a lot of fun out of the manuevers of my Italian colleagues who are most uncomfortable when they think of the coming review of their work by the General Assembly. If the Assembly approves, then I shall have the opportunity to travel and study the agriculture of foreign countries that I have been looking forward to; if not, then I will resign and we will all go to Sunny Hill. So whether it's heads or tails I win.

"Love to all, and hoping for another letter from 1026,

"Daddy."

(1926, March, Rome.

B--1697.

1943

The 8th was a beautiful day. Began dictating notes on the Washington conferences regarding the proposed standard census form. An armful of books was brought over from the library bearing on the production and consumption of meat in various countries. Mr. Dore brought over the last pages of the proof of the French version of the Thompson report. He still showed resentment at my declaration regarding the relationship of our two offices. Miss Gibson, the Herald correspondent to whom I had granted an interview, called to say that she had lost some of her notes-- which was her way of saying that her notes were unintelligible to her. She left her manuscript, which was in extremely bad shape, with me. I had to rewrite most of it to make sense. That evening Mrs. Scolari, the landlady, came in to ask if I knew of any Americans about to return to the United States who would be willing to take a package to her daughter at Vassar.

The 9th was a gloriously beautiful day. M. Louis Dop, the French Delegate and Vice-President of the Institute, dropped into my office and was very agreeable. He said that he understood that the Secretary General and Mr. Dore were trying to make my course difficult and that he fully agreed with my contention that the census questionnaire should be kept as simple as possible to make it acceptable to as many countries as possible, and he assured me that the French delegation to the General Assembly would cooperate with the delegation from the United States and Great Britain to have my program adopted. I showed him the memorandum and diagram I had prepared to demonstrate the necessity for simplicity and the additional cost that would be involved for each additional question. He asked for a copy, which I gave him, to take to Paris with him the following day. Mr. Walsh brought over a copy of a report by Mr. VanRijn, delegate from Holland and chair-

(1926, March, Rome.)

5--1697.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1698.

1844

man of the finance committee, criticising the Secretary General for keeping the Permanent Committee in ignorance of the growing deficit in the finances of the Institute. Mr. Hodgson came over to remind me of the luncheon of the American Club the following day.

At 4.30 Mrs. White and her daughter called at the office and together we walked to the Piazza² del Popolo and waited for Mrs. Gray, who soon joined us. We had tea, lemonade, and cakes at a little table under the awning outside where we could watch the picturesque Roman life go by. Then we took a carriage to the Theatre Augusteo where we heard a magnificent concert under the direction of the Roman maestro, Sr. Mascagni, the famous composer of Caviliera Rusticana. The great theater was packed and after the concert there was a remarkable popular demonstration in homage to Mascagni. The performance lasted from 5.30 to 7.30 p.m. with two encores. The program included overtures and pieces from Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelsohn, Wagner, ~~Wagner~~ and Mascagni. I thought some of it the most beautiful music I had ever heard.

H The theater itself was most interesting. It is four or five stories high, circular in form, with enormously thick walls of flat Roman brick, and no windows. The top is of glass on a metal framework supported by pillars on top of the old wall. There are no central supports, so that the entire space from the floor to the glass dome is clear. Above the spacious floor are three tiers of boxes. As near as I could judge the building is nearly 200 feet in diameter. The walls are perpendicular so that the boxes do not project over the audience. *H* The price of tickets to hear this magnificent performance was 20 lire, or about 80 cents. The orchestra consisted of about sixty pieces. Mascagni was a middle aged or old man of medium height, with black hair and

(1926, March, Rome.

E-1698.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1699.

1945

eyes, hair beginning to thin and gray, and one of the most refined, spiritual, and mobile faces I have ever seen. He seemed thoroughly to enjoy himself as leader, and the orchestra moved and played in perfect unison and harmony. The great building was full to capacity and while each piece was being played there was absolute silence, followed by great and prolonged applause. Aside from the applause there was no intermission. Every one seemed to be happy, the audience, Mascagni, and the orchestra.

After the concert we drove to the Hotel Victoria where we had supper and then adjourned to the parlor for coffee and friendly conversation

On the 10th I spent the day dictating and revising manuscript. Read a very interesting and creditable report by President DeMⁱchelis on the organization of permanent international bodies outside the International Institute of Agriculture. ~~Had~~ ^HWent with Mr. Hodgson to have luncheon with the American Club at the Ristorante Concordia, but no~~t~~ other members came, so I took him to the San Carlo. Among the stories he told was of an experience as a newspaper reporter when he accompanied the sheriff on a raid and among the spoils was several gallons of whiskey, which they sampled to see if it was good evidence. He drank only a cup full, but not being used to it he soon realized that he was tipsy and talking in a most abnormal manner. He belonged to the Y.M.C.A. and was in deadly fear that some acquaintance might see him in that condition, so he walked the streets for hours and until he was exhausted in order to let the effects of the liquor pass off. ^HAnother was of the time ^{near Paris} he was walking across a meadow in a park/with a young and very demure looking French woman and they came to a small brooklet. He wondered how they would get across. "I'll show you," she said, and lifted her skirts up to her waist, displaying a pair of pretty

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1700.

1846

legs, and leaped nimbly across, and he followed, of course.

On the 11th I finished dictating a report on the American conference of statisticians in Washington, and a chapter in the report on methods of estimating meats. Had a visit from Mrs. Hobson who said her husband was in London.

After supper I changed to a dress suit and called at the Victoria Hotel to meet Mrs. Gray, Mrs. White and her daughter, a Miss Francis from St. Louis, and a young Italian whom Mrs. Gray had met some years previously in Rome. Together we all went to the Agusteo and heard another magnificent Mascagni concert. We thoroughly enjoyed the wonderful music, the enthusiasm of the audience, and the interesting surroundings. ~~On leaving~~ We left by a door not far from the stage and it happened that Mascagni was leaving by the same door, so that we walked side by side until he reached a waiting automobile. We returned to the hotel where we had refreshments and sat talking until midnight.

The 1²~~1~~th was a clear warm day. Had a visit from Mr. Sandor of the statistical bureau at Budapest, who assured me that Hungary would cooperate in the proposed census of 1930. I took him to luncheon with me at the San Carlo, which he seemed to think was an honor. He remembered Mr. Wilson, the American Consul whom I met at Asuncion, Paraguay, who had once been consul at Budapest. I left the office in time to have tea with Mrs. Hobson and Prof. Powell ~~Boyle~~ of Cornell, his wife, and their attractive daughter, and the Methodist preacher in charge of Methodist missionary work in Italy. They were all interesting and agreeable people to meet.

Saturday, the 13th, I finished dictating some notes on the agriculture of Palermo, Naples, and Rome. Returned to my rooms in the afternoon, took a nap, and arranged photographs. That evening I took my lady friends, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. White and daughter, to the ⁱRistorante Ulpia, where we had a nice dinner, entertaining

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The 12th was a clear warm day. Had a visit from Mr. Sendor of the statistical bureau at Budapest, who assured me that Hungary would cooperate in the proposed census of 1930. I took him to luncheon with me at the Sengario, which he seemed to think was an honor. He remembered Mr. Wilson, the American Consul whom I met at Asunción, Paraguay, who had once been consul at Budapest. I left the office in time to have tea with Mrs. Hobson and Prof. Powell. Felix of Cornell, his wife, and their attractive daughter, and the Methodist preacher in charge of Methodist missionary work in Italy. They were all interesting and agreeable people to meet. Saturday, the 13th, I finished dictating some notes on the

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1701.

1947

music by a ~~string~~^{stringed} orchestra, amid interesting surroundings. The ladies seemed to enjoy it immensely.

The Ulpia restaurant is in a large, ancient basilica, circular in shape, with a solid dome, and the enormously thick walls and dome are made of flat Roman brick, and below it are chambers built over the old Via Sacra. Every table in the restaurant was occupied, the food was excellent, and the music pleasing. Many of the guests were Americans or English. Mrs. Gray was exquisitely gowned and very distinguished looking. After dinner we adjourned to the Via Sacra room where we spent several hours very agreeably, sipped liquors, and listening to the pleasing cheerful music of the small Neapolitan stringed orchestra.

The next morning, Sunday, I had difficulty in keeping my appointment with the ladies to Frascati. We were to meet at the tramway station. First I took the wrong street car, and when I discovered my mistake had to wait for another to take me back to my starting point. Then I had to change cars at a certain point and there was another long wait. The last car that would have taken me to the station proceeded so leisurely that I realized it would not make connections, so I had to dismount and take a taxi, which I should have done in the first place. ~~I found~~ ^{were} The ladies waiting for me and we found seats in the trolley car at the time it was scheduled to leave, but it was a full hour before it actually left. We rode across the Campagna and got off at the station nearest to Rocca de Papa.

We walked up the narrow streets of this hill town, some of them no wider than alleys, paved with cobble stones and covered with don^Kkey manure, to the upper side and back. I took a number of kodak snapshots. Several times we were surrounded by swarms of children begging for "soldi." At the restaurant near the lower

music by a string orchestra, and interesting surroundings. The ladies seemed to enjoy it immensely.

The Ulpia restaurant is in a large, ancient basilica, circular in shape, with a solid dome, and the enormously thick walls and dome are made of flat Roman brick, and below it are chambers built over the old Via Sacra. Every table in the restaurant was occupied, the food was excellent, and the music pleasing. Many of the guests were Americans or English. Mrs. Gray was especially groomed and very distinguished looking. After dinner we adjourned to the Via Sacra room where we spent several hours very agreeably, sipped liquors, and listening to the pleasing cheerful music of the small Neapolitan stringed orchestra.

The next morning, Sunday, I had difficulty in keeping my appointment with the ladies to Frascati. We were to meet at the tramway station. First I took the wrong street car, and when I discovered my mistake had to wait for another to take me back to my starting point. Then I had to change cars at a certain point and there was another long wait. The last car that would have taken me to the station proceeded so leisurely that I realized it would not make connections, so I had to dismount and take a taxi, which I should have done in the first place. I found the ladies waiting for me and we found seats in the trolley car at the time it was scheduled to leave, but it was a full hour before it actually left. We rode across the Campagna and got off at the station nearest to Rocca de Papa.

We walked up the narrow streets of this hill town, some of them no wider than alleys, paved with cobble stones and covered with gonyev murene, to the upper side and back. I took a number of Kodak snapshots. Several times we were surrounded by swarms of children begging for "soldi." At the restaurant near the lower

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1702.

1949

edge of the town and had luncheon. The food was abominable, the wine fairly good, and the scenery superb. We went on to Frascati where we hired carriages and drove about the town. We stopped at the entrances to several famous villas, only to be told that they were not open to inspection on Sundays. Mrs. White and her daughter took the first trolley back to Rome. Mrs. Gray and I decided to wait an hour for the next. We first went to a little restaurant and had tea and cakes. Then we walked leisurely back to the trolley station and found it closed for the day. I ascertained that we could leave an hour later by train. We sat on a park seat on a terrace from which we watched the sun set, the changing colors in the sky, and the lights and shadows over the campagna with Rome in the far distance. We both enjoyed this hour alone together, the first we had had, because both seemed to appreciate the same things, the peasants and donkeys of Frascati, the old buildings, the fragments of old Roman ruins, and the diversity and beauty of the landscape.

On going to the railway station for tickets I was told that the train was an hour late, but a trolley car would leave in a few minutes. We caught the car. All seats were already occupied except a single seat at one end of the coach. Mrs. Gray promptly took possession of it and motioned to me to sit beside her. It was intended to accommodate one person only, but we were both small and by sitting very close together managed to occupy it until we reached Rome and got as much fun out of it as two children, she a gray haired grandmother and I old enough to be a grandfather. On the way back Mrs. Gray and I settled our financial account, which was rather complicated, the ladies insisting that all expenses should be paid share and share alike.

(Wife, March 14, blue folder.

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edge of the town and had luncheon. The food was admirable, the

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1702.

1702--a 1887

"Roma, 14 Marzo, 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"Just a few lines to let you know that ~~XL~~ all is well with me. Here is a weekly letter written late Sunday evening, hastily written, although I have received from 1026 only one letter since leaving Washington, ^{*dated*} ~~written~~ January 30.

"This has been a week of office and social activity; office activity in that I have had an opportunity to dictate to Miss Broad, my stenographer, an accumulation of things; of social activity in that Mrs. Gray, the lady with the white hair and the beautiful costumes that I admire, and Mrs. White and her daughter Catherine, that I like because of their American characteristics, who were all three on the boat with me that left New York on January 15, have been with me or I with them nearly every day or evening.

"Monday evening I had supper with them at their hotel. Tuesday evening I accompanied them to a concert in the Teatro Agusteo--tomb of Cesar Augustus--to hear the municipal orchestra led by Pietro Mascagni, the great Italian composer and author of the immortal Intermezzo Cavalliero Rusticana. Thursday evening we heard for a second time a concert by Mascagni, having with us also a Miss Francis, daughter of a former Governor of Missouri, and Signor Virgilio Muszii, a young Italian artist and literateur. Saturday evening I took the ladies to the Ristorante Ulpia, where we had a nice supper, music, and spent a very agreeable evening.

"Today, Sunday, we went to Rocca da Papa, a picturesque mountain hill town, where I got some photographs of the swarming infant population; and then to Frascati. Here our little party divided, the Whites taking a carriage tour and leaving on the 5 o'clock trolley for Rome, and Mrs. Gray and I walking through the town and its surroundings and byways, having tea together, and

finally taking the trolley at 5.50 p.m., arriving in Rome at 7.30. Although the day was foggy and cold in the morning, the sun came out about 10 o'clock and it was very pleasant the rest of the day.

"These ladies are very agreeable because of their American life and experience, and because they have traveled a good deal, the Whites all around the world, and Mrs. Gray over much of Europe several times. She has one daughter, married a little more than a year ago, who had a baby last October that in the family goes by the name of the Crown Prince--so she is a grandmother. They are all good American sports, full of humor, highly educated and cultured, and agreeable in every way. It has been a treat to me to have such companionship, and I only wish that you might have been with us and might have shared our enjoyment. Bear in mind that the two older ladies are both white-haired and about my own age, and that Miss Catherine is not as large as $\varnothing$ Thelma, but is older, a college graduate, and very bright, animated, intelligent, and attractive.

"What do you think I saw today? Peach and plum trees in blossom, olive orchards with fresh green foliage and a cover of emerald green rye, irises and stocks in full bloom, as well as daisies and narcissus. Also from Rocca da Papa to Frascati we could see the sun shining on the Mediteranean Sea, some eighteen miles away. Rome was hardly visible because of the haze.

"In the afternoon Mrs.Gray and I had tea together and she told me of some of her interesting Red Cross experiences during the war, some of the obvious frauds encountered, and some of her efforts to help men who were down and out because of drink. She is a very beautiful, very attractive, very sentimental, little lady of about our own age whom I am sure you would love if you could meet and know. ^{her} We are planning to hear another Mascagni concert tomorrow night, positively the last appearance. Mrs.Gray and I

plan to go to an Italian theater one night this week, and then she will go to Assisi, Florence, and places in France.

"Late Friday afternoon I had tea with Mrs. Hobson, wife of the American Delegate to the Institute, with Mr. and Mrs. Professor Boyle of Cornell University, and Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, in charge of Methodist interests in Italy. I have an invitation to take supper with the Boyle family one evening this week.

"Saturday I had a visit from the Chief of the Statistical Bureau of Hungary at Budapest and took him out to dinner. As a result I will have his cooperation in the world census project, as well as a very cordial invitation to visit Budapest, the capital of Hungary. I also have an urgent invitation to visit China this year to help organize the statistical service and census of that country. All of which contributes to my experience, but I wish that you might share it with me, because I am sure you would appreciate the social features more than I do and you would be of great assistance to me in meeting these social obligations that form an essential part of the official work necessary to insure the success of the project.

"Hastily written, but hope you will do the same in writing a weekly letter. Remember, I have had only one letter from 1026 in two months.

"Love to you, the Niñas, and all.

"Daddy."

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1703.

1451

On the 15th printed copies of the report of the European committee as written by Mr. Thompson and revised by me were delivered in both French and English. My old friend Mr. Hubback called with a letter from a friend in which he applied for the position of assistant director of the census project, and in which he said that it would be a serious mistake to let either a Dago or a Dutchman visit the countries of the British Empire on behalf of the census project. Mr. Hodgson called and said that the Italian branch of the Loyal Legion was considering the advisability of sending a delegate to the United States to try to have our immigration laws modified so that Italians who left the United States to engage in the war could return.

In the evening I again accompanied the ladies to another Mascagni concert in the Augusteo. Mrs. Gray was stunning in a black pasamenterie evening gown which displayed her lovely neck, shoulders, arms, and figure to advantage, and to cap it all was a jaunty little red hat. The program included La Gazza Ladra by Rossini; the Fifth Symphony by Beethoven; the Nalacco Symphony and La Traviata by Verdi; the Intermezzo L'Amico Fritz, Cavaleri Rusticana, and Iris, by Mascagni. The entertainment lasted from 9 to 12 p.m., and yet it seemed no longer than half an hour. When we reached the street no taxicabs were visible. At my suggestion we walked across the Tiber to a brilliantly lighted restaurant where we had lemonade and a Martini cocktail. The ladies were in excellent good humor and we enjoyed ourselves. I took them to their hotel and reached my own rooms after 1 a.m.

During the evening Mrs. Gray said she had called on an Italian teacher of former days who expressed great concern over the course of events under the Fascist regime. She said that in less than three years Italian liberty had been completely crushed, more than

(1926, March, Rome.)

E-1703.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1704

1452

forty newspapers had been suppressed, many schools had been closed, the right to free speech had been abolished, children were being drilled every morning to give the Fascisti salute, no one could hold office or get employment of any kind who was not an avowed Fascisti; that while Mussolini was an intellectual his followers were not; that all governors of provinces, mayors of cities or towns, and other officials must be Fascisti; no one not a Fascisti was permitted to bear or possess arms, but all Fascisti were not only permitted but required to bear arms. This teacher said there was deep and universal dissatisfaction and great apprehension among the intelligent people of Italy who feared some sort of an explosion.

On the 16th I started Miss Broad to copying my memorandum regarding the necessity for brevity and simplicity in the program for the universal census. Received letters from home and prints of photographs taken the previous Sunday.

(Otis and Thelma, March 16, Blue folder.

(See notes on agriculture, French Morocco, Palermo, Naples, and Rome, pink folder.

(1926, March, Rome.)

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1705.

1453

March 17 was clear and pleasant and spring vegetation was beginning to grow. An enormous hydroplane passed over Rome in the morning. Began drafting suggestions as to how the number of questions in the universal census might be reduced. Mr. Hodgson came in bubbling over with enthusiasm because he had succeeded in ~~arr~~-ranging for a set of printed Congressional Library index cards of agricultural literature for the Institute.

About 5 p.m. I walked down to the Piazza ^Zdel Popolo and at the Ristorante Rosetta had a glass of beer at a little table outside. While watching the flow of Roman life on the street I caught sight of Mrs. Gray and called to her. She joined me and had a lemonade. She said she had left Mrs. White and Catherine at the Augusteo, which was several blocks up the same street. We sat for sometime watching the people pass and the fading sunlight on the fountains and terraces of the Pincio. Together we walked through the crowded street to the office of the American Express, where Mrs. Gray found some mail, ~~and~~ after which we spent sometime in the art~~s~~ stores examining the beautiful objects for sale. Many beautiful paintings are to be seen in the art stores of Rome, but they rather specialize on marble and bronze statuary. We went down one side of the street and back on the other. [#]On returning to the Piazza ^Ade Spagna she proposed to take a street car back to her hotel. It suddenly occurred to me that we could have dinner together. She smiled brightly at my invitation and showed by her manner that she would like to accept, but hesitated and said, "But what would Mrs. White say?" For a moment I was provoked and said, "See here, my little lady, do you realize that you are a grandmother and no longer in need of a chaperone, and that I am an elderly married gentleman who so far has never abducted or seduced a young lady; what difference does it make what Mrs. White or anybody else thinks;

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1706.

1857

take dinner with me if you have no previous engagement and tell Mrs. White about it if you think she should know; I would enjoy having you take dinner with me, I don't care what anybody might think about it, and I will probably write about it in a letter to my wife. Really I think things have come to a pretty pass when people no longer young and giddy have to stop and think about what other people may think of what they do or say. So come on." "I come," she replied.

We stopped for a few minutes at the Prince Hotel where she opened and read her letters. At 8 p.m. we walked to the Ristorante Umberto on a narrow street, but with an excellent menu, good service, and a large clientele of the business men, politicians, and literati of Rome. We had a delicious supper and sat at the table a long time, with liquer and smokes, telling each other of amusing incidents and observations. It was quite evident that she was enjoying herself immensely, I suspect partly because she had broken with tradition and was having an adventure. When we left and I suggested taking a taxi she said, "Why not walk." So we walked arm in arm through the narrow streets, renewing our youth in great glee, peering around dark corners and into narrow mysterious alleys, and climbed one of the seven steep hills of Rome, to the door of her hotel. There she thanked me for one of the pleasantest evenings of her life and I assured her that the pleasure was mutual, and added, "Please remember, little lady, that if Mrs. White or anybody else says anything about your absence this evening, just tell her and then politely that it is none of their business," to which she nodded quite happily. .

The 18th was clear and warm. Revising manuscripts. Glanced through a pile of periodicals. The park was beautiful, trees just beginning to burst their buds, lawn full of little ~~daisies~~ daisies, grass and hedges green, birds singing, young lovers

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1706.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1707. 185

arm in arm and wandering about aimlessly, completely absorbed in each other. Saw a great hydroplane cross the sky with a terrific roar. Saw a little dog wearing a sweater that covered his entire body and legs and was ornamented with ribbons^{ons}, that attracted much attention, which the dog seemed to enjoy. His whole manner indicated that he was showing off and was quite superior to all other dogs and to people not so well dressed. Saw a little boy and girl completely absorbed in operating a little cart made of a box mounted on a pair of wheels taken from roller skates. Saw a plump little maid in charge of twins about four years old, dressed in bright clothes and dancing a ring-around-a-rosie.

In the evening I called at the Victoria Hotel and was surprised to learn that the ladies had expected me to dine with them. We spent an agreeable evening together, each recounting what had been seen during the day. Mrs. Gray brought down to show me a carved wooden image of St. George and the dragon which she had purchased from a carter in Sicily. Also she had an interesting collection of photographs. She herself was a picture; her snow white hair formed a frame for her cameo face; her eyes were bright and twinkling with intelligence; her face smiling; her cheeks dimpled; her mouth delicate; her neck and shoulders shapely; her bare arms well molded; and her form well rounded and shapely. She was dressed in a light, thin, mauve colored silk gown with a bright scarlet border and silk stockings to match, her small feet in dainty slippers. Her manner was frank and her conversation ~~and~~ was intelligent and animated. Mrs. White looked the part of an indulgent mother or elder sister, kindly, tolerant, amused, and agreeable. Catherine was bright, intelligent, dignified, and sympathetic.

The 19th was clear and warm, vegetation greening up, and

(1926, March, Rome.)

E-1707.

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The light was clear and warm, vegetation green up, and

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1708.

1956

the Judas tree in the park began to show color. I began preparing a program for the period following the June meeting of the General Assembly. Mr. Dore called and hinted that it would be well if we reconciled our views and reached agreement before the statistical delegates arrived. I assured him that it was not necessary because I expected the statistical delegates to agree with me and that I would either be given an opportunity to state my views and plans before the General Assembly or the statistical delegates would do it for me and that there was nothing any official of the Institute could do to prevent it. Also I assured him that I was confident that both he and Mr. Dragoni would have full opportunity to express their views, and to explain to the statistical group of delegates and perhaps to the General Assembly itself just why the program I had prepared had been mutilated during my absence whereby a theoretical, complicated and tremendously expensive system had been substituted for a simple, practical, and relatively inexpensive system. I suggested that it might be well to give some earnest thought to that.

(Sister and Eunice, March 12, blue folder.

(Holmes, March 20, pink folder.

(1926, March, Rome.

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1708--a 1848

"Roma, 19 Marzo, 1926.

"Dear Sister:

"Your welcome letter of February 28 came two ~~a~~ days ago, and a letter each from Thelma and Otis.

"I am glad you were able to spend a day or two in Washington, see the folks at 1026, and ~~to~~ meet some of your Washington friends. It made a small break in your rather strenuous country life. After you and Miss Bug get better acquainted you can run down to Washington and back whenever you feel like it.

"What beastly weather you have had. Altogether different here. There has been no frost and but little cool weather or clouds here since my return. The trees are beginning to green up, the grass is growing luxuriantly and is full of daisies, and everything points to an early spring. I envy you the next three months at Sunny Hill. The crocuses and grape hyacinths are not far off, and then the ~~for~~ forsythia, and a succession of bloom. It will not be long before the narcissus stick their heads out, and then the peonies and other things. I ~~was~~ wish I might be there to welcome them.

"Last Sunday I accompanied three ladies from Piqua, Ohio, a Mrs. Gray, Mrs. White, and her daughter Catherine (table companions on the boat from New York), to a little hill town, Rocca di Papa, about twelve miles from Rome. It is on a little peak about 1750 feet above the sea (same height as High Knob) and the four-story stone houses cluster about the peak. We went by trolley across the Roman Campagna, changed cars twice, and ^{near} at the top of the main peak took the fenicula (cogged tram) to the lower edge of the town. There is a pretty little park leading up the main street with iris and stocks in full bloom. Then we climbed up the little narrow streets, many of them with stair-steps, saw the women and girls at the public fountain with their copper water jars, just as they have been doing for more than two thousand years, the little donkeys carrying enormous

loads of hay for feed and fagots for fuel, men sitting in little dark cellars opening on the street, drinking wine and playing cards, and little children everywhere, who, the moment they spied the strangers, came running up with outstretched hands and singing a little song 'Dame (dahme) soldi, Dame soldi,' (Give me soldi--a little coin worth about one-fifth of a cent). Legend says that Hannibal had his camp on the flat top of this peak. If so, he had a fine view of Rome, which then contained several million inhabitants. From it we could see Lake Albano about two miles distant, Rome across the Campagna, and the sun shining on the Mediteranean Sea on the horizon.

"We had lunch out-of-doors on the sunny side of a little restaurant, consisting of macaroni which was very good, some long rolls about the size, shape, and hardness of a policeman's billy, and a bottle of wine for the four of us. Then we went a few miles farther on to Frascati. Here we separated, Mrs. White and Catherine taking a carriage ride, and Mrs. Gray and I a tramp through the curious streets and a visit to the gates of several villas, none of which could we enter even for bribes, the caretakers all saying that the villas were not open to the public on Sundays, and always a written permit must be obtained from an official of the municipality. Then we had tea, watched the sunset, and back to Rome for supper.

"Love to all.

"Lee."

"Rome, 19 March, 1926.

"Dear Eunice:

"Twice last week and once this week I went with three ladies from Ohio to the Augusteo and heard a magnificent orchestra led by Pietro Mascagni, the great Italian musician and author of Cav^al^lleria Rusticana, play a number of selections. It was a Dutch treat and each member of our party paid for a ticket--20 lire, equal to about 80 cents, for some of the best seats.

"The first program included Mozart's overture from the Wedding of Figaro, Beetho~~X~~en's Fifth Symphony, overture from Smetana's La Sposa Venduta, the Evening from Catal^lani, Midsummer Night's Dream by Mendelsohn, Wagner's Murmur of the Forest from Sigfried--the most beautiful thing I ever heard, and the Magpie Thief of Rossini.

"The second program gave the Third Symphony of Beethoven, Le Maschere and Cavalleria Rusticana by Mascagni, I Lituana by Ponchielli, and La Traviata and I Vespri Siciliani by Verdi.

"The third and best program gave La Gazza Ladra by Rossini, the Fifth Symphony by Beethoven, Nabucco and La Traviata by Verdi, L'Amico Fritz, Cavalleria Rusticana, and Iris' Hymn to the Sun by Mascagni. The last piece was accompanied by a chorus of about two hundred fine voices and a great pipe organ.

"The great theater was packed, the music was the finest I have ever heard, the people worship Mascagni and gave him a tremendous ovation, so that we enjoyed it very much. The Augusteo is so named because it was erected nearly two thousand years ago as a tomb for the Cesars. The original walls, which are enormously thick and four or five stories high, are still standing, although the interior is modern. It is covered with a great oval glass dome not supported by columns so that the whole interior is clear space. Although it is one of the largest buildings in the city I had difficulty in finding

it because it is in the interior of a large city square and is completely surrounded by other buildings, with absolutely nothing to show the entrance or how to reach it. Several times I had located the dome with reference to the end of the bridge over the Tiber and some large churches nearby and then walked round and round the square in which it is situated without finding it. However, the mystery was solved on the night of the first concert by the crowds entering a narrow passage from an alley on one side. There is a large stage to one side backed by a great pipe organ, and around the sides is a row of boxes, and above them are two rows of balconies. Apparently the dome is 60 to 80 feet above the floor. The royal box is directly opposite the stage. As near as I could judge the interior of the building is about 450 feet in circumference and 150 feet in diameter--probably more--the building being a perfect circle.

"Many of the ladies were very beautiful and wore beautiful gowns and jewels.

"Hope all is well with you and Don Carlos. Love to all.

"Uncle Lee."

1708--^e 1902

"Rome, March 20, 1926.

"Mr. George K. Holmes,
"Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U.S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Holmes:

"Your letter of March 1 with the inclosed memorandum regarding the method used in the United States for estimating meat production and consumption reached me this week. It is just what I want, and I thank you for your trouble and promptness.

x x x x x x

"I have often thought of you and your horseback and pedestrian tours in the mountains, and of how you would enjoy repeating them among the hills and mountains near Rome. The scenery is beautiful, the vegetation interesting, and the people and their life still very primitive, with evidences everywhere of antiquity.

"Last Sunday I accompanied friends to Rocca di Papa and Frascati, both interesting hill-towns near Rome, from which we had magnificent views of the Campagna and the City of Rome in one direction, and in other directions the blue surface of Albano Lake nestling in a crater, and the shining Mediterranean on the horizon.

"Again thanking you, and with best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,"

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1709. 1956

The 20th I spent in studying and analyzing Prof. Banini's paper in Italian setting forth his scheme for taking the census of the world by communes, including in it all sorts of data, and having those data compiled and summarized in the Institute. On the way to my rooms I succumbed to the temptation to buy a little red vase that I had long admired in a shop window.

In the evening I went to the Hotel Victoria with some enlarged prints of photographs I had taken, ~~with~~, with which the ladies were much pleased. Then Mrs. Gray and I went to the Oda-lisk ^{and} Theater. We reached it a few minutes before 9 pm. only to find no one there. To pass the time we walked to a restaurant on the Piazza Venet^zia and had some coffee. Returning in half an hour we found the audience gathering and recognized among them several passengers who came over on the Colombo with us. The little play was attractive, had a happy ending, and the acting was excellent, ~~and~~ We enjoyed it greatly. After it was over we walked leisurely to the Arcade Restaurant on the Corso facing the Piazza Colone and had refreshments in a brilliantly lighted dining room and listened to a good orchestra. It was 1 a.m. when I left Mrs. Gray at her hotel entrance. To me it had been a most delightful evening.

The next morning, Sunday, after breakfast I walked to my office and read the Italian play we had seen the night before. After luncheon at the San Carlo I walked to the Hotel Victoria, from which I took Mrs. Gray and a Miss Abbott to the Piazza Venet^zia with the intention of taking a street car to San Paulo outside the city gate, but the cars were all so badly overcrowded that I decided to engage a taxi. We spent about an hour at San Paulo and while there saw an infant baptism. Then we drove to the Tre Fontane, with its three fountains, three churches, groves of

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1709.

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In the evening I went to the Hotel Victoria with some enlarged prints of photographs I had taken ~~with~~, with which the ladies were much pleased. Then Mrs. Gray and I went to the Obelisk Theater. We reached it a few minutes before 9 pm. only to find no one there. To pass the time we walked to a restaurant on the Piazza Venezia and had some coffee. Returning in half an hour we found the audience gathering and recognized among them several passengers who came over on the Colombo with us. The little play was attractive, had a happy ending, and the acting was excellent, and we enjoyed it greatly. After it was over we walked leisurely to the Arcade Restaurant on the Corso facing the Piazza Colonna and had refreshments in a brilliantly lighted dining room and listened to a good orchestra. It was 1 a.m. when I left Mrs. Gray at her hotel entrance. To me it had been a most delightful evening.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1710. 1959

eucalyptus trees, ferns and flowering shrubs and plants. It was here that St. Paul was said to have been beheaded and a stone pillar in one corner of the church is pointed out as the place where he was suspended head downward. We were driven back by way of the Col^oaseo to the Pia^zza del Popolo, from which point we climbed to the Pincio, where we were met by Mrs. White and her daughter. Here we had tea and listened to some good violin music, after which we walked across the park to their hotel, where I bid farewell to Mrs. White and Catherine who were to leave for Paris the next day.

(Wife, March 21, blue ~~folder~~.

(1926, March, Rome.)

E-1710.

evocative trees, ferns and flowering shrubs and plants. It was here that St. Paul was said to have been beheaded and a stone pillar in one corner of the church is pointed out as the place where he was suspended head downward. We were driven back by way of the Colaseo to the Piazza del Popolo, from which point we climbed to the Pincio, where we were met by Mrs. White and her daughter. Here we had tea and listened to some good violin music, after which we walked across the park to their hotel, where I bid her well to Mrs. White and Catherine who were to leave for Paris the next day.

(Wife, March 21, blue folder.)

1710-a 1905

"Roma, 21 Marzo, 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"Let's see, what's happened this last week?

"The weather generally has been fair, bright, and warm, and the trees are beginning to leaf out and there are lots of pretty flowers displayed for sale in the little stands on the streets, and I keep some of them in my office and in my rooms to remind me of you and Sunny Hill.

"Then, too, I am systematically taking advantage of the opportunity of having some American lady friends whom I got acquainted with on the boat to ^{help} overcome my aversion to dress suits and social conventions by going about with them. I think I mentioned these ladies in my last letter to you and to Sister Nellie. Anyhow, I took supper with them at their hotel one evening last week, have had tea with them down town twice, and supper with them last night; went twice last week and once this week with them to hear the great orchestra under the direction of Mascagni, and spent one evening with them last week at their hotel. ^P Last night, with Mrs. Gray, went to a little theater, a perfect gem of a theater, and heard a beautiful play in Italian entitled 'My Lord,' which was very good indeed. It was a small theater and a small company, but the play was good and the acting was good, and after we learned that the price of front seats was only 36 cents we agreed that our bank accounts could stand the strain. Mrs. G. is a charming little lady, probably about our age, with snow white hair, full of fun and chatter, and wears beautiful gowns. I assure you that we are quite a distinguished couple. I confess that this social life breaks up my student habits, but I am seeing it through for the sake of the experience and with the thought that it will help me later on. Each time I meet them I ask them to tell me their adventures and I try to tell them about the many beautiful and funny things I see daily.

"Roma, 21 Marzo, 1936."

"Dear Mamma and Nanna:

"Let's see, what's happened this last week."

"The weather generally has been fair, bright, and warm, and

the trees are beginning to leaf out and there are lots of pretty flowers displayed for sale in the little stands on the streets, and

I keep some of them in my office and in my room to remind me of

you and Sunny Hill.

"Then, too, I am systematically taking advantage of the opportunity

of having some American lady friends whom I got acquainted

with on the boat to overcome my aversion to dress suits and social

conventions by going about with them. I think I mentioned these

ladies in my last letter to you and to Sister Nellie. Anyhow, I

took supper with them at their hotel one evening last week, have

had tea with them down town twice, and supper with them last night;

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orchestra under the direction of Mascagni, and spent one evening

with them last week at their hotel. Last night, with Mrs. Gray, went

to a little theater, a perfect gem of a theater, and heard a beautiful

play in Italian entitled 'My Lord,' which was very good indeed.

It was a small theater and a small company, but the play was good

and the acting was good, and after we learned that the price of front

seats was only 35 cents we agreed that our bank accounts could stand

the strain. Mrs. G. is a charming little lady, probably about our

age, with snow white hair, full of fun and chatter, and wears beautiful

blue gowns. I assure you that we are quite a distinguished couple.

I confess that this social life breaks up my student habits, but I

am seeing it through for the sake of the experience and with the

thought that it will help me later on. Each time I meet them I ask

them to tell me their adventures and I try to tell them about the

many beautiful and funny things I see daily.

~~1710--b~~ 1906

"For instance: Yesterday afternoon I looked out of my office window and in the open space between the Maison d'Angelo and the beautiful park beyond I saw a pretty plump young woman with a pretty little girl about five years old. With them was a great big, robust, giant man. When I looked out the big man was standing facing the young woman with his great arms opened wide, inviting her to fall into them and be hugged and kissed. She laughingly backed away and avoided the embrace. The little child looked on with gleeful eyes and a wondering happy expression. The big fellow then stuck out his right leg, just like a German soldier doing the goosetstep. The little mite of a girl thereupon stuck out her right leg as if she too were doing the goosetstep. Then the big fellow danced a circle around the blushing woman and the playful child, and again stepped up to the young woman with his arms opened wide and an invitation to fall into them. Again she laughingly retreated. And so the play went on, until they gradually moved out of the range of my vision. I said to myself, 'God bless you!' and 'I'll bet on the man.'

"In my letter to Sister Nellie about our visit to Rocca di Papa and Frascati last Sunday, I forgot to mention a little incident at a cross roads station where we had to change cars. There was a restaurant nearby and we heard the sound of a player piano and Mrs.G. and I stepped over to peek in. What do you suppose we saw? Why, eight young men dancing in pairs and having a high old time. Last week, hearing the sound of voices and laughter, I looked out of my office window and saw a group of girls doing the same thing. Think what a privilege it is to live among a people that can dance, and sing, and have a house full of beautiful babies and children. Purely as a matter of arithmetic, the pure, chaste, superior, sufferingettes, American women, mostly sterile, futile and fatuous, are playing a hopelessly losing game in competition with their beautiful, attractive,

1710-1907

~~feminine~~ Italian sisters. If things do not change it is only a question of time when the prolific, loving and happy Italians will ^{populate and} rule the world.

"Turning to my office window' reminds me that after six months of effort I have at last succeeded in securing an office revolving chair, one of the very few in all Italy. It's a wonder, a comfort, and a joy forever. It can be raised or lowered, it has springs and one can sit upright or lean back comfortably, and it revolves. It is like an American swivel chair, only it has no ball-bearing roller castors underneath, this improvement being beyond the mechanical genius of Europe.

"Yesterday I did a reckless thing. In a shop window I saw a beautiful vase and because of its rare form and color I bought it. It cost about \$5.60 of our money, but I have never seen anything like it! ~~It has a neat iron frame~~ and I was afraid I would never have another opportunity to get one, ~~like it~~. It has a neat iron frame, graceful and unique, entirely hand made, and in it is a ~~glass~~ vase of rich, ruby red glass, that reflects and transmits the light like a jewel, and the whole outfit is graceful, beautiful, and satisfying. The vase is the most beautiful ruby red I ever saw. I am hoping I shall succeed in bringing it home without breakage. I keep a few flowers at the office and in my room all the time to remind me of home and those I love.

"Today, after luncheon, I went to the ladies' hotel and got Mrs. Gray, and a new American lady acquaintance, Miss Abbott of Chicago, and together we crossed the city, out through the gate of St. Paulo, past the pyramid and the Protestant cemetery where Keats and Shelley are buried, to the cathedral of St. Paul, the second largest church in Rome, and thence to the Church of the Three Fountains, built on the site where St. Paul was beheaded in a little valley

1910 - d 1908

surrounded by a grove of beautiful eucalyptus trees. Then back across the city to the Pincio, where we met Mrs. White and her daughter, and had tea and listened to some beautiful violin music. Then to the ladies' hotel where I said good night to all and good bye to Mrs. White and Catherine, who are leaving tomorrow morning for Assisi, Florence, and Paris. They are all lovely people and I wish you might know them.

"How I am longing to get a letter from you. I have had only one, dated January 30. I try to picture you and the children, Rosita, the Pajaros, the Jenkinses, Mrs. Johnston and Miss Abbie, and wonder what you are all doing and how you are getting along, and what has become of the puppies--but no letter from you, and it is a little difficult. And have you heard from Emma, and is the Grange still active, and is the gas flowing, and the coal holding out, and is Otis behaving like a little man, and Thelma like a little lady, and are there any real estate developments, and have you bought a Ford yet, and are you well, and are the good fairies looking after you and the children, or do the little jinxes get in their work, and so on and on, I am kept guessing.

"Love and kisses for all, ariverderci, hasta la vista, au revoir, auf wiedersehen, et cetera.

"Daddy."

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1711. 196

On the 22d I had a visit from old Mr. Hubback who said that he would retire from the Institute in May, visit England, and return in September, after which he would like employment with the census project. Much of the day was spent in scanning an armful of trade journals. After supper Mrs. Gray, Miss Abbott, and I went to a Pirandello^o play at the Vallee Theater, which was a small theater without orchestra. There were only six actors and the play was entitled "Clothing the Naked," and was solemn, allegorical, and ended in tragedy. However, the acting was superb and Sr. Pir^andello^o received an ovation after the performance. He was a short, thick-set man of German appearance. Mrs. Gray knew him quite well because her daughter was employed as his secretary when he visited New York. From Mrs. Abbott I learned that her husband was secretary to Mr. Dawes when he became director of the Budget Bureau in Washington until he died of overwork.

March 23 was springlike and beautiful. Spent most of the day formulating a critical answer to the paper of Prof. ^eBanini. I visited the American Consul to get my income tax return certified. In the early afternoon read Pir^andello^o's play "Clothing the Naked," in Italian.

In the evening I called at the Hotel for Mrs. Gray, who was beautifully gowned, and together we walked across the city to see another Pirandello^o play, "Things Are What They Seem." The acting was exceptionally good and there were many humorous situations. After the play we went to the Arcade Restaurant, where we had cakes and liquors, and listened to good music until after midnight.

The 24th was showery. Dictating memoranda to Miss Broad in the forenoon. I had an engagement to go with Mrs. Gray to a "racket sale" in the afternoon, but received a note from her saying that the weather was so uncertain that she would prefer to cancel the

(1926, March, Rome.)

E-1711.

On the 22d I had a visit from old Mr. Hubbard who said that he would retire from the Institute in May, visit England, and return in September, after which he would like employment with the German project. Much of the day was spent in examining an amount of trade journals. After supper Mrs. Gray, Miss Abbott, and I went to a Pirandello play at the Valle Theater, which was a small theater without orchestra. There were only six actors and the play was entitled "Clothing the Naked," and was solemn, allegorical, and ended in tragedy. However, the acting was superb and Sr. Pirandello received an ovation after the performance. He was a short, thick-set man of German appearance. Mrs. Gray knew him quite well because her daughter was employed as his secretary when he visited New York. From Mrs. Abbott I learned that her husband was secretary to Mr. Dawes when he became director of the Budget Bureau in Washington until he died of overwork.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1712.

1861

engagement, but that she and Mrs. Abbott would stop by the Casetta in later. # Also I found a card from George Bryant giving the Hotel Russie as his address. He was a former field agent of the Bureau of Crop Estimates for Indiana. He was a fine man whom we all liked but upon my return from South America I was told that he was accused of some impropriety, had resigned, and had obtained employment with a brokerage concern in Chicago. At noon I met him at the Russie and we were both glad to see each other. He had changed for the worse and I suspected he had been drinking too heavily. He said that his employment with the brokerage firm took him over the wheat belt of the United States and Canada, that he had been to Argentina and there met Mr. Murray, former assistant chief of our bureau and then employed by another Chicago brokerage firm, and that they returned to the United States together. At Havana on the return trip he received a telegram announcing the sudden death of his wife. He said he saw Mr. Murray frequently and always called upon the old state field agents at every opportunity. I enjoyed my visit with him, not only for the sake of old times but for the latest news he gave me about our former colleagues.

Just at closing time Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Abbot drove up to the Casetta in a carriage. They admired the old Casetta and my office greatly. I called Miss Broad down from her room on the floor above to meet them. Then we walked across to the Pincio and had tea on the terrace. The clouds parted and the sun shone out brightly and gilded the domes of the numerous monuments and cathedrals of Rome that lay spread out before us and we caught a glimpse of the flashing reflection of the sun on the Mediterranean. The violin music was excellent.

After showing the ladies the way to their hotel I went to

(1926, March, Rome.

E-1712.

engagement, but that she and Mrs. Abbott would stop by the Gazette

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nean. The violin music was excellent.
After showing the ladies the way to their hotel I went to

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1713. 1862

my rooms to dress for the evening. I called at the hotel for them and they came down, looking very pretty. Then we were driven to the Ulpia where we had a delicious supper, after which we got desirable seats in the underground chamber over the old ~~finer~~^{original} pavement of the Via Sacra. We had a table in a corner and had coffee and liquers, listened to the delightful music of the Neapolitan stringed band, and watched with interest the faces and actions of other visitors from many parts of the world. At the next table near Mrs. Abbott was a young American who was blissfully drunk. Also his pockets were bulging with bills and in his hand he waved a 1,000 lire note. Mrs. Abbott became greatly concerned about him and wanted me to take him home. I suggested that the young gentleman might resent any interference from me, or even from attractive ladies, and that probably he was quite capable of looking after himself, or thought he was. The ladies seemed to enjoy the evening quite as much as I did. Before leaving I announced that this was the first and only birthday party I had ever had and I could not conceive of a more pleasant one for a man. It was after midnight when I left them at their hotel.

The 25th was a rainy day. Began writing the argument to demonstrate the impracticability of Prof. Benini's scheme. In the forenoon Mr. Bryant called and I took him over the Institute and introduced him to the various officials. Later I took him to the Forum and Capitoline Hill and other places, and we had luncheon together at a restaurant. We separated at the Piazza del Popolo. I walked to the Ristorante Garguilio near the Piazza del Espagna and met Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Abbott. After tea together Mrs. Abbott left us to do some packing in preparation for leaving the next morning. Mrs. Gray and I drove to the Theater Vallees where we saw a remarkable play by Pirandello, "The Six Personages,"

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1714.

196

a mystery play, allegorical, and designed to make one think of the fundamentals of human life. The acting was exceptionally good. After the play was over there was a great demonstration by the audience and Pirandello, dressed in a plain business suit and looking like a small merchant, appeared on the stage and gave a brief synopsis of his theory of life. Having been a professor of philosophy in a university he was perfectly selfpossessed. Then voices began to ~~ring~~^{call} out from the boxes and galleries in pure ringing tones of literary Italian asking questions, pointed questions, questions that showed a clear understanding of the author's philosophy of life, but demanding why this character or that character and the other character were made to do and say this or that in the given situation rather than something else. Pirandello responded promptly, clearly, and adequately. A lady in the audience was especially persistent, until a gentleman in one of the boxes asked permission of Pirandello and the audience to answer her, and in the silence that followed he shouted, "Signora, if you would read such and such a book you would not ask that question, because it is fully answered in that book," which was applauded as if the audience were familiar with the book referred to. This animated series of questions and answers, argument, and reasoning between the audience and Pirendello lasted for more than thirty minutes and was most inspiring. During its progress no one left his seat. I could not imagine such a scene occurring in any American or British theater. It was because of this play, "The Six Personages," that Pirandello was elected to the French Academy.

It was late and rather dark when we left the theater. Mrs. Gray and I walked arm in arm up the Corso to the Ristorante San Carlo where we had a nice supper, and then down to the Arcade where we had coffee, liquers, and listened to the music. At midnight

(1926, March, Rome.

E-1714.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1715.

1864

I left her at the hotel. On the drive out I announced to Mrs. Gray that because of the friendship that had developed between us and ^{because} ~~that~~ she made friends of all whom she met and that to know her was to love her, I proposed thereafter to call her "Regina dei Cuore," (Queen of Hearts). ~~She~~ After a moment's silence she smiled appreciatively and said, "That is a real compliment; no one but a gentleman with imagination would have thought of such a pleasing title."

On the 27th I finished the memorandum on Prof. Benini's paper. Mr. Bryant called and I took him to the San Carlo for luncheon, after which we walked to the Pantheon. I walked back to the Hotel Russie with him and he showed me two felt hats of Italian manufacture he had bought at half the **price** charged for them in the United States. At my rooms Mrs. Scolari came in and reproached me for not being present at a tea party she had given and I had to make excuses

After supper I went to the Hotel Victoria, walking the entire distance through a pouring rain because not a taxi or carriage was to be seen on the streets. The hotel clerk succeeded in getting a carriage and again the Queen of Hearts and I went to the Theater Valleé and saw another Pirandella play, "Henry." Like all his plays this is thought provoking. The acting was excellent and we enjoyed it greatly. Between acts we had coffee in the restaurant attached to the theater. After the performance we walked arm in arm to the Arcade where we spent an hour or more very pleasantly. She was a lovely companion, cheerful and bright, of lovely form and figure, exquisitely gowned, face smiling and eyes twinkling, intelligent, well read and traveled, friendly, ~~and~~ and yet dignified, decorous, and independent--what more agreeable companion could an elderly gentleman ask for. To me she was a lovely picture and a liberal education.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1716.

1965

The next day was cloudy and cool. Dictated a number of memoranda to Miss Broad. Mr. Hobson called for a few minutes. He looked well in a new suit purchased in London but his eyes were badly inflamed from a cold. ^HAfter luncheon I called at the American Express Office, and met Mrs. Gray. Together we inspected some paintings in a nearby art store. The display of flowers at the Piazz^a de Spagna at the foot of the stone stairs that lead up to the church above was especially bright and attractive. Saw a beautiful young Italian lady's face break into smiles and on looking to see who it was that had evoked the smiles I saw her greet and shake hands with a little dried up old gentleman, instead of a bright young cavalier I had expected to see. Also saw a beautiful young couple, the man dressed in navy blue uniform and the girl in white duck. Then the Queen of Hearts and I went to the Facisti headquarters for tickets to a celebration the following day, found them badly crowded, and were informed that the supply of tickets was exhausted. However, we bribed a little boy, who disappeared for a time and later returned triumphantly with two tickets. Taking a carriage we drove to the Coliseo where we expected to hear a concert, but it was so quiet and cold that we decided not to wait, so we drove out past the Baths of Caracala and back to Palatine Hill, which we explored. Among other places we inspected was the old underground prison in which Vercingetorix and the Apostles Paul and Peter were confined and where Paul baptized 47 fellow prisoners. It is a small circular room about twenty feet in diameter, with a ceiling about seven feet high, underneath a church. Above it is another room through the floor of which is a hole about two feet in diameter through which the prisoners were lowered. Underneath it is a spring, the water of which St. Paul used to baptize his friends. To one side is a door opening into the great sewer and

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 friends. To one side is a door opening into the great sewer and

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1717.

into which the bodies of the prisoners that were executed were thrown. To one side is a small depression in the stone said to have been made by the head of St. Peter striking against it. From the prison we walked through narrow alleys swarming with Italian life to a restaurant on the Via Nazionale that had a beautifully decorated dining room on the second floor. Here we had tea and cakes. At a table near us were two beautiful young women wearing the prevailing style of short skirts that afforded an attractive display of two pairs of shapely limbs and silk underwear. They were soon joined by a well dressed young man who sat between them and while conversing with them his finger tips traveled lightly up and down the legs nearest him on either side. I wondered if that light touch of his contributed to the animation and color of the two young women. At any rate, all three seemed to be enjoying themselves. After tea Mrs. Gray and I walked up the Corso and inspected the American Library, which was on the first (second) ~~story~~ floor of an old palace with corridors, rooms, and halls of magnificent proportions. It had a good collection of books and American magazines. We were asked to register by the young man in charge, a remarkably beautiful young man by the name of Venuccio Cellini, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. He said the library was founded about six years previously for the convenience of resident and visiting Americans. Then we continued our walk up the Corso, inspecting the attractive displays of articles in shop windows, until we came to the tramway station where we separated.

(Wife, March 27, ~~blue~~ folder.

(1926, March, Rome.

E-117.

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(Wife, March 27, 1926, Rome Folger.

~~1717-a~~ 1916

"Roma, 27 Marzo, 1926.

Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"Your letter of March 8, with one from Otis but apparently none from Thelma, the D.C. tax assessment, income tax return, and newspaper clippings, came a few days ago. I also had letters from mother and Sister Nellie.

"I am returning the D.C. assessment, which ~~you will notice~~^{ing} amounts to \$11.17, which should be the amount of the bill that will be rendered in May. It seems too bad that we have to pay a tax on Miss Essie when we had her only a few months.

"I also inclose the income tax return for 1925, made out on the wrong blank, but it was the only one the Consul had; and the one you forwarded was wrong also; but I think the return will be accepted. Please forward it with a check for \$16.14, which is the amount I figure the tax to be, to 'The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, U.S. Treasury Department, Baltimore, Maryland.'

"I have had a most busy and interesting week with office and social life. Mrs. White and daughter Catherine, who went about with Mrs. Gray and I all of last week, left early this week for Assisi, Florence, and Paris, where they will spend the summer. They are delightful, refined, and agreeable ladies. A funny thing happened when they called on the Pope. Mrs. White is about as modest a person as you can imagine, dresses in black, is a widow, a mother, and is rather dignified and reserved. She was stopped by an official at the Vatican who made her put a handkerchief about her neck because the top of her black dress came about one inch below her chin. Mrs. Gray and I teased her a good deal because she came all the way from Piqua, Ohio, to vamp the Pope.

"Then for three days after the Whites left Mrs. G. and I went about with a Mrs. Abbott, a young American widow, whose husband was

1717 - 1917

an assistant of Vice President Dawes. She also is a very bright little woman. Since she ^{departed} ~~left~~ Mrs.G. and I have been left to our own resources. We have taken tea together every afternoon (5 p.m.) and been to the theater every night this week, seeing a series of plays by Luigi Pirandello, the leading Italian dramatist. The plays usually begin about 9.30 and end sometime between 12 and 1 a.m. Then we walk to the Arcade Restaurant on the Corso and have tea and cakes, and she to her hotel and I to my rooms about 1.30 a.m. You need have no fear that I am being led astray, because Mrs.G. has white hair and is a grandmother. She is simply a much traveled, highly educated, cultured, exquisitely gowned, bright, witty, attractive, amiable little lady and I have enjoyed her company very much. Her daughter in New York studied dramatics and lived for ^{a time} ~~awhile~~ in Rome, and for awhile was secretary for Pirandello, who is a member of the French Academy. One evening this week Mrs.G. and I met him in the lobby of the theater and had a nice interview with him. He is a very plain, simple looking man who wears a ~~plain~~ business suit and looks like a grocer, but he has been a professor of literature and philosophy in a great university and is the author of some of the most successful plays written in Europe in recent years. He is idolized by the Italian people.

"I confess I did not like the plays very well because they are all somber and tragic. However, the acting is about the best I have seen, because acting is the normal life and expression of all Italians, and one can see the very finest acting on the streets and in the restaurants of Rome any hour of the day. They express themselves not only in speech, but in ~~the expression of~~ their eyes, their faces, and especially with their hands and bodies, quite naturally, with a great deal of spirit, movement, and animation, and with absolutely no restraint of diffidence or selfconsciousness.

~~177--0~~ 1918

"After every act Pirandello was given a great ovation. One evening this week, after the play was over, the audience made such an uproar and continued their clamor and shouting so long that Pirandello gave them a fine address in which he explained some of his theories of life and of its expression in the drama. This lasted for perhaps fifteen minutes and was much applauded. Then came an act not on the program. Men and women in the audience began to call out questions, in clear, resonant, musical, rapid Italian, and Pirandello gave them an equally prompt, clear, beautiful answer. The questions were all intelligent and related to the play and to his theory of life and philosophy. There was the greatest animation, good humor, and display of intelligence and enthusiasm imaginable, so that it was like a lot of young people having a good time. This lasted for half an hour or more. And how excited they got. A question was asked by a man on one side of the theater, and instantly a ringing voice called out across from the other side, 'Let me answer him, Oh, let me answer him.' And when a lady got just a little bit insistent, another man's voice rang out 'Why don't you read so and so--if you read that book you won't have to ask such questions.' Curiously enough, I had no difficulty in understanding the dialogue in the play or in the debate that followed, but was able to enjoy it all.

"The price of tickets to the Valle Theater, one of the best in Rome, to see these plays, among the best in Europe, by a company of actors as good as any in the world, was about 80 cents of our money, and we had the best seats down near the front where we could hear every word. Theaters here have no orchestras. A very prominent object in the center front of the stage is a box under which the prompter sits and reads rapidly in a droning voice the entire play. The theater has a cafe attached and the audience goes out between acts

to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes. Only the British and Americans wear dress suits.

"Next week is Holy Week and we plan to see as many of the ceremonies as possible. Oh, how I wish you might be here to go about with us.

"Thanks for the newspaper clippings. It has rained every day this week, but the trees are leaving out, the wistaria is beginning to bloom, and it looks as if spring is here.

"With much love to all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, March Rome

E--1718.

1967

Sunday, the 28th, was a cler^a, bright, fiesta day. By appointment I met Mrs. Gray at the Plaza^z de Espagna, where we took a tram car for St. Peter's. Many pilgrims were walking. In the great plaza in front of St. Peter's were many thousands of people carrying bleached palms and olive branches in their hands. Within the enormous structure were other thousands massed in a dense throng up toward the front and services were under way. We rented two stools and were able to get near enough to see something of the ceremonies. There were several large ~~amxx~~ choirs, including the Cistine Choir of male voices, whose singing was impressive and beautiful. There was a procession of priests and cardinals in gorgeous robes and raiment and bearing aloft palm leaves. Then followed high mass and singing. Most of the vast audience was standing or kneeling and from time to time individuals shifted their position. Taking advantage of these opportunities Mrs. Gray and I gradually worked our way up to the front from which point of vantage we had a better view and were able to sit on our stools. The ceremonies lasted from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m..

In the audience I noted three negroes. It was made up mainly of two classes of people, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, rough looking and refined. Near me was a bright little girl with a solemn face. Our eyes met. I smiled at her and her face instantly broke into smiles. The second time she looked around I handed her the olive branch I was carrying and she took it with a nod and bright shining eyes. Later I was told that if an olive branch is hung over one's bed at night it will bring good luck.

After the services were over we went to the Hotel Victoria and had a nice luncheon. After luncheon we rode part way and walked the rest of the way to the Plaza^z del Popolo and watched regiment after regiment of Fascisti march by.

(1926, March Rome)

E-1718.

Sunday, the 28th, was a clear, bright, festive day. By appointment I met Mrs. Gray at the Piazza de Spagna, where we took a tram car for St. Peter's. Many pilgrims were walking in the great plaza in front of St. Peter's were many thousands of people carrying placards and palms and olive branches in their hands. Within the enormous structure were other thousands massed in a dense throng up toward the front and services were under way. We rented two stools and were able to get near enough to see something of the ceremonies. There were several large glee choirs, including the Vatican Choir of male voices, whose singing was impressive and beautiful. There was a procession of priests and cardinals in gorgeous robes and raiment and bearing aloft palm leaves. Then followed high mass and singing. Most of the vast audience was standing or kneeling and from time to time individuals shifted their position. Taking advantage of these opportunities Mrs. Gray and I gradually worked our way up to the front from which point of vantage we had a better view and were able to sit on our stools. The ceremonies lasted

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After the services were over we went to the Hotel Victoria and had a nice luncheon. After luncheon we rode part way and walked the rest of the way to the Piazza del Popolo and watched regiment after regiment of Fascist march by.

(1926, March, Rome.

E--1719.

1967

After much waiting we succeeded in getting standing room on a tram bound for the ^{hip}~~hyp~~podrome on the outskirts of the city. Half way out the car stopped at the end of a line of about thirty cars ahead of it, and all the passengers had to get out and walk about ~~an~~ mile over a dusty road. Our tickets admitted us to the inclosure, but we found the entrance to the race track and to the grand stand completely blocked by a dense and impenetrable crowd so that it was impossible to force our way in. After a long wait we walked back to the main entrance and from there made our ~~a~~ way around the crowd so that we could get a view of the ~~h~~ⁱpodrome and sit on a strip of grass. A highpower automobile bearing Mussolini and surrounded by ecstatic crowds passed near ~~y~~ us. He was a rather heavy man, with head, neck, and shoulders like a pugilist, but with a very earnest determined look on his face. After his speech, which we could barely hear, was over we were fortunate enough to catch a bus that took us back to the Piazza del Popolo. We had tea in the garden back of the Hotel Russie and listened to some lively dance music.

About 6.30 I took Mrs. Gray to her hotel. I had difficulty in getting across the Corso because of the interminable march of regiments of Facisti. After a light supper I changed to evening dress and again called at the Victoria Hotel. The Queen of Hearts wore a stunning gown of orange red with black embroidery and beads and a seal skin coat. At the Theater Vallee we saw Pirandello's play "One and Two," which is a story of a man who left his wife and son for fourteen years and on his return found her living contentedly with another man and the mother of two children by him. Naturally, there was consternation all round, until the husband declared he had no intention of disturbing established relations but simply wanted to see his wife and son again. \ When he

After much waiting we succeeded in getting standing room on a train bound for the Hippodrome on the outskirts of the city. Half way out the car stopped at the end of a line of about thirty cars ahead of it, and all the passengers had to get out and walk about six miles over a dusty road. Our tickets admitted us to the inclosure, but we found the entrance to the race track and to the grand stand completely blocked by a dense and impenetrable crowd so that it was impossible to force our way in. After a long wait we walked back to the main entrance and from there made our way around the crowd so that we could get a view of the Hippodrome and sit on a strip of grass. A highpower automobile bearing Mussolini and surrounded by ecstatic crowds passed near us. He was a rather heavy man, with head, neck, and shoulders like a pugilist, but with a very earnest determined look on his face. After his speech, which we could barely hear, was over we were fortunate enough to catch a bus that took us back to the Piazza del Popolo. We had tea in the garden back of the Hotel Russe and listened to some lively dance music.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1720.

1869

left the son decided to go with him. Then the wife decided to visit her husband and son for a week. When she returned her paramour turned against her, as well as many of her former friends. Then she decided that she could not live with either man. The acting was especially good. After the play was over there was the usual enthusiastic ovation to the author.

Mrs. Gray and I walked arm in arm to the Ristorante Biffi in the Arcade, where she had tea and cakes and I had a whiskey and soda, and together we listened to the music and scanned the faces of the patrons. While there Pirandella^o and his leading lady came in and sat at a table near ours. The Queen of Hearts was a delightful companion, animated but decorous, witty, but warm hearted and charitable in her comments on life as we saw it passing before our eyes, visibly enjoying herself ~~hmm~~ as an object of admiration because of her beauty, her exquisite gowns, and her harmonious pose, but commanding universal respect and deference because of ~~her bearing~~ her modest and assured bearing.

The relationship between us was curious and yet perfectly natural. Our liking for each other and friendship had developed rapidly to an intimate stage of mutuality that I had not deemed possible. ^dAnd yet we were both middle aged; she was a ^{widow} ~~widow~~ and I was married to and loved an absent wife; both of us had grown up under a puritanical regime and with puritanical ancestors and traditions; both loved beauty, had read widely, traveled extensively, and had outgrown some of our puritanical traditions, but those traditions still had their influence; both enjoyed each other's society and appreciated the life about us, so different from anything in the United States; and yet, between us, there was never a word or a suggestion that my wife or the purest ~~pi~~ puritanical purist could criticise or take exception to. We had

1926, March, Rome.

1926-1927

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The relationship between us was curious and yet perfectly natural. Our liking for each other and friendship had developed rapidly to an intimate stage of mutual sympathy that I had not deemed possible. And yet we were both middle aged; she was a ~~widow~~ ^{widow} and I was married to and loved an absent wife; both of us had grown up under a puritanical regime and with puritanical ancestors and traditions; both loved beauty, had read widely, traveled extensively, and had outgrown some of our puritanical traditions, but those traditions still had their influence; both enjoyed each other's society and appreciated the life about us, so different from anything in the United States; and yet, between us, there was never a word or a suggestion that my wife or the priest or puritanical priest could criticize or take exception to. We had

(1926, March, Rome.

E-1721. K70

in the short space of a few weeks ~~we~~ simply become very close, very congenial, and very warm and dear friends. To me it was a very precious experience and I tried to make the most of it, because I knew it could not last.

From the restaurant we walked arm in arm ~~to~~ through the deserted streets to the Piazza^z and great Fountain Tritona where streams of water gush out over rocks like a mountain brook, and in the great pool we each threw a penny to insure our future return to Rome; and nearby I found a decrepit horse and carriage and a driver sound asleep. We were driven slowly up the steep hill under a flood of moonlight, in a deserted street and between houses sound asleep, and reached the entrance to her hotel at 1.30 a.m. The great iron grill before the entrance was locked. I rang the bell, and the porter, who must have been sound asleep, was slow in responding. While waiting I said, "Queen of Hearts, don't worry. If the hotel is closed for the night ^{and} if this gate is not opened I shall take ~~to~~ you to my rooms where you will be comfortable and I will find lodging elsewhere. In the morning everything will be explained and arranged." We joked about it until the sleepy porter put in appearance. It would have been a great satisfaction to have kissed her good night, ~~to~~ and perhaps she would have taken it as a natural expression of friendship, but between us was habitual convention and traditional puritanical tradition.

Monday, the 29th was a lovely spring day. Read the Process-Verbal of the Institute. Received a memorandum from Dr. Schoenfelt of Washington regarding methods of estimating meat production and consumption in Germany. It was in English and I made a shorthand copy of it for my own use and sent the original to Mr. Dore to be translated into French. The time of meeting of the General Assembly had been set forward from June to April and I began draft-

(1926, March, Rome, Italy)

1926-1927

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From the restaurant we walked arm in arm through the deserted streets to the Piazza and great Fountain Tritone where streams of water gush out over rocks like a mountain brook, and in the great pool we each threw a penny to insure our future return to Rome; and nearly I found a decrepit horse and carriage and a driver sound asleep. We were given slowly up the steep hill under a flood of moonlight, in a deserted street and between houses sound asleep, and reached the entrance to her hotel at 1.30 a.m. The great iron grill before the entrance was locked. I rang the bell, and the porter, who must have been sound asleep, was slow in responding. While waiting I said, "Queen of Hearts, don't worry. If the hotel is closed for the night, if this gate is not opened I shall take you to my rooms where you will be comfortable, and I will find lodging elsewhere. In the morning everything will be explained and arranged." We joked about it until the sleepy porter put in appearance. It would have been a great satisfaction to have kissed her good night, and perhaps she would have taken it as a natural expression of friendship, but between us was habitual convention and traditional political tradition. Monday, the 29th was a lovely spring day. Read the Proceedings of the Institute. Received a memorandum from Dr. Schoenfeld of Washington regarding methods of estimating meat production and consumption in Germany. It was in English and I made a short-hand copy of it for my own use and sent the original to Mr. Dore to be translated into French. The time of meeting of the General Assembly had been set forward from June to April and I began draft-

1926, March, Rome.

E--1722. 1871

1926
delegates

ing remarks for the ~~opening~~ meeting of the statistical delegates who were to assemble a few days before the opening of the General Assembly. Took luncheon with Mr. Hobson at the San Carlo and discussed the coming meeting of the Assembly. From him I learned that Dr. Pearson, former assistant Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. R.A. Oakley, assistant chief of forage crop investigations; Dr. ^{ine} Stern of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics; were designated as official delegates, and that Dr. Schoenfelt, agricultural commissioner at Berlin, and Mr. Foley, agricultural commissioner at London, would be present. As these were all old personal friends of mine I was glad to hear of their appointment and looked forward to meeting them.

In the evening I took the Queen of Hearts to the Ristorante de Cesare, where we had a nice supper, wine, music, dancing, and a most delightful evening together. This time she wore a beautiful evening gown of green chiffon ornamented with beads of jade, a beautiful lace shawl which she said was an heirloom from her grandmother, all of which set off her smiling face, pink cheeks, laughing eyes, ~~and~~ white hair, and shapely figure. She was a vivid, living, impersonation of a colonial dame such as one sees portrayed in old paintings. It was 1 a.m. when I left her at the hotel. On the trip across the city to my rooms I passed two pretty young women who smiled and beckoned to me, but very virtuously I smiled in return, ~~and~~ waved my hand, and passed on.

In the morning I had notice that Madam Agresti's husband had died and the funeral was to be held in the afternoon, but as my connection and acquaintance with the family was slight I felt under no obligation to attend.

The 30th was warm and springlike. I dictated a number of official letters. Late in the afternoon I walked through Borghese

ing remarks for the opening meeting of the statistical delegates who were to assemble a few days before the opening of the General Assembly. Took luncheon with Mr. Hobson at the San Carlo and discussed the coming meeting of the Assembly. From him I learned that Dr. Pearson, former assistant Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. R.A. Colley, assistant chief of foreign crop investigations; Dr. State of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics; were designated as official delegates, and that Dr. Schoenfeldt, agricultural commissioner at Berlin, and Mr. Foley, agricultural commissioner at London, would be present. As these were all old personal friends of mine I was glad to hear of their appointment and looked forward to meeting them.

In the evening I took the Queen of Hearts to the Ristorante de Cesare, where we had a nice supper, wine, music, dancing, and a most delightful evening together. This time she wore a beautiful evening gown of green chiffon ornamented with beads of jade, a beautiful lace shawl which she said was an heirloom from her grandmother, all of which set off her smiling face, pink cheeks, laughing eyes, snowwhite hair, and shapely figure. She was a vivid, living, impersonation of a colonial dame such as one sees portrayed in old paintings. It was 1 a.m. when I left her at the hotel. On the trip across the city to my room I passed two pretty young women who smiled and beckoned to me, but very virtuously I smiled in return, and waved my hand, and passed on.

In the morning I had notice that Madam Agresti's husband had died and the funeral was to be held in the afternoon, but as my connection and acquaintance with the family was slight I felt under no obligation to attend.

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(1926, March, Rome.

E--1723. 1872

Park to the restaurant pavilion where I was joined by Mrs. Gray, two young ladies, one from Washington, D.C., and the other from Maryland. After having tea and showing them some of my photographs we walked to the Piazza del Popolo and then to the Piazza de Spagna where we separated.

The next day I prepared a memorandum regarding the proposed lexicon of agricultural terms for the census. Mr. Hobson dictated letters to Miss Broad in order to catch up with his belated correspondence. During the forenoon Mr. George Bryant called. He had been to Naples and was ill while there. I took him over to see Mr. Hobson at noon and the three of us had luncheon at the Ulpia. Mr. Bryant remained with me until about three o'clock when he said good by to leave for Milan. That was the last time I saw him alive. After he left I walked across to the hotel and Mrs. Gray and I were driven to the cathedral Santa Maggiore. There was some sort of a celebration or ceremony to take place that she had heard of and wished to see. We went inside and walked about the beautiful edifice and then sat down on a bench until a functionary came to us and asked for tickets. When I asked where tickets might be obtained he said they were all sold. He conducted us to another part of the church, but soon after he left a priest came up and ordered us outside the inclosed space in a very surley tone. I stepped outside and down the street purchased two folding camp stools. With these we got close up to the railing that separated seats from standing room and we sat through a three hour service. There were two cardinals present and about sixty performing priests, most of whom joined in chants, in lighting candles, in processions, in bowing, genuflexions and other calisthenic exercises. Both the Tenebrae and the Miserrere were sung with fine effect, some of the voices thrilling and trailing off like voices of angels disappear-

(1926, March, Rome.

H--1725.

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(1926, March, Rome,

1724. 1873

ing in the distance. It was a spectacular service in a spectacular cathedral with lovely singing. After the service was over I returned the camp chairs to the dealer and got a rebate on them. We then walked to the oldest church in Rome, a church that was built on the site of the house in which St. Peter and St. Paul were entertained. ~~Then~~^{Next} we walked to the church of the Veniculum (?) and found it closed. Then we walked to the Forum and to a restaurant on the Piazza Venezia, from which a carriage took us to the photographers to get prints of the photographs I had made the previous day of a statue of Pan for the Queen of Hearts. It turned out to be entirely satisfactory. We had supper at the San Carlo and then spent the evening at the Ristorante Biffi in the Arcade.

The first of April saw the trees in the park greening up with spring foliage. Dictated some memoranda, took luncheon with Mr. Hodgson, and accompanied him to the Hotel Flora to engage rooms for visiting members of the American Legion. On the way back we met the Secretary General who failed to give any sign of recognition.

In the afternoon I met Mrs. Gray at the office of the American Express where she was looking through a batch of letters from the homeland. Then we drove across to St. Peter's. She stopped on the great portico to finish reading some of her letters. Then we went inside. She had procured tickets which admitted us to the inclosed space with seats up ~~g~~ front and we were very comfortable. The performance began at 4.15 p.m. and lasted for three hours. There was much maneuvering, parading, bowing and scraping, criss-crossing, chanting and singing. The singing by a large choir of boys was especially good. In the large chorus of men was one with a contralto voice. The priests came in without any apparent order and took their places in a most perfunctory and indifferent

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1725.

1874

manner. They took turns descending to an open space and chanting passages from the bible, with responses from others. This exercise was followed by a chant by the priests and a song by the choir. Cardinal Vallee was the principal figure. All the priests, of which there seemed to be several hundred, wore lawn shirts over purple or black gowns. Then followed a ceremony of lighting candles, fifteen in one place to represent the Apostles and Christ, and at intervals a priest would extinguish one of them. At the close of this performance the priests filed out in procession and with big dusters or mops proceeded to clean the great altar. Then the electric lights were turned on and the great church was brilliantly ~~light~~ illuminated. Next, high up on a little balcony a priest exhibited a bejewelled box which was said to contain certain very holy relics, such as a piece of the true cross. After the ceremonies were over we strolled out slowly with the great throng and down into the open plaza in front of St. Peter's, where we took a tram car to the Piazza Venet^zio. *There* we got a taxi to take us to the Victoria Hotel.

April 2. Another springlike day. I spent the forenoon dictating letters and checking up statistical data for different countries.

About 3.30 I joined Mrs. Gray and we drove to the St. John Lateran Cathedral. En route we stopped to again inspect the Santa Maria Maggiore cathedral, and the old church near by that was constructed A.D. 142. We entered and heard a beautiful sermon in Italian. . We saw a portion of a marble pillar to which it was said Christ was bound when he was scourged. Then to another church near St. John Lateran. The walls and ceilings were entirely covered with paintings. The bronze doors on one side of a chapel gave out musical sounds when opened and closed. Near the central chapel was

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1726.

1975

an excavation in which could be seen a portion of the old palace over ~~from~~ which the church was built, showing a mosaic floor and a marble bath. In St. John's we found service in progress and enjoyed looking at the beautiful paintings and statuary with which it is adorned. Crossing a vacant square we entered another church with the sacred stairs that are said to have been brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem on which Christ is supposed to have ascended and descended. The stairway was crowded with people ascending on their knees, and doing it very awkwardly, with another crowd below waiting for their turn. It looked like a lot of bees swarming up a plank. It is said that those making the ascent of the sacred stairs in this manner are granted a thousand years of relief from purgatory. At the foot of the stairs was a marble statue showing Judas kissing Christ. Another impressive statue represents Christ weeping. Next we drove to Santa Croce in Jerusalem, which is a small church. We entered and followed the audience in slow procession to the railing around the altar. In the center was a tomb completely covered with paintings depicting the fainting of Christ. The Tenebra and Miserrere were being chanted in a chapel to one side and the singers were not visible to the main audience. After the singing a procession bearing a wooden cross marched around the altar. Then sacred relics were displayed from a little balcony high up to one side, one being another piece of the true cross, and the audience joined in a procession singing "Viva la Croce," "La Croce Eviva," with a great deal of emotional feeling. The performance ended about 5.30 p.m.

We crossed the city to the Pincio where we had tea, listened to some lovely violin music, watched a beautiful sunset and saw the lights appear in all the streets of Rome. The Queen of

(1926, April, Rome.

E-1726.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1727.

1876

Hearts seemed to be enjoying herself and was especially entertaining. We sat on the terrace until the place was nearly deserted and the lights were turned out on us. Then we walked arm in arm down the steep steps to the Piazza^z del Popolo and along the Via Barberini and Mrs. Gray did some shopping in the art stores. Then down a narrow cross street to the Corso, stoped^p at the photographer's, and on to the Ristorane Biffi for some ice cream, cakes, and coffee, listening to the music and watching the crowds surge by. The Queen of Hearts talked a steady stream and was quite charming in a purple gown, a hat trimmed to match, and a string of beautiful pearls. She told me all about her daughter and the "Crown Prince," her grandchild. We had a most agreeable evening together--the end of a perfect day.

Saturday, April 3, was the first hot day of the season and one could almost see the new leaves on the trees expand and unfurl. I spent the forenoon sorting and arranging papers. I walked to the American Express to deposit my salary check and found it crowded with Americans. After luncheon I returned and fell in line. It took 35 minutes by the clock to reach the cashier's window.

I called at the hotel and for the first time was kept waiting for the appearance of Mrs. Gray. She explained that she was packing for a trip to Assisi. We took a carriage and drove through the Borghese Park, through the Flaminian Gate and the Piazza^z del Popolo, across the Tiber, past the Castelo de San Angelo, St. Peter's, and along the Tiber^b for a short distance, up the Janiculum Hill, and on to the entrance of the Villa Doria to which the Queen of Hearts had tickets of admission. We drove through a beautiful avenue of trees bordered on either side by grassy meadows dotted with daisies and buttercups, passed

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E--1727.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1728.

1977

through an ornamental portal into another avenue which led out through beautiful green meadows and open groves. The meadows were covered with daisies, some small and white and others large and purple. Much of the shrubbery was in bloom. The mansion was covered with magnificent wisteria in full bloom. There were several mansions, one of them surrounded by formal gardens. At one point was a beautiful lake across which one could see vistas of meadows and groves and a brook with cascades. A striking feature of the landscape as we saw it was a group of priests clad in scarlet robes that fluttered in the breeze coming slowly down one of the avenues. At the lake we took snap shots of each other with my pocketkodak. It was a lovely afternoon and we enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Then we drove back to the top of Janiculum Hill and had a wonderful view of Rome across the Tiber, clearcut and dazzling in the bright sunlight, and in the opposite direction an expanse of green country, groves of stately pine trees, and in the distance the hazy blue of mountains against the sky line.

On returning to the hotel we found a young Italian gentleman, a former acquaintance of Mrs. Gray and her daughter, waiting. Together we walked to the pavilion in Borghese Park and had tea. The young Italian was a professor and talked enthusiastically and in beautiful Italian of Mussolini and the Facist regime. He regarded the regime not as a political empire but as a renovation and rejuvenation of Italy, an empire of intellectual activity and supremacy.

I returned to my rooms to change to "smoking." As I came out the landlady was waiting to give the lock a double turn and we walked down stairs together and out on the street. Finding that she was bound for the postoffice I called a taxi and left her at

(1926, April, Rome.

E-1728.

1926

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1729.

1978

her destination. Then to the Hotel Victoria for the Queen of Hearts. She came down a vision of loveliness in a pink gown and ~~shawl~~ shawl to match. We stopped at a florists for some flowers and then to the Ristorante Ulpia. Here we had a delicious supper and in honor of the occasion a bottle of champagne, and then to the subterranean Via Sacra room for coffee, liquers, and music. The place was crowded and late comers had difficulty in finding seats. The music of the stringed orchestra was exceptionally good--in anticipation of liberal tips. Most of the men were dressed in "smoking" and the ladies in evenings gowns. After a delightful evening together, our last, we drove in a carriage to her hotel where we separated for the night. I was back in my rooms at 11.30 p.m.

Sunday, April 4, was a lovely spring day. At 8.30 I drove to the railway station and bought tickets to Orvieto, a little hill town about 80 miles north of Rome, a place I had never heard of. The Queen of Hearts soon joined me and we had a compartment all to ourselves. For the first time she permitted me to slip my arm about her waist, and we sat in this fashion, admiring the scenery, the broken country, the rounded hills, the mountains, the cultivated fields, the vineyards, the picturesque hill towns, the tender green of the new foliage, the huts of the peasants, the old houses, and the glimpses we caught of peasant life. We reached Orvieto at 11.45.

Orvieto is an old hill town of about 8,000 inhabitants on top of a small plateau more than 1,000 feet above sea level and surrounded on all sides by precipitous, and in some places perpendicular, cliffs several hundred feet high. The level of the town is reached from the railway station by a cable tram. We first inspected the municipal gardens within the walls of an old fortress. Within the walls is an old amphitheater. From the garden and

(1926, April, Rome.

B-1729.

177

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1730. 1979

promenade around the old fortress walls one had a magnificent view of the valley below, that looked just like a garden, and the semi-barren hills and mountains beyond. We walked through the town to the cathedral built in 1475 and finished in 1913. It is an enormous structure, the facade of which is made up checkerboard fashion by alternating blocks of black and white marble. The whole front of the building is covered with mosaics representing scenes from biblical history. The towers and columns at the corners are of marble and look like trees that have grown in place. The building is covered with innumerable bas-reliefs. Inside the building is as long as a city block and perhaps a hundred feet or more in width. The numerous altars are interesting and the ceilings are decorated with paintings representative of the art prevailing four or five centuries ago. The outstanding feature of the cathedral, however, is the enormous amount of mosaic work.

After inspecting the cathedral we found a small restaurant where we had a nice luncheon and a bottle of the white wine of Orvieto, which to me is the finest wine made in all Italy. Then we wandered arm in arm about the town like two children, viewing with interest the old buildings, the people on the streets, the donkeys, the vendors, and the landscape.

As train time approached we both fell silent. We had wandered back to the cathedral and sat down to rest on a marble step opposite. I slipped my arm about her waist. She slightly withdrew and said "Please; it should not be." "It shall not be," I replied, "if it is not entirely agreeable to the Queen of Hearts." But I felt a little hurt at the slight repulse. So we sat in silence, a little apart, watching the colors change on the ornate front of the cathedral. Just before train time I reached

(1926, April, Rome.

W-1730.

1917

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(1926, April, Orvieto.

~~E--1731.~~ 1483 1490

for her hand, which she did not withhold, and said: "My dear Regina dei Cuore. Silence is golden, but sometimes it is inadequate. ~~We~~ Our friendship has been so fine, so lovely, and so precious, that I would not ~~say a word to~~ mar the memory of it, by a single word or deed, but we are about to part and it may be that we shall never meet again. If so it be, before we part I want ~~to~~ you to know that our friendship has been a beautiful thing, like a flower that blooms in favoring sunshine, and I am sure the memory of that flower will be with me through life. May all the good little fairies attend you and make all your wishes come true." Then I raised her hand to my lips and kissed it, took off my hat and bowed to her. She pressed my hand and with a peculiar smile said "What a cavalier you would have made; you should have lived a century ago," which was rather enigmatic and susceptible of various interpretations.

It was time to go. We walked leisurely to the railway station and had a compartment to ourselves on the train that left at 5.~~4~~ p.m. We sat side by side, shoulder to shoulder, but in silence. She asked if I could not come to see her at Assi/si. I said I would be glad to, but it would have to depend on the course and progress of my work. I thanked her for the pleasure she had given me the past few weeks and asked her to write, and she promised. Then Orto, the ~~junction~~^{junction} point where she was to change cars, was announced and I helped her off with her hand luggage. The stop was short and she had barely time to dismount when the train started. I put my head out of the window and waved my hand to her and she answered with a wave of her hand. She stood on the platform all alone, ~~and~~ very small, ~~and~~^a rather forlorn looking figure, and I fancied there were tears in her eyes. How small and pathetic she looked to me and how my heart strings pulled as the

(1926, April, Orvieto.

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dicate. Our friendship has been so fine, so lovely, and so
precious, that I would not say a word to mar the memory of it
by a single word or deed, but we are about to part and it may
be that we shall never meet again. If so it be, before we part I

want you to know that our friendship has been a beautiful
thing, like a flower that blooms in favoring sunshine, and I am
sure the memory of that flower will be with me through life. May
all the good little fairies attend you and make all your wishes
come true." Then I raised her hand to my lips and kissed it,
took off my hat and bowed to her. She pressed my hand and with
a peculiar smile said "What a cavalier you would have made; you
should have lived a century ago," which was rather enigmatic and
unacceptable of various interpretations.

It was time to go. We walked leisurely to the railway sta-
tion and had a compartment to ourselves on the train that left
at 5 p.m. We sat side by side, shoulder to shoulder, but in sil-
lence. She asked if I could not come to see her at Assisi. I
said I would be glad to, but it would have to depend on the course
and progress of my work. I thanked her for the pleasure she had
given me the past few weeks and asked her to write, and she prom-
ised. Then Otto, the station point where she was to change
cars, was announced and I helped her off with her hand luggage.
The stop was short and she had barely time to disembark when the
train started. I put my head out of the window and waved my hand
to her and she answered with a wave of her hand. She stood on the
platform all alone, and very small, rather forlorn looking fig-
ure, and I fancied there were tears in her eyes. How small and
pathetic she looked to me and how my heart strings pulled as the

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1732.

1491

train bore me away. On the lonely ride back to Rome I reviewed the pleasant social experience I had had with Mrs. Gray ~~since~~ in the weeks that had elapsed since we first met on the steamer, an experience wholly new to me. I realized that this experience had interrupted my habits of reading and writing evenings, that I had spent more for amusement and entertainment than was my custom, ~~and~~ that this extra expense was incurred in company with a woman other than my wife, and that I was more attached to that other woman, the little Queen of Hearts, than I had supposed possible. Perhaps, after all, the separation at this time was fortunate; otherwise there might be unpleasant complications later. And so I became more philosophic as I thought the matter over and determined to think of this social adventure as a bright spot in my life and something to remember without regrets. And so it was and has been.

April 5th was a springlike day and a fiesta day in Rome, as I discovered on going to the office. I felt rather tired and depressed and, returning to my rooms, I slept most of the day, and wrote some letters in the evening.

(Mother, April 5, ~~blue~~ folder.

(1926, April, Rome.

E-1752.

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(Mother, April 5, Blue folder.

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1733.

1987

The 6th was a clear and cold and because there was no heat in the office I spent a day of discomfort. Had luncheon with Mr. Hobson, who said the American delegation to the General Assembly meeting would be a large one.

The 7th was also so cool that I had the heating plant at the office started. Several visitors called. Lunched with Mr. Hobson. On the way to the restaurant we learned that another attempt on the life of Mussolini had been made and there was evidence of great excitement on the streets. Looking up an alley we saw a mob of students sacking the office of an editor. Pieces of ~~box~~ broken furniture and armfuls of papers were being thrown out of a window into the alley below. After luncheon the streets were full of marching troops along with mobs of boys and young men. We were stopped several times and told to remove our hats ^{we} whenever the Italian flag came into sight, which we did promptly rather than have trouble. For some months thereafter this custom of making foreigners salute the Italian colors continued and was a great nuisance and very annoying because the streets were rarely free of marching soldiers carrying flags and banners. I adopted the plan of turning into a side street as soon as I saw soldiers coming, and frequently when I did so encountered other troops on parallel streets and alleys.

At 5 p.m. I had an interview with the Secretary General and Mr. Dore regarding certain memoranda relating to the census project I had prepared for consideration of the committee of statistical delegates that was to meet ~~in~~ a few days before the General Assembly, copied^s of which I had sent to them for their information. The Secretary General announced gravely that my memoranda could not be submitted to the committee because they had not been acted upon by the Institute. I listened patiently while this an-

(1936, April, Rome.

E-1737.

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The 7th was also so cool that I had the heating plant at the office started. Several visitors called. Lunched with Mr. Hobson. On the way to the restaurant we learned that another attempt on the life of Mussolini had been made and there was evidence of great excitement on the streets. Looking up an alley we saw a mob of students seeking the office of an editor. Pieces of broken furniture and armfuls of papers were being thrown out of a window into the alley below. After luncheon the streets were full of marching troops along with mobs of boys and young men. We were stopped several times and told to remove our hats whenever the Italian flag came into sight, which we did promptly rather than have trouble. For some months thereafter this custom of making foreigners salute the Italian colors continued and was a great nuisance and very annoying because the streets were rarely free of marching soldiers carrying flags and banners. I adopted the plan of turning into a side street as soon as I saw soldiers coming, and frequently when I did so encountered other troops on parallel streets and alleys.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1734.

1493

nouncement was being made so solemnly and when it was finished I simply smiled and sat silent. The Secretary General asked if I understood clearly what he had said. I said "Yes, that is why I am smiling." "Have you nothing to say," he asked. "Only this," I replied, "both you and Mr.Dore made a serious mistake in interfering with the census project during my absence last December; you are making even a greater mistake now; the memoranda that I prepared, that you disregarded, and that you now say shall not be submitted to the international committee of statistical delegates will, of course, be submitted by me or by the American Delegation. Is that perfectly clear? Will it help your cause and your status if the American Delegation, backed by the British Delegation informs the General Assembly in open meeting that you have interfered with the progress of the census project and have mutilated and attempted to suppress material prepared by a specialist employed by the Permanent Committee of this Institute? Do you clearly understand the position in which you are placing yourselves before the General Assembly, the supreme legislative body of the Institute?" And again I smiled. The Secretary General looked at Mr.Dore, and Mr.Dore looked at him several times. Seeing their hesitation I took advantage of the opportunity to tell them that the packed committee that met early in February was in no sense either international or representative and for all practical purposes was a complete failure, but that the next committee would be composed of official delegates from many countries, all experienced statisticians and familiar with practical conditions and limitations of methods and costs, and with full authority in General Assembly to prescribe what the officials of this Institute will be expected to do. Seeing them remain silent, I stood up and said, "I hold no grudges against any one who fails to coop-

(1926, April, Rome.

2-1734.

nomination was being made so solemnly and when it was finished I simply smiled and sat silent. The Secretary General asked if I understood clearly what he had said. I said "Yes, that is why I am smiling." "Have you nothing to say," he asked. "Only this," I replied, "both you and Mr. Dore made a serious mistake in interfering with the census project during my absence last December; you are making even a greater mistake now; the memoranda that I prepared, that you disregarded, and that you now say shall not be submitted to the international committee of statistical delegates will, of course, be submitted by me or by the American Delegation. Is that perfectly clear? Will it help your cause and your status in the American Delegation, backed by the British Delegation informs the General Assembly in open meeting that you have interfered with the progress of the census project and have mutilated and attempted to suppress material prepared by a specialist employed by the Permanent Committee of this Institute? Do you clearly understand the position in which you are placing yourselves before the General Assembly, the supreme legislative body of the Institute?" And again I smiled. The Secretary General looked at Mr. Dore, and Mr. Dore looked at him several times. Seeing their hesitation I took advantage of the opportunity to tell them that the packed committee that met early in February was in no sense either international or representative and for all practical purposes was a complete failure, but that the next committee would be composed of official delegates from many countries, all experienced statisticians and familiar with practical conditions and limitations of methods and costs, and with full authority in General Assembly to prescribe what the officials of this Institute will be expected to do. Seeing them remain silent, I stood up and said, "I hold no grudges against any one who fails to coop-

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1735. 1994

erate, even where I have a right to expect cooperation; I simply think you have made a serious mistake; you will either have to minimize those mistakes or suffer the consequences; I fully expect the census program to be approved by the General Assembly about as I prepared it, and that nothing you have done or can do will make any material difference. You probably want to think this over and decide upon a course of action. I have other things to do and will say Au revoir." I had reached the door with my hat on when the Secretary General called to me. He was standing up with a pained expression on his face, and said "I will see that your memoranda are translated and copied supplied to the committee." "Thank you," I replied without removing my hat, "Au revoir," and I passed out.

(~~Queen of Hearts~~ Regina del Cuore, April 7, blue folder.

(Same, April 8.

(Wife, same.

(1926, April, Rome, E-1735.

exists, even where I have a right to expect cooperation; I simply

think you have made a serious mistake; you will either have

to minimize those mistakes or suffer the consequences; I fully

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sembly about as I prepared it, and that nothing you have done

or can do will make any material difference. You probably want

to think this over and decide upon a course of action. I have

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"I will see that your memoranda are translated and copied up-

plied to the committee." "Thank you," I replied without remov-

ing my hat, "Au revoir," and I passed out.

(~~General Secretary~~ Regina del Core, April 7, blue folder.

(Same, April 8.

(Wife, same.

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1736. 1445

On the 8th Dr.Stine ~~and~~ of the Washington office, and Mr. Foley of the London office, called. They had luncheon with me at the San Carlo. In the late afternoon I took Dr.Stine to the Ristorante Rosetti where we had a cup of chocolate. Then I started him back on the right road to his hotel. I saw a wonderful display of wisteria bloom in the park. Stopped at a bookstore and bought a copy of the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" in Italian. In the evening had supper with Messrs.Foley and Stine at the Ulpia.

Saturday, the 10th, was warm and pleasant. ~~In~~ Dr.Stine spent the forenoon in my office going over the material I had prepared for the committee meetings the following week. ~~Together~~ Together we walked through the park to the Golden Gate restaurant, where we were joined by Messrs.Hobson and Foley and had luncheon together. After luncheon we discussed the program of the American delegation. In the late afternoon Mr.Foley and I walked across town to a restaurant at the end of the bridge and had a whiskey and soda together. He was very curious to know how long Prof.Cooper would remain at the head of our bureau and whether or not I would succeed him. He gave me a lot of inside information about Dr.Taylor's trip to Europe the previous year, the failure of his conference with the cotton men at Liverpool, and his subsequent disappearance in France for a week or more ^{when} ~~and~~ ~~her~~ his whereabouts were unknown.

(Otis, April 19, ✓ blue folder.

(Thelma, same ✓.

On the 8th Dr. Stine arrived at the Washington office, and Mr. Foley of the London office, called. They had luncheon with me at the San Carlo. In the late afternoon I took Dr. Stine to the Ristorante Rosetti where we had a cup of chocolate. Then I started him back on the right road to his hotel. I saw a wonderful display of wisteria bloom in the park. Stopped at a bookstore and bought a copy of the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" in Italian. In the evening had supper with Messrs. Foley and Stine at the Uffizi.

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(Otis, April 19, blue folder.)
(Thelma, same.)

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1737.

1982

Sunday, the 11th, I took dinner with the Hobsons and Mr. Foley. It was an excellent dinner, with roast chicken, potatoes and gravy, fresh rolls, vegetables, and fruit, all cooked and served in American style. Such a dinner is a great treat to one who does not like Italian cooking. Mr. Hobson expressed his extreme dissatisfaction with the course of events in the Institute and the manner in which he had been treated by the officials. In the evening Mr. Foley and I had supper at the Ristorante Umberto, drank whiskeys and sodas, and discussed the situation of the Institute and of our Bureau. He expressed the opinion that Mr. Hobson's usefulness at the Institute was ended because of his animosity and failure to get along with the officials. He also discussed Sir Daniel Hall of the British Board of Agriculture, Mr. Gilbert, Secretary of Agriculture of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Ware of Boston.

The next day, April 12, was the day set for the meeting of the agricultural statistical delegates especially to consider the census project in advance of the General Assembly. In the morning the Mexican Delegate, Sr. Juan Balesteros, called at my office and together we went over to the Institute building and I introduced him to the American Delegation and others. The American group had luncheon together. At 3 p.m. the statistical delegates, about 20 in number, met in the General Assembly hall. President De Micheli welcomed them officially and then called for nominations of officers. Prof. Benini of Italy was chosen president, and Dr. Stine and Mr. Cohen of Denmark of the United States/as vice-presidents, and Mr. Thompson of England as reporter. After a pause I arose and obtained recognition. I gave a brief history of the census project, the necessity and value of such a census, and how essential it was to the success of such a world wide undertaking for the first time in his-

Sunday, the 14th, I took dinner with the Hobsons and Mr. Foley. It was an excellent dinner, with roast chicken, potatoes and gravy, fresh rolls, vegetables, and fruit, all cooked and served in American style. Such a dinner is a great treat to one who does not like Italian cooking. Mr. Hobson expressed his extreme dissatisfaction with the course of events in the Institute and the manner in which he had been treated by the officials. In the evening Mr. Foley and I had supper at the Ristorante Umberto, drank whiskey and soda, and discussed the situation of the Institute and of our Bureau. He expressed the opinion that Mr. Hobson's usefulness at the Institute was ended because of his animosity and failure to get along with the officials. He also discussed Sir Daniel Hall of the British Board of Agriculture, Mr. Gilbert, Secretary of Agriculture of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Ware of Boston.

The next day, April 15, was the day set for the meeting of the agricultural statistical delegates especially to consider the census project in advance of the General Assembly. In the morning the Mexican Delegate, Sr. Juan Balasteros, called at my office and together we went over to the Institute building and I introduced him to the American Delegation and others. The American group had luncheon together. At 3 p.m. the statistical delegates, about 20 in number, met in the General Assembly Hall. President De Michelis welcomed them officially and then called for nominations of officers. Prof. Benini of Italy was chosen president and Dr. Stine and Mr. Cohen of Denmark of the United States as vice-presidents, and Mr. Thompson of England as reporter. After a pause I arose and obtained recognition. I gave a brief history of the census project, the necessity and value of such a census, and how essential it was to the success of such a world wide undertaking for the first time in his-

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1758.

1487

tory that the census questionnaires be kept simple, ~~and~~ that the cost of the undertaking be kept as low as possible, and that the delegates bear in mind the difficulties not only in their own countries but in many other countries without any census experience or statistical organization, ~~and~~ I called their attention to the memorandum I had prepared of the estimated cost of each question asked in the census when applied to all countries of the world, and I appealed to them as practical statisticians to cooperate in keeping the census simple and inexpensive, with the understanding that each country would be free to expand its own census to include all the information it desired and could finance. Vice-President Louis Dop followed with an excellent address, indorsing what I had said. Somewhat to my surprise the delegates from Holland, Belgium, and Spain spoke to the same effect. Mr. Dore made a neat address on the necessity and value of the census, and Mr. Thompson followed with a brief address advocating completeness as well as simplicity. The conference adjourned at 5 p.m.

At Mr. Hobson's office I found that he had set Mr. Foley, Dr. Schoenfeld, and Mr. Haas ^{to} cutting out labels for indices of his reports, which struck me as rather curious employment for high salaried officials. Dined alone, which was a privilege, as I wished to think over the situation of the committee and map out my own course. At 4.30 I joined Mr. Thompson and two of his colleagues at the Hotel Bon Site ^u (2), where for two hours we discussed the census program. Again I found ^{that} Mr. Thompson and I were in complete agreement.

On the 13th the statistical committee held two sessions, beginning at 9.30 a.m. and ending at 6.30 p.m. Most of the first session was spent in discussing the definition of a farm. I

(1926, April, Rome.

E-1758.

to the memorandum I had prepared of the estimated cost of each question asked in the census when applied to all countries of the world, and I appealed to them as practical statisticians to co-operate in keeping the census simple and inexpensive, with the understanding that each country would be free to expand its own census to include all the information it desired and could finance. Vice-President Louis D. Brown followed with an excellent address, endorsing what I had said. Somewhat to my surprise the delegates from Holland, Belgium, and Spain spoke to the same effect. Mr. Dore made a neat address on the necessity and value of the census, and Mr. Thompson followed with a brief address advocating completeness as well as simplicity. The conference adjourned at 5 p.m.

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On the 15th the statistical committee held two sessions, beginning at 9.30 a.m. and ending at 6.30 p.m. Most of the first session was spent in discussing the definition of a farm. I

(1926, April, Rome.

1739.

1889

succeeded in getting agreement that the census should be taken in 1930 and should relate to the crops harvested in 1929, so as to correspond with the United States Census, but there was hopeless disagreement as to whether the livestock census should be taken in winter when their number is smallest or in summer when their number is largest.

At the afternoon session I had a stroke of good luck. Prof. Benini, chairman, had announced at the close of the morning session that he could not be present in the afternoon and had asked that the committee adjourn until the next day, I opposed this on the ground of slow progress that had been made and the necessity of continuing without interruption until the program was finished before the meeting of the General Assembly, and I reminded the committee that there were two perfectly good vice-presidents who as yet had not been utilized. Also I suggested that the census project we were discussing was international in scope and of international importance and that surely it would not be possible for the responsible officials of the governments present to interrupt their important labors because of the temporary absence of one of their members. Prof. Benini at once withdrew his request for adjournment.

He was present and presiding until 4 p.m. when he excused himself. Mr. Cohen of Denmark, one of the vice-chairmen, courteously suggested that his colleague, Dr. Stine of the United States, take the chair, which he did very reluctantly, partly because he could not express himself adequately in French, the language used so far by the committee. Up to this point the delegates from Canada, the United States, Great Britain, and the Scandinavian countries had blundered along as best they could in French and were greatly handicapped in competition with the Latin speak-

1936, April, Rome.

1936.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1740.

1489

ing delegates, who were numerous from France, Italy, and Spain. Dr. Stine was sitting next to me, and the moment that it was decided that he should preside I gave a significant look to Mr. Thompson, the British delegate, who sat at the end of the table as the official rapporteur with a pile of papers before him, and I reached for the English edition of the program we were discussing. After a moment's silence I read off a group of questions in English, made recommendations regarding them in English, and Mr. Thompson immediately followed in support of what I had said, and it was up to the non-English speaking delegates to follow. I nudged Dr. Stine and whispered, "Ask them in French if any one desires to speak. After a slight pause, a very slight pause, I nudged him again and whispered "C'est adoptee," the formula that I had heard and seen used with such success by French and Italian chairmen in getting their pet measures adopted. It worked. The same procedure was followed with rapidity, precision, and a high degree of efficiency. All the essentials of the program in which I was particularly interested slid through as if floating in the purest of olive oil. In two hours we accomplished more, and did it more satisfactorily and effectively, than we could have done in two full days of bungling with an Italian or French chairman in charge and the French language to bewilder and befuddle the English speaking delegates. It was wonderful. All I had to do was to read a question or a series of questions, state the answers I wanted and the reasons therefor cogently and briefly, and Mr. Thompson promptly supporting me, and then, at a nudge and a suggestion from M me Dr. Stine would pronounce the magic formula ~~words~~ "C'est adoptee," and it was so decided. Naturally I thoroughly enjoyed myself as I pushed matters through, and I think Mr. Thompson was in equally good humor, judging by the gleam in his

(1926, April, Rome.

E-1740.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1741.

eyes. Dr. Stine did not appear to be happy, but he did have the ~~un~~ complaisance to always say "C'est adoptee" when I gave the signal, for which I shall always be grateful to him. The English speaking delegates and the Scandinavian delegates acquiesced good humoredly and with appreciation. The Latin speaking delegates were a little bewildered and so much occupied in trying to understand our barbarous language and methods and unprecedented speed that they could take no active part in the meeting. Unfortunately the Secretary General was not present, but Mr. Dore sat through the meeting with a very white face and helpless to stem the tide.

After the seance was over I stopped at Mr. Hobson's office for a moment. He seemed to be worried and asked how I was getting along. "Fine as silk and sitting pretty;" I replied, "everything in the census program that I prepared and really care for was adopted this afternoon, and the rest is simply fireworks," at which he expressed surprise.

When I returned to my rooms I found a note from my landlady apologizing for opening my door at 4 a.m. (of which I was blissfully ignorant) and asking that I leave outside some sign that I had come in. Inasmuch as I was as regular as a clock in my habits ~~I could only surmise~~ but was habitually quiet in entering or leaving the apartment, I could only surmise that because we had not actually seen each other for several weeks she had become nervous. I wrote across the note "When you see my hat on your hat-rack by the door you will know that I am in; othersise I am out." This scheme worked perfectly and simplified our use of the one bathroom in the establishment. I had just finished the note when the landlady knocked and I gave it to her. Then she spoke of Mina, the small, alert, highly efficient and somewhat pert maidservant. She said she had recently learned that Mina, on her evenings off,

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1742.

had been going with a young and dashing carabinieri and had gotten into trouble, or as she expressed it "the perfectly human thing happened," and she wanted to know how I felt about it. I replied, "Sra.Scolari, that is something that does not concern me in any way, and I can't see why it should concern anybody except little Mina and her soldier friend. They have my complete sympathy. I sincerely hope she will get through her trouble all right and that you and all her friends will help her. If I can help her in any way I shall do so gladly. She has served us faithfully and deserves our help in return. Her way should be made easy and not hard." "Oh, I am so glad," she replied, "because I know how the English and Americans think about such things and I was afraid you would feel that you could not stay in the same apartment with Mina and that she would have to go somewhere else." She said that with my approval she would keep Mina until the time came for her to go to a hospital.

The next day the committee met from 9 a.m.until 1 p.m. and made excellent progress following the precedent set the previous afternoon. In cases of doubt I was asked to formulate supplemental paragraphs to the program adopted. This was the case with the memorandum I had submitted with respect to methods of estimating meat production and consumption. It was a voluminous document, obviously too extensive for a committee of statisticians to read and digest on the spot, but sufficiently impressive to silence criticism, and I was asked to formulate a recommendation to be attached to the census form--which meant that this difficult question was left entirely to me. In the late afternoon Dr.Mann of Cornell called at my office to discuss the census project, and he seemed much pleased with the progress that had been made and when I mentioned the difficulty of securing a competent as-

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1742.

had been going with a young and dashing carabinieri and had got-
ten into trouble, or as she expressed it "the perfectly human
thing happened," and she wanted to know how I felt about it. I
replied, "Mrs. Scolar, that is something that does not concern me
in any way, and I can't see why it should concern anybody except
little Nina and her soldier friend. They have my complete sym-
pathy. I sincerely hope she will get through her trouble all right
and that you and all her friends will help her. If I can help her
in any way I shall do so gladly. She has served us faithfully and
deserves our help in return. Her way should be made easy and not
hard." "Oh, I am so glad," she replied, "because I know how the
English and Americans think about such things and I was afraid
you would feel that you could not stay in the same apartment with
Nina and that she would have to go somewhere else." She said
that with my approval she would keep Nina until the time came for
her to go to a hospital.

The next day the committee met from 9 a.m. until 1 p.m.
and made excellent progress following the precedent set the pre-
vious afternoon. In cases of doubt I was asked to formulate sup-
plemental paragraphs to the program adopted. This was the case
with the memorandum I had submitted with respect to methods of
estimating meat production and consumption. It was a voluminous
document, obviously too extensive for a committee of statisticians
to read and digest on the spot, but sufficiently impressive to
silence criticism, and I was asked to formulate a recommendation
to be attached to the census form--which meant that this difficult
question was left entirely to me. In the late afternoon Dr. Mann
of Cornell called at my office to discuss the census project,
and he seemed much pleased with the progress that had been made
and when I mentioned the difficulty of securing a competent as-

sistant director for \$2,500 he said that figure was not absolute and that if I would find the right man he was sure that the limitation could be removed.

On the 15th the statistical committee practically finished consideration of the census program, but most of the day was ~~practically~~ wasted in a consideration of Prof. Benini's proposal that the census in addition to being a census of agriculture should also be a census of geologic, topographic, soils, and climatic data, by communes, and that the data should be sent by all countries of the world to the International Institute at Rome for tabulation, analysis, correlation, and publication. . This proposal was advocated by Prof. Benini with all the eloquence of a criminal lawyer trying to save the life of his guilty client. The essentials of my program had already been adopted and I knew that Prof. Benini's proposal was so impracticable that I said little, but sat back and enjoyed the debate, after telling the delegates that the United States had appropriated \$25,000,000 for a simple agricultural census, would not ^{pro} appropriate another dollar for geological data, or topographical data, or climatological data, ^d did not have a single commune and would laugh at anybody who talked about communes, ~~and~~ would employ from 5,000 to 10,000 clerks to tabulate the results of its census with the best mechanical equipment in the world, and most assuredly would not consider sending her original census returns to the Institute to be tabulated by an inexperienced force without mechanical equipment. Furthermore, I said, "Italy herself, notwithstanding anything that Prof. Benini, the Secretary General[!], and Mr. Dore may say, most assuredly will not take such a census as is here proposed, simply because she cannot afford it, and will not for one minute consider turning over the original returns to the Institute for tabulation. If Italy will not do it, is there any other country that will even

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1744.

consider such a proposal. If any delegate here is in favor of this proposal let him think carefully of what will happen when he returns to his own country and asks his official superiors to obtain the money that will be required to finance such a census and to supply the necessary funds to the Institute to employ from 30,000 to 40,000 inexperienced Italians to do the necessary tabulating work, while your own census bureaus are sitting idle. Just think this over. I am not interested, because the United States is entirely out of it, I think all other countries are out of it, I have spoken plainly, and now I am through." I will simply remind you that Prof. Benini, who has the support of the Italian delegation simply because he is Italian, is after all simply a professor, a respected professor, an orator, a man of parts, and a man whom we all respect and admire, but after all only a professor, a man without practical experience even in the business and life of his own country, a man who has dealt only with adolescent minds, a man who has conceived an ideal proposal, a proposal which my government, his government, and no other government on earth will consider because it is obviously impractical and the cost of attempting it is prohibitive."

Prof. Benini and the Italian delegation ^ustick by their guns, argued interminably, and were voted down on every proposition. The Italian delegation fought to the last ditch and the controversy was ended only by agreement to bring Prof. Benini's proposal to the attention of the General Assembly. The controversial question of when the livestock census ^{should be taken} was, upon my recommendation, ~~that~~ ^{to the effect} that each country be left free to take its livestock census in the same months as it had been taken in the past, was also referred to the General Assembly. After the statistical committee adjourned I felt in high good humor because all the essentials I had in mind

(1926, April, Rome.

1744.

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§QOWY, April, Rome.

E--1745.

had been adopted and I cared nothing about the superfluous details, which would be taken care of by Mr. Thompson in his official report, which I knew I would have an opportunity to revise.

The 16th was a beautiful spring day. I spent the forenoon with Mr. Thompson finishing his report of the statistical committee. Shortly after I returned to my office Dr. R. A. Pearson came in. We had collaborated closely during the war period when he was Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and I was Chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates, and ^{we} had not met for several years. so that this was a very agreeable reunion. ^{PP} A little later I attended a meeting of the American Delegation in Mr. Hobson's office. Dr. Pearson, Dr. Lippman, Dr. Schoenfeld, Mr. Foley, and Mr. Haas, in addition to Mr. Hobson were present. Mr. Hobson was inveighing against the officials of the Institute very bitterly because everything he had initiated as chairman of a committee on reorganization of the Institute had been promptly reversed or nullified by the new president. He was discouraged and disgusted and instead of resigning his position as permanent delegate and finding more congenial employment and giving the government an opportunity to find another man who was better qualified to play the diplomatic game the way other delegates played it, ~~and~~ he was advocating that the United States withdraw from the Institute. Quite naturally and inevitably the other members of the delegation were inclined to back Mr. Hobson up in his point of view and demands because, lacking information, they had to accept the information he gave them. When I entered they had practically agreed on what was called the American program, which was a formal statement of the conditions on which the United States government would consent to remain as a member of the Institute, which were essentially two. The first was that there should be a formal acknowledgement by the General Assembly

had been adopted and I cared nothing about the superficial details, which would be taken care of by Mr. Thompson in his official report, which I knew I would have an opportunity to revise.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1746.

that the Institute was international. This, of course, was wholly unnecessary, because by its very constitution and organization it had never been and could never be anything else. The second contention was that as an international organization the General Assembly should confer upon the Permanent Committee the right and the power to appoint the officials, especially the president and the secretary general, of the Institute regardless of nationality. This was quite logical, but was very poor politics or diplomacy for the obvious reason that the very existence of the Institute had been brought about by the King of Italy, its seat was in Italy, ~~and~~ the marble palace in which it had its headquarters and functioned had been ~~xxx~~ provided by the King of Italy, and the Italian government went to considerable expense every two years to entertain the delegates to the General Assembly. In recognition of these facts by the adhering governments their delegations had so far courteously acquiesced in the selection of Italian officials as president and secretary general of the Institute, which had the further advantage that these officials were residents of Rome and could serve without extra expense. This was important in case of the president who received no salary as such. Now because of Mr. Hobson's animosity to the Italian people and his personal controversy with the Italian president and secretary general of the Institute he was proposing to clear the way to the removal of the present officials and replacing them with officials of other nationalities, on the ground that such action was necessary to make the Institute truly international. This proposal was so logical that it readily won support from all delegations except the Italian and those who sympathised and voted with them. Mr. Hobson's personal animus and motives were kept in the background except as they appeared incidentally to his

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1747.

American associates. On one occasion I ventured to suggest that the relationship of the Italian government to the International Institute of Agriculture was practically the same as that of the United States government to the Pan American Union, which was just as international in character as the Institute, and yet always the president and the secretary general of the Union were Americans because the headquarters of the Union were in Washington, D.C., and perhaps the Italian people and government felt about the Institute and its officials as we did about the Union. Mr. Hobson said rather brusquely that the two institutions were quite different and on an entirely different footing. I failed to perceive any essential difference, and do not to this day, but did not press the matter because I was not an official delegate and could say anything only by courtesy and in an advisory capacity, and at that stage Mr. Hobson did not want advice of any kind; all he wanted was support to help him remove his personal enemies, the Italian president and the Italian secretary general of the Institute and make it possible to replace them with men not Italians.

On the 17th I had a call from Sr. Brebbia, the Argentine permanent delegate, who said that he had met Dr. LeBreton, former minister of agriculture, in Paris, who had sent his kindest regards to me. Also he said that Sr. Vallejo had resigned from the Department of Agriculture and was elected senator from the Province of La ^{ja} ~~Rio~~, and that Dr. Urien had become Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Dr. DeVuyt of Belgium also called and we talked of the census project and of our pleasant outing together with Dr. LeBreton in Argentina. I sat awhile with the American delegation and took luncheon with them at the Hotel Flora. In the afternoon I began revising the census questionnaire in accordance with modifications authorized by our statistical committee. In the

(1926, April, Rome.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1748.

evening I went with the American delegation to the Apollo Theater to see a vaudeville performance, where we saw some attractive females on the stage, but the performance was a disappointment.

Sunday, the 18th, I slept late after a rather strenuous week. After breakfast I took a long walk along the Tiber and back to the Corso. It was difficult to get through the central part of the city because of marching regiments of Facisti, and most annoying because of the hatlifting regulations as applied to foreigners. Sometimes, just to avoid the necessity of watching for the flag and raising my hat to it--because there was a succession of flags--I carried my hat in my hand and walked along bareheaded; and every time I saw a flag I would say to myself, "The flag is all right, Italy is all right, the Italian people are all right, and they have a perfect right to worship their Flag and a perfect right to require foreigners to respect them and their flag, but damn this foolish regulation of Mussolini and the Facisti requiring foreigners to raise their hats every time the flag gets near them, hems them in and sneaks up on them as it were. Surely grown up human beings have something else to do besides raising their hats to a piece of cloth on a pole on a twolegged foot preceded and followed by a lot of other two legged fools."

I sat with a glass of beer in front of a restaurant on the Piazza Venezia and watched an endless line of regiments march up and salute the great monument of ~~Vittorio~~ Umberto. After luncheon I had a long nap. After supper I strolled over to the Hotel Flora and met a number of delegates to the General Assembly whom I knew. Among them was Mr. R. A. Oakley, a very dear friend, so dear that we not only greeted each other but threw our arms about each other's shoulders--rather unusual for cold blooded Americans. From him I learned that our mutual friend Dr. C. V. Piper had passed out

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I sat with a glass of beer in front of a restaurant on the Piazza Venezia and watched and endless line of regiments march up and salute the great monument of Victor Emmanuel. After luncheon I had a long nap. After supper I strolled over to the Hotel Flora and met a number of delegates to the General Assembly whom I knew. Among them was Mr. R.A. Oakley, a very dear friend, so dear that we not only greeted each other but threw our arms about each other's shoulders--rather unusual for cold blooded Americans. From him I learned that our mutual friend Dr. C. V. Ripper had passed out

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1749.

about a month ago. The news of his death came as a shock to me and I said, "Why, Oakley, it can't be; why, damit-all he was as big as you and I together, and here we are, and you say he is gone, and I shall never see him again; where is he, where is he?" "Well, Estabrook, may be he's wandering about some meadows we never saw and trying to identify and classify some prehistoric grasses and wondering how he can send us some specimens to try out at the Arlington Experimental farm." I was still shocked at the thought that Prof. Piper, a physical and mental giant and a most lovable man, had simply disappeared from the earth during my absence and that I should never see him again. ^P From Mr. Oakly I got the latest news about all our mutual friends and acquaintances in the Bureau of Plant Industry. I said to Mr. Oakley, "You see, it's this way. I grew up on a farm and never went to college. When I got to be 24 and was free I had to make a living. Then when I got transferred to the Bureau of Plant Industry I was received with warm friendliness by men who were scientific specialists in agriculture. They were my teachers, my professors, my college, and I learned something from each of them and by supplemental reading and study I learned a lot about each of their specialties, and in a way I graduated from the Bureau of Plant Industry and I have the same warm feeling for it and for the staff as you college fellows have for your alma matre and your old professors." "Yes, and they have the same warm feeling for you and interest in you that college professors have in their most promising pupil; they think you would have made a conspicuous success if you had specialized on some branch of plant industry scientific research; and they are proud of your career since leaving the Bureau, because you so closely and intimately identified yourself with their interests and aspirations that they still regard

(1926, April, Rome.)

E-1749.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1750.

you as one of them." "Well, Oakley," I replied, "That's worth a lot to me. Money is something, position is something, reputation is something, but respect of one's associates and their warm and lasting friendship is worth more to me than all else and I'd rather feel that I had the respect and friendship of the scientific staff of the Bureau of Plant Industry than a degree of Phd. from any university in the world.=

I also met Dr. Galpin, rural sociologist, at the hotel, who informed me that he was sick most of the way across so that his voyage was spoiled.

(Wife, April 18, ✓blue folder.

(1926, April, Home.)

E-1750.

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(Wife, April 18, Mine folder.)

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1751.

Monday, the 19th, the General Assembly convened in the Institute. When I reached the Institute at 9 a.m. the grounds were posted with military guards to protect the King and high officials that were to honor the opening of the Assembly by their presence. The opening was an exclusive affair with admission by card only and no cards were issued to members of the staff, of which I was one. I went over to the main building at 9.30 and was stopped by the guards, some of whom knew me and were manifestly embarrassed. I said in Italian to one of the guards who knew me that a mistake had been made, that the American delegation had asked me to be present, and I gave him my card and asked him to send it to the Secretary General. He did so and it came back with instructions to admit me. I found the American delegation assembled in Mr. Hobson's office. We entered the General Assembly room at 10.15 and the delegation occupied the seats assigned to them. I stood to one side of the entrance with Mr. Dore and other employees of the Institute. ^{PP} At 10.45 the King entered and took his seat immediately in front of the speaker's platform. He was a man of medium height, well rounded, apparently about 50 years old, with gray hair and mustache, and blue or gray eyes. He was dressed in a gray uniform, wore white gloves, and was accompanied by a number of officials. President DeMichelis made an graceful and appropriate opening address, and was followed by Mussolini, who read a brief statement in a perfunctory manner and immediately left the hall. His head was straight behind and rather pointed at the top, getting slightly bald, with a remarkably heavy jaw and the general aspect of a prizefighter, although his expression was mild and at times there was a flash of spiritual insight. Then Sir Daniel Hall of Great Britain followed with an address highly complimentary to the Italian king, ^{the Italian} government, the Italian delegation, the Italian

(1926, April, Rome.

5-1751.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1752.

administration of the Institute, ~~and concluded~~ the Italian president of the Institute, and concluded by expressing ~~that~~ the hope that the ^{new} Italian administration might be even more successful. Next came a talk by the French minister to Italy and another by a delegate from Rome. ^{PP} The rest of the day I sat with the American delegation which was trying to decide upon a program of action. A statement had been formulated setting forth the conditions upon which the United States would be willing to continue to cooperate with the Institute. All were agreed that it was a good statement, but differences of opinion developed with regard to submitting a statement prepared by Mr. Hobson which the president of the Institute had refused to submit because of criticism of the secretary general and recommendation that he be dismissed. In an interval Mr. Oakley called me aside and asked "Estabrook, what's the true lowdown on this situation. What ought we to do." I said "Oakley, ~~I said~~ "Hobson is a fine man, a strong man, a good American, a trained economist and very competent, and my friend from association and because we think pretty much alike, and he is the Permanent Delegate representing the United States at this Institute, but he despises the Italian people and has affronted and insulted the Italian officials of the Institute, and in return and quite naturally they have run a steam roller over him, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~mind you~~ they did it with full justification, ~~and~~ ^{and his American status.} Each and every one of those Italian officials is his mental and cultural superior and can ring circles about him except only in the one quality of his British inheritance of bulldog tenacity. With them it is simply a game; with him it is a fight to the death, and he don't know when he's licked. He's put the American delegation in a ^hard situation, a wholly unnecessary situation. He himself is bloodshot, eyed mad and like a bull in a China shop. He's blind

1956, April, Rome.

1956, April, Rome.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1753.

mad, ~~and like a bull in a China shop~~. There's just enough laxity in the Institute, plus their highly efficient methods in dealing with Hobson, to justify a little criticism and checking up for the good of their ~~souls~~ and better service. Obviously Hobson is wholly out of place and the United States government is in an embarrassing position because of his personal animosity and pugnacity. As I see it the best thing the American delegation can do is to stand back of the official American delegate, Mr. Hobson, *and* with British support put through the so-called American program, which in itself can do no harm and may do some good, and then get a new American delegate without the anti-Italian phobia and personal quarrels of Mr. Hobson, and gracefully cooperate with Great Britain and other countries to make the Institute more serviceable and efficient." "Yes, that's the way we have sized it up," said Mr. Oakley, "but Mr. Hobson will not listen to reason. The president and the secretary general have both assured us of their desire to cooperate in any program that the American delegation present, but Hobson refuses to meet them or to have anything to do with them." "Why, of course," I said, "I'm telling you that Mr. Hobson is blinded by his personal and wholly individual fight against the president and the secretary general. He has put himself in the same class as the Sicilian Mafies. Revenge is dearer to him than the interests of his government, and nothing will satisfy him but the defeat of the present president and secretary general and a rebuff to the Italian government. It's unfortunate that the United States is represented by such a ^{man} ~~man~~, but so it is, and he not only represents the United States as Permanent Delegate at this Assembly meeting, but he is spokesman for the American delegation, and has for months past supplied the State Department and the American Minister to Italy with material in

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(1920, April, Rome). E-1755.

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1754.

support of his contentions, so that, ~~as~~ ^{they} as their only source of information, are back of him, and as I see it the best thing the American delegation can do is to back him up, put the American program across, with the aid of the British who see things as we see them, and then get a new and more intelligent delegate and play the game as the British play it to the end that the Institute will be more efficient and servicable." "That is about the way the delegation thinks about it," said Mr. Oakley, "and it goes against the grain to have to support Mr. Hobson in his personal fight against two officials of the Institute, both of whom have impressed us as superior ^{men} ~~to him~~ and with right on their side, but we are embarrassed because Hobson is an American and is fighting a desperate fight for what he believes to be right. We instinctively want to support him, but we feel that he is in the wrong." "Exactly," I said, "and if Hobson was not blinded by his hatred of the president and the secretary general of the Institute, we could reason with him, but he is wholly beyond reason. He cannot be fired while this Assembly is in progress. He is the spokesman for the United States government. All you can do is to put through his program and then arrange for a new permanent delegate."

I attended another meeting of the delegation and again the question of submitting Mr. Hobson's statement to the Assembly was under heated discussion. Obviously all the delegates were opposed, but Mr. Hobson was obsessed. It was finally decided as a compromise that his statement ~~was~~ should be withheld unless circumstances seemed to justify its submission. . In the evening I took Mr. Oakley and his wife to the Ristorante Ulpia and we spent a delightful evening together. .

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(1926, April, Rome.

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ings of the American delegation that was divided in opinion as to the best manner of presenting the statement of principles that had been drawn up. At all meetings of the delegation Mr. Hobson assumed leadership because of his position. He was greatly wrought up and very insistent that his views should prevail. The members were very uncomfortable under this leadership because of Mr. Hobson's animosity to the officials of the Institute and they were naturally unwilling to go to the lengths he proposed. With them the desire to cooperate was uppermost; with him it was an obsession to fight and to make the situation of the Institute officials as embarrassing as possible. The American delegates were sincere in their desire to uphold their permanent delegate, but they were equally desirous of cooperating with other delegations and with the officials of the Institute in their efforts to improve the situation, efficiency, and service of the Institute, and they made various attempts, in which they were met more than half way by the Italian officials, to bring about a reconciliation and some sort of a compromise, but without success because of Mr. Hobson's obstinacy which would admit of no compromise short of the humiliation of the Italian officials. On the floor President DeMichelis displayed great ability as an effective debater. The American delegation succeeded in getting the consent of the Assembly to submit copies of a "declaration of principles" to be considered as the basis for continued support of the ~~United States~~ Institute by the United States. Of all the delegations present ~~only~~ the proposals were understood only by the American, British, and Italian delegates. It was really a controversy between the American and the Italian delegations, or more correctly a ~~cont~~personal controversy between Mr. Hobson with the American delegation back of him and ~~the~~ President De-

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1756

Michelis with the solid support of the Italian delegation. Mr. Hobson had lobbied with the British delegation and its members sided with the Americans both as a matter of policy and from racial sympathy. The other delegations, knowing little if anything of the merits and personal nature of the controversy, lined up according to racial sympathy and national policies, the Scandinavian group following the Americans and British, and the Latins the Italian group. After a long and rather acrimonious debate both sides were more disposed to moderation and compromise. Under rather severe pressure from both the American and the British delegations Mr. Hobson reluctantly consented to allow three members of his delegation to confer with three members of the Italian delegation. Dr. Pearson, Mr. Oakley, and Mr. Taber, Master of the National Grange, were designated to represent the American delegation. In a conference later in the day Sir Daniel Hall said that the British delegation was in entire sympathy with the desire of the American delegation to improve the service of the Institute but could not bring itself to join in a personal fight against the president and the secretary general of the Institute because both officials were highly efficient, able, loyal, and doing excellent work. This statement expressed very well the view of the American delegation, except Mr. Hobson who was completely blinded by his personal animosity to those officials and was out for revenge.

I was called out of this joint conference to be present at a meeting of the Statistical Commission of the General Assembly which had reached the section of the program dealing with the agricultural census. The discussion of the report of the preliminary meeting of statistical delegates as prepared by Mr. Thompson with my assistance was accepted with very little discussion.

(Regina dei cuore, April 20, blue ~~folder~~ folder.

(Regina del mare, April 20, 1926)

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(1926, April, Rome.

E-1756

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1757.

The next forenoon I sat with the Administrative Section and listened to the debate between the American and the Italian delegations. There had been conferences the evening before and some sort of compromise agreement had been reached, but there were still points of contention between Mr. Hobson and President DeMichelis. To me the situation and the debate were very interesting. President DeMichelis was an able, accomplished, forceful, and aggressive man who, in his efforts to improve the service of the Institute unhesitatingly rode rough shod over petty rules and regulations and dominated by sheer force of character the Permanent Committee, and by doing so actually brought about decided improvement in the organization and service of the Institute and had demonstrated himself to be the most efficient president the Institute had had, but in accomplishing this by these methods he made a bitter and implacable enemy of the American Delegate and hurt the pride and feelings of other permanent delegates. This accounted for the support Mr. Hobson got in leading a revolt against the new administration, and also for the loyalty of the Italian delegation and others in supporting DeMichelis, who unquestionably was an able leader and a most effective debater.

In the afternoon there was another meeting of the Statistical Section and several members offered amendments to the report on the ~~xx~~ census, but after statements by Mr. Thompson and ^{me} ~~A~~ they were withdrawn. Then Mr. Thompson offered a resolution to the effect that the statistical division of the Institute should have a more liberal allotment of funds and better equipment. Dr. Van Rijn, chairman of the finance committee, objected on the ground that it was a question for the finance committee rather than for a section of the General Assembly to decide. Although I was not a delegate and had no rights on the floor I rose and got permission to speak in support of Mr. Thompson's motion. I said in

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(1926, April, Rome.

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effect that the International Institute of Agriculture was founded mainly to be an international clearing house for agricultural statistics, that its best and most valuable work had been statistical, that its existence and maintenance by the adhering governments was justified only by the statistical service it rendered, that its work for many years to come would be mainly statistical and in the field of agricultural economics, that all this important work was done in the statistical division under Mr. Dore, that the division was woefully, inadequately, and shamefully undermanned and equipped, that each General Assembly laid additional burdens upon the statistical division without any increase in funds and then each succeeding General Assembly proceeded to criticise the division for not accomplishing an impossible task with inadequate means. "No, gentlemen, you, the General Assembly and members of the Permanent Committee, have no right to criticise the division of statistics, because it is just^{ly} what you have made it, a small group of men trying desperately to do an impossible task without adequate means, and yet what they have done is about all that has been accomplished to the credit of the Institute. Mr. Thompson's resolution is a very mild one and a very necessary one. If you want to build up the Institute by increased efficiency and service that will win the support of all governments of the world ~~X~~^{you} will unhesitatingly recommend that the present inadequate appropriation for the statistical division be doubled and trebled, and if necessary discontinue the work of other divisions." The resolution was adopted unimously without further discussion. Mr. Dore was naturally greatly pleased and very grateful. I felt much elated at the prompt adoption of the census program in all essentials the same as I had originally planned. This I felt was a personal triumph because of the at-

(1926, April, Rome.)

E-1758.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1759.

tempt at interference by the Secretary General and Mr. Dore in the management of the census project, an attempt that annoyed me at the time but which I correctly attributed to their lack of information regarding practical conditions in other countries and to their disregard of the conditions under which I had accepted the position of director of the census project, which still later I was to learn had never been brought to their attention.

After office hours I returned to my rooms to dress for a reception given by the American Minister. I first went to the American Embassy and found it closed. From a porter I learned that the Minister lived in the Palazzo Rospelletti near the Quirinal. The palace was interesting because of the enormous size of the rooms, the vaulted ceilings painted in bright colors, the walls decorated with white and gold and hung with many paintings and mirrors. The floors were covered with beautiful rugs, and there were many marble top tables and much ornamental furniture. I was introduced to the Minister and his wife and found them very charming people. The reception was well attended not only by Americans but foreigners as well, including many delegates to the General Assembly of the Institute. Many of them brought their wives and daughters with them. Curiously enough the women collected in one large room and were served with tea and cakes, while the gentlemen were herded into an adjoining room and were served with whiskey and soda and cigars. After all this was not a bad arrangement.

The morning of the 22^d I attended a session of the Administrative Section and heard a long and varied argument concerning the propriety of cooperating with national and international organizations of farmers. The American delegation contended, and rightly, that such organizations should be regarded as absolutely

(1926, April, Rome.

B-1752.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1760

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In the afternoon I sat awhile with the Commission on Economics and heard a good talk by Dr.Galpin. Then I went to my office and dictated a statement in English regarding the action of the General Assembly with respect to the census project, which I turned over to Mr.Dore to have translated for the Italian press.

At 5 p.m. I accompanied the delegates across the gorge to the Pincio where a tea was given by the British delegation. The place was badly crowded and very warm because the windows were kept closed. In the evening I took Dr.Pearson and his wife and little daughter to the Ristorante Ulpia, where we had a nice supper and good music. Our visit to the Via Sacra room was marred by the presence of a drunken man, the only drunken man I saw

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1761.

in Rome or all Italy through a series of years. The orchestra leader recognized me and seeing that we were displeased came over to apologize for the presence of the drunken man, saying that he was Italy's most famous sculptor and only occasionally drank too much and he hoped we would overlook the incident. I assured him that apologies were not necessary and translated his statement for the information of my guests. I regretted the incident, because Dr. Pearson was president of the Maryland University and his wife and little daughter were obviously not used to such scenes. Fortunately the artist was not violent, noisy, or disgusting--simply overcome with profound slumber and pleasant dreams. Mrs. Pearson and her daughter were fatigued from constant sight-seeing, so we left at an early hour and returned to the Flora Hotel where they were stopping.

There I remained awhile to talk to Dr. Galpin, Mr. Foley, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. DeVuyt, and other acquaintances, among them Mr. Taber, head of the National Grange, a farmers organization in the United States. Dr. Stine repeated to me a practical joke that was played on Mr. Taber on the voyage across. He was exceedingly efficient and highly honored as the head of a great organization, but just a little pompous and inclined to occupy the center of any stage that presented itself. Some of his fellow passengers perceived this characteristic and took advantage of it. A fake wireless message was written from a fictitious place in Europe from a fictitious official inviting Mr. Taber to deliver an address on "Dueling in the United States." Mr. Taber accepted the telegram in good faith and told his acquaintances about it and proceeded to prepare a speech on the subject. From time to time his acquaintances on the ship would ask what progress he was making, suggesting points that might be brought in to advantage, and

(1926, April, Rome.

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he talked about it freely and all the pros and cons of dueling were discussed in great detail. It was only after the conspirators realized with what good faith Mr. Taber had taken their fake message and the amount of work he was putting into the preparation of his speech that their consciences began to trouble them and one of their number revealed the secret to him.

I left the group and walked across to my rooms. On the way I was conscious of a little feeling of disappointment that, although my census program had been approved, and perhaps because of it, I was left out of all the official receptions that had been provided by the Italian government for the entertainment of the delegates and to which the other officials of the Institute were invited. I did not care particularly for the receptions but I did not like the invidious distinction of being the only one left out. This, of course, was only momentary, because I at once congratulated myself on having my census program adopted, the fact that I really considered receptions a bore, and the further outstanding fact that as soon as the General Assembly was adjourned the census program would be printed, distributed, and I would start out to visit the capitals of all countries to explain ~~that the~~ program and try to win the good will and cooperation of the responsible officials in making ~~the program~~ ^{it} effective, and that this would be a unique experience and worth more than all the formal receptions ever held.

The 23d was a beautiful spring day. I called at the main building and found no public session in progress, all the committees being engaged in writing reports. Returned to my office and began summarising proceedings relating to the census project. Had a message from Mrs. Oakley saying she and her husband were leaving the next day. Also had a visit from a female representat

(1986, April, Rome.

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The 25th was a beautiful spring day. I called at the main
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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1763.

tive of the agricultural section of the International Labor Office at Geneva, and a gentleman from the League of Nations, and discussed with them the items in the census program relating to agricultural labor. In the late afternoon I went with the American delegation to the residence of the American Consul for tea. His place was on the edge of Borghese Park and from the terrace one had a fine view of the park. Two vice consuls and their wives were present as well as several other minor employees of the American Embassy. They were all pleasant people to meet, but teas are tiresome and I was glad to get away.

Saturday, the ~~22d~~ 24th, was fair and warm with a high wind blowing from the south and full of a fine impalpable dust from the desert of north Africa. The wind played many pranks, usually in the form of whirlwinds, in the streets of Rome. The Tiber rose 36 feet over night. ~~P~~ I spent the forenoon listening to the debate in the General Assembly over the question of salaries. On returning to my office shortly after~~n~~noon I was joined by Mr. Hodgson of the library, who kept me more than an hour talking about rumors and inconsequential matters. He seemed to be unconscious of the passage of time and in the course of a monologue had a most disconcerting way of stopping short and gazing fixedly into one's face as if expecting a reply, although no question had been asked. These stops in the monologue were always sudden, unexpected, and lasted long enough to become slightly embarrassing because of the uncertainty as to whether he was through or about to begin again. After he left I had luncheon and went to my apartments, where I found the landlady was giving a tea, had about twenty guests, and my rooms were occupied. I joined the party and tried to be agreeable. Among the guests was a clergyman who had lived many years in New York and Canada, and one American who

(1926, April, Rome.

E-1763.

tive of the agricultural section of the International Labor Office at Geneva, and a gentleman from the League of Nations, and discussed with them the items in the census program relating to agricultural labor. In the late afternoon I went with the American delegation to the residence of the American Consul for tea. His place was on the edge of Borghese Park and from the terrace one had a fine view of the park. Two vice consuls and their wives were present as well as several other minor employees of the American Embassy. They were all pleasant people to meet, but tea and tiresome and I was glad to get away.

Saturday, the 24th, was fair and warm with a high wind blowing from the south and full of a fine impalpable dust from the deserts of North Africa. The wind played many pranks, usually in the form of whirlwinds, in the streets of Rome. The temperature rose 36 feet over night. I spent the forenoon listening to the debate in the General Assembly over the question of salaries. On returning to my office shortly after noon I was joined by Mr. Hodgson of the library, who kept me more than an hour talking about rumors and inconsequential matters. He seemed to be unconscious of the passage of time and in the course of a monologue had a most disconcerting way of stopping short and gazing fixedly into one's face as if expecting a reply, although no question had been asked. These stops in the monologue were always sudden, unexpected, and lasted long enough to become slightly embarrassing because of the uncertainty as to whether he was through or about to begin again. After he left I had luncheon and went to my apartment, where I found the landlady was giving a tea, had about twenty guests, and my rooms were occupied. I joined the party and tried to be agreeable. Among the guests was a clergyman who had lived many years in New York and Canada, and one American who

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1764.

had lived many years in Italy.

(Mother, April 24, blue folder.

(Otis, same.

(Thelma, same.

(1926, April, Rome.)

17-1764.

had lived many years in Italy.

(Mother, April 24, blue folder.

(Otis, same.

(Thelma, same.

~~1764~~ - 1989

"Roma, 7 24 Aprile, 1926.

"Dear Mother:

"Your letters of March 18 and April 4 reached me in due course, and your letter of April 11 came today. Also I had a letter from Eunice and one from Sister Nellie of April 6, all of which I appreciate very much, but have been too busy day and night to answer them. The fact is, I am getting tired of social and convention life. It has lasted now about two months, which is too long for a continuous performance. During March and early April I was seeing friends about the city, in addition to daily work; then about April 7 delegates to the General Assembly began to arrive and it has been continuous work, teas, dinners, and receptions until a late hour at night ever since. I think, however, the end is in sight and that about the middle of next week I shall again be free to spend my time as I please and get some rest after office hours, which will be a great privilege. I have not looked in a book for more than six weeks.

"The copies of the letters to the children will give you some information concerning the opening of the General Assembly. The week before a large committee of statistical delegates met to consider the census project, and the program that had been badly muddled by the officious and incompetent officials of the Institute during my absence in Washington. At the meetings of this committee, in defiance of the instructions of the Secretary General, I attacked and ridiculed so savagely the scheme that had been foisted upon me by the officials of the Institute that it melted away like an icecicle in a red hot furnace, and the officials were speechless and had little to say in its defence, although they had previously refused to listen to my suggestion that it was impracticable.

"This week a still larger committee of delegates to the General Assembly considered the report of the previous committee, and after

~~1764-b~~ 1990

I made a very vigorous and positive statement and challenged criticism, the report was adopted unanimously in about the shape of my original report submitted last autumn, which the officials of the Institute threw aside during my absence, substituting one of their own, which died such an easy death before my scorn and the approbation of the assembled delegates. *P*I squared myself with the officials, however, when the question of finances came up and the leader questioned the propriety of a small increase for the statistical bureau. I spoke up and said that the proposed increase was ridiculously small and wholly inadequate, that it should be multiplied by ten, that the bureau was under-manned, underpaid, and underequipped, that if efficient service was demanded they must expect to pay for it, and that in the United States there were many private firms that paid far more annually for a statistical service and a telegraphic service than the entire appropriation for the International Institute of Agriculture, and that no sane man could ever expect the Institute to amount to anything until it was properly financed. The chief of the statistical bureau, who has been my enemy because I have not hesitated to say that he is an office man without practical experience, nearly embraced me and wept on my shoulder for having said what no officer or employe had been courageous enough to say. You see, I am so independent and want a good excuse to pack up and go home so badly that I do not hesitate to say about what I think, and after it is said they all back down.

"The American delegation also won a complete victory over the Institute officials who last summer introduced Mussolini methods, violated the constitution, and were trying to turn the Institute into an Italian institution for the benefit of Italian employes and pensioners. The delegations and representatives of all other countries had acquiesced, but the American delegation introduced a series of

~~1764--c~~ 1991

resolutions setting forth the fundamental principles of the international treaty on the observance of which would depend the future participation of the United States. When these resolutions were read, you could have heard a pin drop. Then there was a series of conferences, final agreement, and passage of the resolutions which limit the authority and activities of the Italian officials and representatives. After the victory was won, the cringing, cowardly, diplomatic, pandering representatives of other governments began to come around and express their approbation of the stand taken by the American delegation. Yes, American statesmen are wiser than they realize in keeping away from European entanglements and maintaining an impregnable position of isolation, because Europe is simply a mass of corrupt, cowardly politics--about like the politics of some of our city and state governments. They will sell their souls, their so-called honor, and traffic in the honor of their wives and daughters for some fancied, slight, temporary advantage.

"Well, I have written enough, perhaps too much. Thank goodness, the Assembly will adjourn early next week and I will have a chance to rest up and get my bearings again. Oh, how I wish I might be at Sunny Hill with the family this spring and see all my little flower friends poke their heads out of the ground and turn their smiling faces to the sky. Anyhow, it's a great satisfaction to know that Sunny Hill is securely anchored on Catoctin Mountain and will be right where I left it when I return. Something to look forward to.

"Love to you and all.

"Lee."

"Roma, 24 Aprile, 1926.

"Dear Kittiwinks:

"Your nice typewritten letter of April 4 came early this week. I was glad to learn that you were well again, that you are succeeding

~~1764--d~~ 1992

with your studies in school, that your maps are admired, and that you were looking forward to a visit to Sunny Hill.

"I have been very busy the past two weeks with the General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture. The General Assembly is a meeting of men from about seventy different governments to study and talk about the work of the Institute during the last two years and to make plans for the next two years. It began last Monday morning and will not finish until next Monday. The beautiful marble building, palazzio, in which the offices of the Institute are situated was cleaned nicely and pretty flags of all nations were hung out in front to ~~flutter~~ ⁱⁿ to the breeze. Monday morning early a regiment of soldiers in uniforms was stationed around the building and along the driveways in the park. About ten o'clock the automobiles began to arrive with delegates to the congress. Love and kisses to you and all. From

"The opening of the Assembly at 10.30 p'clock was very impressive. The delegates, all dressed up in swallow-tail coats, were sitting in a large assembly hall with marble columns, lofty ceiling, and paintings on the walls, red carpets and spreads on the floors and tables, with guards in highly decorative uniforms standing along the corridors, stairways, and at doors. Then the King of Italy, Victor Emanuel III, entered with his Prime Minister, Il Duce--Mr. Mussolini--and other members of his Cabinet. The King is a small man, not as tall as Daddy, with a partly bald head, gray mustache, gray eyes, and he wears a gray uniform with gold trimmings, and white gloves. He sat in a high-backed armchair covered with gold in the middle ~~center~~ of the front row with his Ministers on either side of him.

"The President of the Institute, Mr. DeMichelis, made a speech of welcome in French, Prime Minister Mussolini made a speech in Italian, the French Ambassador made a speech in French, and the

~~1964~~ 1993

Minister of the little Republic of Panama made a speech in Spanish on behalf of South America--all of which I understood.

"Then the King and his Ministers left the hall and the Assembly began to talk of other things.

"I have been to four teas this week, one at the American Ambassador's in a beautiful palace, one at a reception given by the British delegation at a restaurant near a beautiful park overlooking Rome, one at the American Consul's on the roof of a house overlooking a portion of the city and the Villa Borghese and the great St. Peter's, and the last in the apartments of my landlady, where I met a lot of women, an English clergyman who had lived in America, and an American merchant. I wish Mommie and you and Otis might have been with me on these occasions and that you could have had the icecream and cake instead of me.

"Love and kisses to you and all, from

"Daddy."

"Roma, 24 Aprile, 1926.

"Dear Otis:

"Early this week I received your letter of April 4 nicely written on the typewriter. I am glad to hear that PINKEYE is getting along alright and is well enough to sit up and eat--only be a little careful and don't let him kick or bite you. You know, pink-eyed white rabbits lose their temper sometimes and become desperately ferocious. I am glad you have the wonderful rifle with which to slay redskins and grizzly bears in the Far West, lions in Africa, and tigers in Asia. Also you can knock over burglars and protect Mommie and Sister.

"I have been so busy this week that I could not take time to answer letters until tonight. In my letter to Sister I spoke of the General Assembly and described the King. In this letter I will tell

~~1764--f~~ 1994

you about the Prime Minister, Mussolini. Il Duce (pronounced Eel Doo-ch^{ay}), which means a 'Duke' or 'Leader,' is now the most powerful man in Europe, if not in the world. He is the son of a blacksmith and when he was a little boy like you he had to work instead of playing most of the time and having good clothes to wear and nice things to eat, and all the time he was working he studied and read books at night. That is why he became a 'Leader,' because he knew more than other boys and men of his own age. Also, he was not afraid of work, or of anything else; nor was he afraid to say 'No, No, No' if he thought that the other boys wanted him to do something that he thought was wrong; and he was never afraid to fight. He studied law and learned how to make speeches and to persuade men to do things he wanted them to do. He became editor of a newspaper, so that he could talk to people in his newspaper all over the Kingdom of Italy and persuade them to think the same way he thought. He became a socialist leader, that is, he was the leader of a party that is trying to get more money and more comforts and an easier and better life for the men who work. He was in the Great War and was wounded many times.

"Then after the war he organized a party of his own, called the Facista. Facista means a bundle, like a bundle of sticks. A single stick is weak, but when many sticks are tied in a bundle together they become strong and cannot be broken. It means the same thing as the legend on the American dollar, 'E pluribus unum,' which means 'In union there is strength.' That is, one man cannot do much by himself against other men or things, but many men united together can become almost irresistible and can do almost anything they set out to do. That is why an army is strong--because many men are drilled to march together, to shoot together, and to do all things as if they were only one man, but ten thousand times as strong as one man. So Mussolini formed an army of men, dressed them in black shirts, gave

~~1764~~ 1995

them each a gun, and marched on Rome three years ago, and the King appointed him Prime Minister, that is, First Minister, and he is the real ruler of the country and commander of its army and navy. He made a trip to Africa two weeks ago and brought back with him a company of Arabs in their ~~brigh~~ white robes and bright red caps and they rode through the streets of Rome on camels and beautiful white Arabian horses.

"Well, I must say Good Night, with love to you and all ~~from~~

"Daddy."

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1765.

The morning papers of Sunday, April 25, carried accounts of the damage done by the high winds of the previous day and described it as a "cyclone." After breakfast I walked to the Flora Hotel where I found automobiles waiting to take the delegates across the Campagna to ^dHadrian's villa, and I went with them. The Villa covers about 160 acres and there are many acres of ruined foundations, walls, roads, baths, fountains, walks, gardens, and some extraordinarily large and old cypress trees that were still growing. One is greatly impressed by the stupendous size of the massive structures and wonders how they fell into such complete ruin. The villa is said to date from about 150 A.D.

P We had a picnic lunch near the entrance, most of the members of the party having brought lunches. I ate with the Hobsons. After luncheon the party proceeded to Tivoli, a town built on the side of a mountain with the River Teverone running through tunnels, channels, and gorges, and falling in many cascades. We inspected the Villa d'Este which has some remarkable landscape gardening, with innumerable fountains and cascades, and some magnificent cypress trees said to be over 200 feet in height. Above the level of Tivoli the mountains are covered with silver gray olive trees; on the slopes below there is a zone of terraced vineyards; ~~and~~ on the Campagna itself were both vineyards and wheat fields, the wheat just beginning to head out; ~~and~~ Along the roads and in the fields were patches of scarlet poppies, and many hedger^{roses}~~ows~~ were in bloom. The locust trees also were in bloom. The mountains were beautiful in alternating sunshine and shadow and spring showers. Over the Campagna are many old square stone towers and up in the mountains were picturesque hill towns and castles and monasteries seen dimly through the haze of the distance, appealing to the imagination like pictures in story books. of olden time. *P* We reach-

The morning papers of Sunday, April 25, carried accounts of the damage done by the high winds of the previous day and described it as a "cyclone." After breakfast I walked to the Hotel where I found automobiles waiting to take the delegates across the Campagna to Harker's villa, and I went with them. The Villa covers about 100 acres and there are many acres of ruined foundations, walls, roads, baths, fountains, walks, gar- dens, and some extraordinarily large and old cypress trees that were still growing. One is greatly impressed by the stupendous size of the massive structures and wonders how they fell into such complete ruin. The villa is said to date from about 150 A.D. We had a picnic lunch near the entrance, most of the members of the party having brought lunches. I ate with the Hobsons. After luncheon the party proceeded to Tivoli, a town built on the side of a mountain with the River Tevere running through tunnels, channels, and gorges, and falling in many cascades. We inspected the Villa d'Este which has some remarkable landscape gardening, with innumerable fountains and cascades, and some magnificent cypress trees said to be over 200 feet in height. Above the level of Tivoli the mountains are covered with silver gray olive trees; on the slopes below there is a zone of terraced vineyards; and on the Campagna itself were both vineyards and wheat fields, the wheat just beginning to head out. Along the roads and in the fields were patches of scarlet poppies, and many hedgehogs were in bloom. The locust trees also were in bloom. The mountains were beautiful in alternating sunshine and shadow and spring showers. Over the Campagna are many old square stone towers and up in the mountains were picturesque hill towns and castles and monasteries seen dimly through the haze of the distance, appealing to the imagination like pictures in story books of olden time. We reach-

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1766.

ed our headquarters in Rome about the middle of the afternoon. I changed to formal dress⁴ and attended a formal reception at the Institute. The magnificent hall was beautifully decorated with roses and a band was playing American syncopated dance music. Along one side of the great hall was a long table or counter covered with refreshments, including wines. After refreshments came dancing. I met many acquaintances among the delegates and Institute staff. To me the whole affair seemed highly artificial, ~~and~~ I stole away at 6 o'clock and returned to the haven of my rooms and books.

(Sister Nellie, April 25, ~~blue~~ folder.

(1986, April, Rome.

5-1766.

ed our headquarters in Rome about the middle of the afternoon.
I changed to formal dress and attended a formal reception at the
Institute. The magnificent hall was beautifully decorated with
roses and a band was playing American symphonic dance music.
Along one side of the great hall was a long table on counter cover-
ed with refreshments, including wines. After refreshments came
dancing. I met many acquaintances among the delegates and Insti-
tute staff. To me the whole affair seemed highly artificial, and
I stole away at 6 o'clock and returned to the haven of my rooms
and books.

(Sister Nellie, April 25, 1986 folder.

1766--a 1998

"Roma, 25 Aprile, 1926.

"Dear Sister:

"Your welcome letter of April 6 came last week. Thank you very much for giving me details which enable me to visualize what is going on at Sunny Hill. The image of Sunny Hill is sharp and clear in my mind and your letters help me to picture the changes that are going on as the season advances.

"I am pleased that Lewis has charge of part of the road and is authorized to keep our section ~~of the road~~ from the mail box to the entrance in repair. I used to get very indignant at the utter neglect of my end of the road by the overseer at Braddock who left it untouched for several years, although I probably paid more taxes than any of my neighbors.

"I read with great interest your statement regarding the setting out of ~~p~~plants. It has always been my desire that when the plants multiply abundantly, that they should be divided and transplants made in all sorts of places. I want to turn them loose and have every nook and corner covered with a succession of bloom.

"Now that the foundation for the world census has been laid and the plans have been approved by the General Assembly, which is the legislative body of the International Institute of Agriculture, the next most important and pleasant stage of my work will begin; that is, travel and conference with the officials of the statistical bureaus of various countries. It will probably take six weeks or two months to get the plans in printed form and distributed to the governments, and then I shall begin a tour of inspection of the agriculture of various countries and visit their statistical offices, probably beginning in June or July. I have not yet had an opportunity to give any thought to my itinerary, but I am hoping ⁴that within a year I can arrange to spend a little time at Washington and Sunny

"Roma, 22 Aprile, 1956.

"Dear Sirs:

"Your welcome letter of April 6 came last week. Thank you

very much for giving me details which enable me to visualize what

is going on at Sunny Hill. The image of Sunny Hill is sharp and clear

in my mind and your letters help me to picture the changes that

are going on in the season ahead.

"I am pleased that Lewis has charge of part of the road and

is authorized to keep one section of the road from the mill back to

the entrance in repair. I need to get very impatient at the water

level of my end of the road by the overpass at Bradock who left

it untouched for several years, although I properly paid more taxes

than any of my neighbors.

"I read with great interest your statement regarding the setting

out of Xelenta. It has always been my desire that when the plans

multiply abundantly, that they should be divided and translated

made in all sorts of places. I want to turn them loose and have

every book and corner covered with a suggestion of bloom.

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and the plans have been approved by the General Assembly, which is

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culture of various countries and visit their statistical offices,

probably beginning in June or July. I have not yet had an opportunity

to give any thought to my itinerary, but I am hoping to within a

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1766—b 1999

Hill. If only some one would gobble up 1026 and our finances could be settled with an assured income, we could pack our furniture and we could then arrange to put the children in a boarding school for awhile and wifey could accompany me on some of my trips. This will be impracticable so long as 1026 remains ~~in~~^{on} our hands without bringing in an adequate return on its value, which it will not do until it is converted into cash or interest bearing securities.

"Spring is here. Practically all trees are in leaf. Locusts are in full bloom. Yesterday I paid 48 cents for a dozen beautiful roses and six cents for a dozen carnations. Blue Siberian iris were priced at five cents apiece. ~~Retail~~ Retail prices, of course, at little stands on the street.

"Along with a series of entertainments and teas, my landlady had to have a 'tea fight' yesterday afternoon in the apartments, using my rooms as well as her own. I suspect that every he-man detests teas and the futile conversation and elderly females that take part in them. ~~Who likes forced, idiotic conversation anyway? Oh well,~~ ~~well,~~ A little music, young people and dancing, is heaven compared with an old female tea party. Who likes forced, idiotic conversation anyway? Oh well, it will soon be over and next week I will be comparatively free from social obligations and can just sit still in a chair all evening and think of the folks at 1026 and Sunny Hill. I owe Eunice a letter.

"Love to all.

"Lee."

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1767.

Monday, April 26, I sat through the last session of the General Assembly. Resolutions were rushed through almost without reading and always without change. Then followed the customary exchange of congratulations and compliments, one or more speakers from each delegation rising upon his hind legs to express for his country his appreciation of the disinterested work and devotion to official duty of his colleagues, and of their wonderful contribution to international understanding, good will, and cooperation. Sir Danial Hall, on behalf of the British delegation, expressed the hope that the Institute would proceed to reorganize itself along the lines indicated by the General Assembly, that it would eliminate useless work, confine its efforts to a few of the more important projects, and if it made progress along these lines he was confident that the adhering governments would increase their contributions to its support. This was a complete change of front from the opening address of Sir Danial at the convening of the General Assembly. The Italian delegation was present in full strength and one after another got up to praise the administration of President DeMichelis and the Facist regime.

In the afternoon I prepared a report to the Bureau in Washington. I was interrupted for an hour or more by the Hindoo, Mr. Bannerjee, who insisted that I should put him in touch with American publishers who would pay him for articles on Indian agriculture. ^RIn the evening I attended a supper given to the American delegation by Dr. Pearson at the Flora Hotel. After the supper Messrs. Foley, Schoenfeld, Haas, Stine, and I went to the barroom of the hotel and had whiskeys and sodas. Dignified Dr. Stine, very tired and wholly unaccustomed to alcoholic drinks, but like most Americans willing to participate in a new experience, did as the others did. and after the second glass was ~~overcome~~ so overcome

(1926, April, Rome.

E-1767.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1768.

that he gradually slid down in his chair, his eyes closed, he nodded more and more, but struggled bravely to keep awake. A smile went around our circle, but it was one of understanding and sympathy, because each of us knew exactly how he felt and why.

The 27th was clear and cool. I started the day by dictating a letter to my wife.

(Wife, April 27, blue folder.

1768--a 2002

"Roma, 27 Aprile, 1926.

"Dear Wifie:

"A few days ago I wrote letters to Mother, Sister Nellie, Otis and Thelma, and now it is your turn.

"Saturday was a most peculiar day, especially in the afternoon. It was 'fair,' but with a peculiar haze in the atmosphere, a rising wind that increased in violence during the afternoon and night. Rome is dusty when it is not ^{wet} cool, and the hot wind raised whirlwinds and clouds of dust so thick that one could hardly see through it. The whole sky was overcast. I was told that the wind came from the Sahara in North Africa, crossing the Mediteranean and carrying with it the dust of the desert. The wind was so strong at night that it caused some damage, including the deaths of several persons and many broken trees. A few days before the Tiber was a roaring torrent and the papers say it rose 36 ~~feet~~ feet over night from the heavy rains and mountain snows to the north.

"Sunday morning I joined the American delegation at their hotel and in three automobiles we made the trip to Hadrian's Villa and the hill town of Tivoli, which are about fifteen miles northeast of Rome. The forenoon was alternating sunshine and showers, and the afternoon mostly sunshine. Crossing the Campagna we passed many wheat fields, some of them with old ruins, and many pastures covered with a profusion of big red poppies which were very pretty nodding in the breeze. Also the roadsides were beautiful with fresh green grass and shrubs, and the wild roses were in bloom.

"We reached Hadrian's Villa about 10 o'clock. Nearly 2000 years ago it was a town of palaces and estates and beautiful landscape gardens, but is now a complete ruin and covers an extent of about 100 acres. There are great walls forty feet high and a quarter of a mile long, walls of buildings and temples, rooms and marble baths,

corridors, underground passages, innumerable guest chambers, fragments of floors made of marble mosaic which are as bright today as when they were constructed, and outside are magnificent pines and cypress trees, olive orchards, green meadows, and a wonderful variety of wild flowers.

"Our party wandered through these ruins for about two hours, standing in the shelter of old arches or ~~at~~ parts of temples when the showers fell, and renewing our walk when the sun came out. To one side of the Villa was the Roman Campagna in all its beauty, and on the other the mist covered mountains.

"At noon we went into a small restaurant at the entrance of the villa, preempted a lot of tables, spread out our picnic lunch of cold chicken, ham, hard boiled eggs, cheese and cakes, fruit and chocolate candies, and had coffee, tea, beer, and wine from the restaurant. It was a most enjoyable picnic for our party of fourteen.

"Then we resumed our journey up the mountain, through a succession of olive orchards, with their wierd old trees, gray in bark and foliage, with trunks knarled, contorted, and twisted in the most fantastic shapes, until we came to the town of Tivoli. This is on the side of the mountain with about 800 feet elevation and has some 12,000 inhabitants.

"We first visited the Villa d'Este, which has a palace more than 400 years old, wonderful landscape gardens, and innumerable cascades and fountains. It has some of the tallest cypress trees in all Italy, if not in the world, some of them said to be over 200 feet high and more than 10 feet in diameter. They look like giant cedars in form and foliage.

"From this villa there are wonderful vistas of the olive clad mountains, cultivated vineyards, and the undulating valley below. One

can barely discern the dome of St. Peter's in the distance and on clear days the gleaming blue of the Mediterranean on the horizon to the south.

"We drove across the high bridge over the River Tevere, which runs through a deep gorge to one side of the town, and from a point of vantage we could see the great waterfalls and cascades where the river emerges from artificial channels cut through the mountains a century or more ago and falls and breaks into showers of spray and mist several hundred feet to the bottom of the gorge. We had a pleasant drive back to Rome and reached the hotels at three o'clock.

"A reception was given to the delegates by the Institute at 5 o'clock. It was held in the grand hall, which has a lofty ceiling and walls decorated with marble, gilt, and large mirrors. There was a profusion of red roses, and along one side was a table set with sandwiches, cakes, ice-cream, candies, coffee and tea urns, and bottles of wine. There was a small orchestra which played lively American jazz. Acquaintances were renewed and after refreshments there was dancing--imagine dancing on Sunday. You must remember that in Italy Sunday is simply a holiday and that all days are alike so far as religion is concerned; which I think is better than the Protestant idea of one holy day and six days when religion is forgotten. I stole away while the reception was about half over. At my rooms I had a short nap, then to supper, and on my return had some phonograph music.

"Yesterday the General Assembly closed its sessions early in the afternoon, after passing all the resolutions presented to it by the various committees, and after a series of congratulatory speeches by ~~all~~ a number of delegates, nearly all of the Latin persuasion. The resolutions presented by the American delegation were designed to

insure the international character of the Institute and ^{the} extension of international personnel and control. The British delegation on this last day of the session called attention to the necessity for perfecting the organization of the Institute, and for intensifying work on a few definite practical projects, rather than spreading its funds and efforts over too much new territory for which it is not equipped to handle.

"Now that the General Assembly is over we will all have an opportunity to catch up with our work that has been suspended for nearly two weeks.

"In the evening I had supper with Dr. and Mrs. Pearson, the new President of the Maryland University, and other members of the American delegation. It was a very pleasant affair, with good food, wine, floral decorations, entertaining friends and much good humor. It was after midnight when I reached my rooms.

"How I wish you and the children might have been with me on the excursion to Hadrian's Villa and Tivoli, and that you might have shared with me the pleasure of again meeting some of my old associates and friends. Maybe we can make it together in future. I hope so anyway.

"With love to you and the Niñas, Rosita and the Pajaros, from

"Daddy."

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1769.

In the forenoon Messrs. Dana and Sparhawk of the U.S. Forestry Service came in to discuss certain resolutions regarding a forestry census they proposed to submit to the International Forestry Congress that was to meet at the Institute on the 29th.

In the afternoon I accompanied the American delegation to St. Peters. I rode in an automobile with Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson and their little girl of about twelve. We stopped at a small shop near St. Peters to buy a veil for the little girl so as to prevent any indecent exposure that might tempt the holy fathers and brothers from ^{chaste} ~~unholy~~ thoughts. The young saleslady was very accommodating in selecting the veil and arranging it on the child in the manner prescribed by the holy church and it was a pleasure to see how delighted the child was with her new decoration. It was also a pleasure to see the look of satisfaction on the faces of her parents. ^{FP} At the Vatican we presented cards and were admitted to the sacred precincts. We passed through a long corridor lined with the famous Swiss guards who wore gaily striped shirts and baggy knickerbockers, each armed with an ancient spear or halberd. Then we followed a guide through endless corridors, and up marble steps, stage by stage and terrace after terrace, until we finally reached a room at the top of the hill. Here we checked our hats and wraps. Then there was a long wait in a large hall full of people with heavily armed guards on all sides. We were finally admitted into another large room, ~~A~~ also full of armed guards. There we were stood up in line along four sides of the room with our backs to the walls, about sixty of us in all, and in this position were kept waiting nearly an hour. However, we were not without entertainment in watching the pompous dignity of a number of big, fat, heavy, elderly and very clumsy men dressed in bright scarlet velvet costumes with coats

(1926, April, Rome.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1770.

covered with heavy embroidery, knee pants, stockings and shoes all of the same fiery red. Ribbands^{one} and tassells dangled from their knees. These flunkeys made much ado moving visitors from one corner of the room to another and rearranging them as if they were having their picture taken. Armed guards were stationed at each of the doors. A group of guards were stationed in a square in the center of the room facing its four sides. Evidently His Holiness had little faith in divine protection. About half the visitors were representative tourists and the other half were ecclesiastics, and it was interesting to see with what profound reverence the ecclesiastics regard^{ed} the holy flunkeys and guards and how supremely important the flunkeys looked. Near me stood a beautiful lady dressed in Spanish style. Her face was flushed, her eyes were brilliant, and both were set off by heavy black hair and a black lace mantilla. All the women present were dressed in black and wore veils from their heads and wrapped around their necks and shoulders. It was strickly against the rules for ~~a~~ woman^{to} to expose ~~her~~^{their} neck^s, shoulders, arms, or other portions of their bodies except only their eyes and a portion of their faces, so frail is the masculine virtue of the ^Pope and his retainers. I copied a placard in Italian outside of St. Peter's to the effect that all women were required to cover themselves to the top of their necks because immodesty on the part of women in the house of ~~God~~^g--(nothing said about immodesty on the part of men)--is a scandal which merits the severest punishment. During our long wait many monks and sisters were admitted for a brief audience with the Pope in the adjoining chamber.

At last there was a signal and we were told to kneel down on the gloor. Theⁿ the Pope entered with two ecclesiastics and two armed guards in front and two behind him. He passed quickly

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1771.

along in front of the kneeling line of visitors, extending his hand in a purely mechanical and perfunctory way so that the large ring on his ~~middle~~ finger might be kissed. The visitors were instructed to kiss either the hand or the ring. Many of the visitors, myself included, merely nodded their heads as the hand passed before them. The ceremony was over in a moment, the old man and his guards simply walking at a uniform pace around four sides of the room with his hand extended and back into the room from which he came. To me His Infallibility, successor of St. Peter, and Holder of the Keys to the Gates of Heaven, was simply a pale, flabby, tired looking old man dressed in a house gown covered with white lace, and more than anything else he resembled some old, bereaved, grandmothers I had seen who seemed to have been ill for a long time and had lost all interest in life. I watched him closely while he was in the room and did not see him look at a single person or thing in it. He might as well have been walking in his sleep.

Well, the show was over, It was not worth the trouble-- only there is but one Pope and he can be seen only after certain formalities and at the Vatican in Rome. Most bootblacks display more signs of life and human intelligence than this Pope did when I saw him. As I left the Vatican I said to myself, the trouble with this ^P~~R~~ope is that he has no competition. Now, if there was a pope to correspond to each of the twelve apostols, and a supreme pope to represent Christ, surely they would afford some entertainment to God's children on earth.

After the ~~performance~~ exhibition was over I took Messrs. Foley, Schoenfeld, Stine, and Haas to the Ristorante San Carlo where we had a good dinner, good wine, and smokes. During the afternoon Dr. Pearson and his wife called to say good by.

(1926, April, Rome.)

E-1771.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1772.

The 28th was cool enough for a fire in the office. I dictated a long report to Prof. Cooper, Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, about the General Assembly meeting, its acceptance of the declaration of principles by the American delegation, and the action taken with respect to the census project. A copy of this report was sent also to Mr. Austin of the U.S. Census Bureau. In the late afternoon I went over to Mr. Hobson's office and found Dr. Stine just finishing his report of the proceedings to the chief of bureau. With Miss Dickson, Mr. Hobson's secretary, I left copies of photographs I had taken the previous Sunday for Mr. Taber, the Grange Master. In the corridors I met a number of delegates to the Forestry Congress. Returning to my office I began to clear out a mass of papers that had accumulated in preparation for the General Assembly. ^{HP} On the way home I stopped at the little restaurant on the Piazza del Popolo for a glass of beer and was amused at a drunken man who came in to buy some oranges. The tipsy man himself was not especially amusing or interesting; he was simply so tipsy that he was confused; but the look of consternation on the face of the proprietor and in the faces of the waiters and customers because they looked upon this tipsy man with all the scandalized horror that one would expect to see if a tipsy man entered a church in the United States during services--and all because drunkenness was so rare in Rome. However, there was no scene. One of the waiters supplied him with the oranges he desired, made the correct change, and politely escorted him out of the restaurant, around the corner, and up some steep steps. Apparently the tipsy man was regarded as a harmless and unfortunate maniac.

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E--1773.

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On the 29th the International Forestry Congress opened with several hundred delegates present. At the opening session the King, Mussolini, and other notables were present. Had a nice letter from the Queen of Hearts, who was stopping with an old friend in Florence, wife of an Italian count. Dictated a number of letters. Had a long visit from Mr. Hodgson, who on this occasion was very tiresome. Drew up a tentative itinerary of travel in Europe that I estimated would take about four months. After office hours I walked the streets of Rome for more than an hour trying to find a place to buy batteries for my flashlight. I asked shopkeepers and hotel clerks, but none of them had ever seen a flashlight and could give me no information. By mere accident I found a small shop on a side alley that sold electrical appliances. Few Americans realize what a convenience our five and ten cent stores are.

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(1926, April, Rome.

W-1773.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1774.

April 30 was warm enough so that an overcoat was not necessary. At the office I considered how best to combine the reports of the two commissions that had passed upon the census project and started to formulate the letter of transmittal of the census report to the various governments. Dr. Stine called to say good by. Received a note from Mr. Thompson saying he was about to leave and had been too busy to call to pay his respects. I spent an hour or more at the Forestry Congress in the main building. After returning to the office Mr. Felstad, forestry delegate from Norway, came over to ask if I would sit with the statistical committee of the congress. I said I would do so gladly if he would see that I had a formal invitation from some one in authority. He returned within an hour with Lord Lovat of Great Britain, chairman of the statistical committee, who cordially invited me to take part in their discussions. ^P That afternoon Lord Lovat sent word that he wished to see me in private. Together we sat on a marble seat in the corridor opposite ~~to~~ the entrance to the room of the President of the Institute. He opened the conversation by saying that he had been in Rome just long enough to realize that there were conflicting interests that made it difficult for a newcomer to get his bearings and that so far everyone he had talked to had said that Mr. Estabrook was the one man best informed as to the situation of the Institute, the only disinterested man who was absolutely fearless in expressing his views in the interest of international service, and therefore he sought my cooperation in trying to get a clear idea of the situation of the Institute that would help him and his colleagues in organizing a forestry branch in the Institute. I assured him that I was entirely at his service for that purpose. Then followed a long series of questions, some of them very searching, which showed that he was

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1973--a 2011

"Rome, April 29, 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Ninas:

"Your lovely letters written at Sunny Hill on April 11 reached me two days ago.

"I wish I might have been with you to see the 1 sturdy little crocuses in their gay uniforms standing at attention around the Cricket House and on the slopes of Observatory Hill, the swelling buds of the forsythia and the Japanese quince, the long rows of faithful peonies pushing their deep red arms towards the sky, the series^d ranks of daffodils bravely trying to hold out their gold and silver cups to catch the sunshine and the dew, the sturdy irises growing stronger and stiffer day by day until they unfurl their rainbow blossoms to the vagrant breezes of Sunny Hill, and all the other flowering plant, shrub, tree, and vine friends.

"I suppose the little brown squirrels are scampering over the stone fences, the robins, bluejays, cat birds, linnets, and wrens are singing their love songs and collecting material for spring nests, and all the crows of the valley are holding their spring convention. Terrapins, hoptoads, frogs, and rabbits are waking up and inspecting nooks and corners. I would not be surprised if a cricket sang now and then, and surely the bumble bees in their velvet jackets are beginning to buzz about. I know too that the wonderful mats of arbutus are in bloom, the moss is becoming a soft velvety green, the delicate ferns are beginning to unfurl their wonderful spirals, little jack-in-the-pulpits are getting ready to preach their spring sermons, the pure white blossoms of the golden seal are shining like crystal stars in the thickets, the grape hyacinths and clumps of violets are ^{about} ~~out~~ ready to bloom, and all the little fairies and gnomes of Sunny Hill are planning for their summer revels. In a few weeks the sun will be shining warm and bright

on Sunny Hill, and the whole mountain side will burst forth in a blaze of glorious color.

"What a lot we all miss by not being there to see the transformation, the daily miracles that take place, mostly unseen by human eyes, and to think that it is all our own and we cannot be there to enjoy it. Anyhow, it is something to look forward to, and let us continue to hope that we may have many years of sweet contentment in our little earthly paradise on the mountain.

"The day before yesterday I went with the American delegatinn to see His Holiness the Pope, the Sanctified, Infallible, successor of St. Peter, Keeper of the Keys to the Gates of Heaven, and Head of the Holy Roman Catholic Church and personal representative of All Mighty God on earth.

"I rode in the automobile with Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson and their little daughter, a child of about ten. We stopped en route to buy the child a veil, it being forbidden for any human female, regardless of age, to appear before His Holiness, S.I.S.S., K.K.G.H., R.A.G., etc., his retinue or his army of guards, with heads covered with anything except lace or some other light stuff, or with necks, arms, shoulders, or any other part of their sinful bodies exposed, except faces, lest the frail Pope and his even frailer priests might fall from grace and have unholy thoughts, and thereby fail to enter the meter of pearly gates. A white tulle was purchased and the pretty young lady clerk, and the equally pretty young lady customer, took great delight in arranging the veil over the head of the little child. The child also was filled with delight at the unusual decoration and her face and eyes shone, her cheeks were rosy red, and she danced up and down with joy. Her staid, middle-aged father and mother were also happy and showed it in their smiling faces at the vision of their lovely little daughter. The father offered a tip to the young lady

clerk, but she refused to accept it with a look of surprised distress. Then there were smiles and thanks on the part of the parents and smiles and good wishes on the part of the clerks. Altogether it was a very pleasant incident.

"We drove through narrow streets of a very congested part of the city filled with desperately poor people, to the great plaza in front of St. Peter's and drew up at a side entrance of the Vatican. We exhibited our yellow tickets of admission, and passed the armed guard at the door and entered a large and stately hall filled with Swiss guards lounging about. Some of them were armed with old halberds, picks, and spears. Their uniforms had full waists, baggy knickerbockers, stockings, shoes, and helmets, all in alternating stripes of bright red and yellow, and they looked as gay as a lot of Kentucky cardinals.

"We walked through halls, corridors, and up endless stairs, terrace after terrace, through great marble halls, until we reached the top of the high hill on which the main buildings of the Vatican stand. Armed guards were stationed at all the entrances and in all the halls and rooms. Evidently the Pope and his holy retinue have little faith in Divine Providence and for protection prefer a large force of heavily armed mercenary foreign guards.

"After checking our coats and hats we were passed from one large hall to another, always between armed guards and under close scrutiny, to a large marble waiting room with beautiful paintings on the walls and ceiling, representing pagan and biblical scenes.

"Here we were lined up on four sides of the room with our backs to the wall, and a squadron of guards armed with sabers and rifles in the center. The men were dressed in dinner jackets with white ties, and the women were dressed mostly in black, ~~all~~ with black veils over their heads and around their throats. We had a

long and tiresome wait and everybody was properly subdued and spoke in whispers. Our only relief was in watching a group of old, big, fat, beefy, pompous, important looking flunkeys, dressed in loose scarlet jackets, waistcoats, knee trousers from which hung many ribbons, stockings, and shoes, all of the same rich red color. It was a circus to see these flunkeys guide a meek, subdued, and very pious looking little old lady across the room from one door to another, as if they were leading an army on parade before the admiring gaze of the populace. I could not help picturing to myself what would happen if one of these fat flunkeys in scarlet clothes were set in the middle of a meadow with a herd of long-horned Texas steers.

"Many ecclesiastics, army and navy officers, meek looking monks and nuns were admitted individually and by groups to a private audience with His Holiness the Infallible and so forth, in the next room.

"At last an electric bell sounded; the gorgeous flunkeys with the armed guards back of them indicated that all the waiters, of which I was one, were to kneel on the floor. We did so, and then His Holiness the Infallible and so forth entered. He is an old man with a soft flabby countenance, which appeared well blanched from sitting in doors so much, like a plant trying to grow in a cellar, and he was dressed in a creamy white bathrobe and wore a flat white pancake on top of his head. He walked around quickly and with absolutely no sign of interest or human intelligence in front of the kneeling sinners, with his right hand extended on one finger of which was a large seal ring. The devoted among the sinners kissed the ring as it passed before them, and the unregenerate heretics simply made a feint of kissing it.

"Then the show was over, His Holiness the Infallible and so

~~1793~~ 2015

forth having passed in review some eighty or more miserable sinners in less than two minutes time. I noticed that some among the ecclesiastical brotherhood and sisterhood in the line were greatly moved and no doubt they derived great spiritual consolation from having actually seen and touched the spiritual head of their church. I wish I might have felt the same emotion, but it was impossible. To me His Holiness the Infallible and so forth is simply a soft old man, and except for the international organization of which he is the official figurehead, utterly futile.

"After the ceremony we wended our way through the endless corridors and down the endless stairways to the great plaza in front of St. Peter's into the more beautiful sunshine, took a taxi and went to the Ristorante San Carlo, where we had a nice farewell luncheon together.

"Again I wished you and the children might have been with me, although I am sure the children would much rather see a picture show or spend the time with their playmates.

"With love and kisses for all,

"Daddy."

(1926, April, Rome.

E-1774. 2016

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1775.

a man of affairs who could estimate not only practical but psychological factors, which last is where all professors and professed economists fall down. At the conclusion of our long and interesting interview he thanked me cordially and said that the information I had given him was invaluable. Lord Lovat was ~~then~~ perhaps the most important and influential delegate to the Forestry Congress and during our rather prolonged interview in the corridor we were observed by many employes of the Institute, including Mr. Dore, who lingered about as if wishing to meet an English Lord, and ~~the~~ President DeMichelis issued hurriedly from his room, espied us, and came up with cordial greetings. Of course this was a minor incident and my meeting with Lord Lovat was simply a conversation between two English speaking gentlemen, but I suspect it did more to raise me in the estimation of the Institute than anything which I had said or done within their knowledge.

Because of the pressure of work I had to forego the pleasure of joining an excursion of the Forestry Congress to Florence and a visit to the agricultural school at Vallombrosa, but now that I had the approval of the General Assembly of the census program, I felt that every minute must be applied to combining the several reports into a single report and getting it printed and distributed with the least possible delay.

During the day one of the ^{English} employes of the Institute came over and said that Mr. Dana had committed a very serious blunder in addressing the Forestry Congress. In surprise I asked what he had done. "Turned his back on the King," was the reply in a tone of horror. "Did His Majesty survive," I asked. But the sarcasm was utterly lost on my British acquaintance.

My secretary announced in the morning that she would have to work that day in the office of Mr. Hobson as a substitute for

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 to work that day in the office of Mr. Hobson as a substitute for

(1926, April, Rome.

E--1776.

his secretary who was taking a day off. Questioning brought out the statement that the two young women had ~~arran~~ agreed between themselves that when one wished to be absent the other would substitute for her. This little arrangement had been made without consulting either Mr. Hobson or ^{me} ~~A~~. He came over shortly afterwards and was greatly exercised over it. I laughed at the idea and said that after all it was not a bad arrangement, that it meant cooperation, and that while there would be some inconvenience at times, ^{nevertheless} it rarely happened that ~~the~~ anything of supreme importance would suffer in either of our small offices. He was angry and could not share this view and left saying that the arrangement would have to end. [#] After office I stopped at a restaurant and had a cup of hot chocolate, a short nap at my rooms, read a chapter in the Italian biography of Cellini, had supper at the San Carlo, and stopped for awhile at the Ristorante Biffi for a whiskey and soda and some good music. [#] Two Americans joined me, both tipsy. One of them looked at me and asked if I spoke English. He said he was from Philadelphia and was glad to meet any one he could talk to. Then he ordered drinks for the three of us. ⁷ His companion was silent, sullen, and rather offensive in his manner. The Philadelphian talked freely and asked a number of questions, some of them rather personal, which I answered rather cautiously and diplomatically because of the suspicious character of his companion. The flow of questions continued and the Philadelphian was about to order another set of drinks when I held up my hand, smiled, and said, "Wait a minute, please. I always like to know who I am drinking with." Turning to the ~~xxx~~ surley companion, and looking him straight in the face I said, "May I ask your name, and where you are from, your business, and where you are stopping in Rome?" He scowled and answered "No."

(1926, April, Rome.)

E-1776.

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(1926, April, Rome.

E--1777.

Somehow this discourteous answer and the manner in which it was given aroused my ire, probably because the whiskey and soda I had taken had removed some of my conventional inhibitions. Also I resented their intrusion at my table, when other tables were vacant. On impulse I leaned forward and looking the sullen individual straight in the eye--and noted how his eyes wavered and glanced furtively about, and said, "See here, brother,, I came from a part of the United States where men carry guns with hair triggers; if you do not understand what that means, you will the instant you make a move; I probably know more about you than you suspected, and that explains why you dare not mention your own name, or where you are from, or where you are staying; see that policeman over there? Well, he's watching you very closely. There's a train leaving Rome in the morning at about 8 o'clock. Perhaps you had better not return to your room tonight, because it will be watched, but try to catch that morning train. Another thing; I don't remember that I invited you to join me at this table; I now invite you to leave it. You have just thirty seconds in which to do it, or I will signal the officer who is watching you." The man from Philadelphia started to expostulate, but I said "Shut up; you^x time limit is about ^{up} ~~here~~; try to keep that consummate fool out of trouble, if you can." With some confusion they settled their account, grabbed their hats and departed, and to my satisfaction I saw the uniformed officer start to follow them, which confirmed me in the belief that they were crooks.

May 1st, Saturday, I spent with the statistical committee of the Forestry Congress, ~~Mr~~ Lord Lovat acting as chairman and Mr. Robinson as rapporteur. The whole question of the methods, scope and extent of forestry statistics was under discussion, as was also the question of forming a special division in the Institute

(1926, April, Rome, Italy)

2-1777

Somewhat this disconcerting answer and the manner in which it was given aroused my ire, probably because the whiskey and soda I had taken had removed some of my conventional inhibitions. Also I resented their intrusion at my table, when other tables were vacant. On impulse I leaned forward and looking the sudden individual straight in the eye--and noted how his eyes wavered and glanced furtively about, and said, "See here, brother, I came from a part of the United States where men carry guns with their triggers; if you do not understand what that means, you will the instant you make a move; I probably know more about you than you suspected, and that explains why you dare not mention your own name, or where you are from, or where you are staying; see that policeman over there? Well, he's watching you very closely. There's a train leaving Rome in the morning at about 8 o'clock. Perhaps you had better not return to your room tonight, because it will be watched, but try to catch that morning train. Another thing; I don't remember that I invited you to join me at this table; I now invite you to leave it. You have just thirty seconds in which to do it, or I will signal the officer who is watching you." The man from Philadelphia started to exonerate, but I said "Shut up; your time limit is about here; try to keep that consummate fool out of trouble, if you can." With some confusion they settled their account, grabbed their hats and departed, and to my satisfaction I saw the uniformed officer start to follow them, which confirmed me in the belief that they were crooks. May 1st, Saturday, I spent with the statistical committee of the Forestry Congress, Mr. Lord Lovat acting as chairman and Mr. Robinson as reporter. The whole question of the methods, scope and extent of forestry statistics was under discussion, as was also the question of forming a special division in the Institute

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1778.

to collect and summarise such statistics, to be in charge of one or two outstanding forest economists, it being understood ^{that} ~~that~~ neither the secretary general nor any other official of the Institute should have authority to interfere in any way in any question of procedure or technique. Mr. Dore reminded the conference that the secretary general was the administrative head of the Institute and it was his official duty to supervise all projects, but of course he would probably not interfere in any technical question. Lord Lovat replied that in his judgment any secretary general that was worth his salary had all he could do administering the office of the secretary general, the finances of the Institute, and the correspondence, to occupy his entire time, and that no secretary general was competent to interfere in or presume to interfere with the work of a technical division or to change or modify its reports in any way, as he understood had been done in the recent past; at any rate, before the Forestry Congress could authorize the establishment of a forestry division in the Institute and contribute funds to its support ⁱ ~~A~~ it must be distinctly understood that neither the secretary General nor any chief of division, nor any other official of the Institute, should ever presume to interfere with the plans or reports of the forest economist in charge or repeat the blunders that had been committed with respect to one of the most important projects of the Institute. Both the secretary general and Mr. Dore were reduced to silence, both understanding clearly that reference was made to their action in mutilating my original report during my absence in Washington.

The next day, Sunday, I spent a few hours at the office drafting letters. Then I crossed the city in a bus to the English cemetery near the San Paulo gate. It is a small cemetery laid out in trim fashion with strips of green grass, trees and shrubs.

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(1926, May, Rome.

E--1779.

The names^s on the tombstones were all familiar English names and the inscriptions mostly referred to the fact that he or she passed away in a foreign land and far away from home, and somehow that word "home," for which there is no ~~word~~ corresponding word in any foreign language, makes the tears come to the eyes of any one of English blood who reads it in a foreign land. Shelley is buried here, and many other notables. Returning to my rooms I found a note from Mr. Dana inviting me to accompany a party to Ostia Vecchia, but it was too late to take advantage of the invitation.

(Regina dei cuore, May 2, blue folder.

The names on the tombstones were all familiar English names and the inscriptions mostly referred to the fact that he or she passed away in a foreign land and far away from home, and somehow that word "home," for which there is no exact corresponding word in any foreign language, makes the tears come to the eyes of any one of English blood who reads it in a foreign land. Shelley is buried here, and many other notables. Returning to my room I found a note from Mr. Dana inviting me to accompany a party to Ostia Vecchia, but it was too late to take advantage of the invitation.

(Regina del cuore, May 4, blue folder.

"Roma, 2 Mai, 1926.

"Dear Mrs.Gray (La Regina dei Cuore):

"One evening last week a little fairy waved her magic wand and I saw very clearly a dear little lady with white hair, laughing eyes and smiling face in a place called Firenze. I said 'Why have I not received a/K/ an answer to my last letter.' The fairy whispered in my ear, 'The answer to your letter was written three days ago, it reached the postoffice in Rome today, and tomorrow at 10 p'clock Guidi will bring it to you.' And he did. And so it often happens. At first I used to experience surprise and think it was mere fortuitous coincidence, but my premonitions have come true with such frequency that I have come to heed them and am no longer surprised when my intuition is verified and fulfilled, but rather disappointed and perplexed in the rare cases when it is not.

"Your lovely letter was read with interest, pleasure and appreciation. As I read it I fancied you were at my side and that I could see you and hear your voice. I was interested in your description of the people with whom you are sojourning, and also in the view from your window. I like window pictures. One of my plans for the future is to try to describe the vistas I have seen through windows, and they are many, interesting and beautiful, and they stand out sharp and clear in memory because of repetition, familiarity, repose, solitude, and because a window is a frame that limits vision to a definite space on which the attention is focussed. These window pictures of mine go back to infancy and there is a seemingly endless series of them to the present.

"The most recent are two and they are quite different. One is from the window of my study in a sixth story flat. I look out over an interior court, see the roof, the top of the elevator shaft, about fifty metal tanks huddled together like a herd of cattle, and

above is the blue sky, flitting white clouds, and some swiftly flying swallows. I look down and see a partly paved court with a gurgling fountain, some palms, vines, roses, and ferns eighty feet or more below; and on four sides of the court I see smooth perpendicular walls, unbroken except for a hundred windows through which I catch fleeting glimpses of the life within--buxum cooks in their kitchens, pretty chambermaids, men servants, some in uniform and very stiff and wooden, old white-haired ~~servants~~ women sewing or reading, young people, little children, nursemaids and babies; rugs being beaten, variegated laundry hanging out to dry; and I catch snatches of household sounds, bars of music or song, bits of conversation, and muffled sounds--all of which make me realize that this great structure in one corner of which I am lodged is full of life--especially family life--infancy, youth, maturity, and old age, love, hope, and much else that I should like to know ~~more~~ more about.

"The other is the view from office window in the Casetta, a ~~visio~~ vision of stately ~~trees~~ graceful trees in fresh spring leaf and blossom, shimmering in the sunshine, with birds flitting about, chirping, singing, and talking in bird language to each other, ^u busily collecting bits of bark, twigs, moss and other material for their nests; old people and young people, lovers in the flush and happiness of youth, nursemaids in picturesque costume with little rosebud children, bands of boys with bats and balls, a group of dancing maidens, spruce young army officers in new uniforms and spurs and swords that click at every step, priests in flowing robes, nuns leading processions of little girls in uniform, tourists from many lands with ~~and~~ guidebooks in hand and ~~one~~ ~~one~~ cameras, artists who stop to sketch the Casetta, workmen and gardeners who keep the grounds in order, processions of carriages, and automobiles with solemn looking gen-

tllemen in black coats, silk hats, with gold headed canes, on their way to attend some congress or convention at the International Institute of Agriculture; ~~and~~ Guidi, my devoted slave, and his pretty young wife who has brought his noonday luncheon to be eaten out under the trees; ~~and~~ in front of the Casetta the statue of Bacchus, god of wine, of mirth, and allegria, who greets me with uplifted hand every morning; ~~and~~ a short distance out under the leafy canopy of foliage overhead and over the ivy clad slope underneath I see the sun shining on the great arch and fountain at the turn of the road; ~~and~~ in the other direction a grass covered slope dotted with daisies; ~~and~~ up over the tree tops the blue sky and white clouds; and across the valley between the Casetta and the Pincio I hear the music of the Municipal Band, the sound of laughter, the songs of marching Facisti, the report of the noonday gun, the sound of tolling bells marking the passing hours; and always the gentle motion of waving branches and the music of fluttering foliage. This is only a fraction of what I see from my office window every day--instantaneous impressions and pictures that I catch from my desk. All this is suggested by your pretty description of the view from your window, which I also see and for which I bless you.

"I also thank you for the phrase in your letter to the effect that you would show me Fiesole and that we would 'walk like children together.' That touches a responsive chord in my heart, because I have never lost the feeling of childhood wonder and delight at the fairyland of beauty in which we live. I hope that we may yet take that walk.

"I should like to tell you of the excursion of the American delegation to Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa, their reception by the American Ambassador and by the American Consul, their reception by the Pope, the farewell dinner given by President Pearson of the

Maryland University, and all about the International Forestry Congress that has been in session since the middle of last week and will adjourn sometime this week, the luncheon given by the American delegation to the British delegation headed by Lord Lovat today at the Ulpia, but I promised myself that this letter should be a short one.

"I have been in daily attendance at the committee meetings and sessions of various conventions since April 12. I fear that I may not be able to visit Assisi and Florence before you leave. I had a severe disappointment in that I had planned to accompany the excursion of the foresters last Saturday to Florence and nearby points--thinking I might be able to see you--because of the urgent invitation of Lord Lovat that I sit with the Statistical Committee of which he was chairman and the committee remained in Rome. However, this committee laid the foundation for a bureau of forest statistics in the Institute that may be of great public service in future, and it will always be a source of satisfaction to think that I was able to participate in its foundation.

"Positively I must stop and leave many things unsaid. Please keep me advised of your movements and send me a cheery word of greeting whenever you can, and I shall try to do the ~~same~~ same in return.

"With best wishes from myself and all my good little fairies,
I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1926, May, Rome.

2026
E--1780.

The next day I sat with the statistical commission of the Forestry Congress that was considering a report drawn up by Mr. Robinson in which it was proposed to set up an independent division of forestry in the Institute. Mr. Dana informed me that President DeMichelis had sent for a copy of the report and later had sent back instructions that all reference to the "independence" of the proposed division should be stricken out, which was naturally resented by the delegates and especially by Lord Lovat. Needless to say these instructions were wholly disregarded. At one o'clock the British delegation, as guests of the American delegation and of the Forestry Congress, had luncheon at the Ulpia. There were about twelve American and eighteen British delegates present. Speeches were made in the interest of cooperation between America and the British Empire, and after luncheon we adjourned to the Via Sacra room for coffee and liquers. It was a very harmonious and pleasant meeting of educated men who spoke the same language and thought alike. The British are more reserved and less demonstrative than Americans, but they meet around a table in a foreign land, lay aside their reserve and both discover with agreeable surprise that they are fundamentally alike and stand shoulder to shoulder as against the rest of the world. To me this is one of the greatest assets of the English speaking race, their common origin, common history, common psychology, common language, common point of view, and common impulse to act along the same lines and in much the same way, and when confronted by a common danger or problem all differences are forgotten and they are one and each feels instinctively that he can depend on the other. I know that this feeling of unity is almost unknown to the stay-at-homes in both countries, but it is or becomes a very real thing to those who travel and meet in foreign lands.

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(1926, May, Rome.

E--1781.

2027

On the 4th I attended a meeting of the first commission of the Forestry Congress which adopted the resolution of the statistical commission recommending the establishment of an independent forestry division in the Institute. After the resolution was adopted President DeMichelis said that the Institute was the proper place for such an international activity and that the Italian government would advance the funds to finance the new project in its initial stages. Then Mr. Dana brought up the question of including forestry in the world agricultural census. President DeMichelis suggested that the forestry congress should prepare a forestry questionnaire to be included in the agricultural census.

In the afternoon I called at Mr. Hobson's office and there met a Mrs. Greeley who had been designated as a delegate to the Forestry Congress by the Governor of Wisconsin, and she had just arrived. It was a little embarrassing because no one had ever heard of her, but she had credentials, and moreover was just a trifle independent and belligerent, perfectly selfpossessed, and quite prepared to take an active part in the proceedings. as a member of the American delegation. There was to be a luncheon that was to be a stag affair, but she stood on her rights as a delegate and did not propose to be excluded. She was a stout lady of middle age and German aspect. She let it be plainly and unequivocally understood that wherever the American delegation went she ~~w~~ would go too. Mr. Hobson was distracted and in desperation asked me to act as her escort, and I did. I suspected that any woman who could get a Governor of a State to certify her to an international gathering and who could throw consternation into a group of male delegates to such a gathering ^{must} ~~ist~~ be interesting, and she was. After I treated her with all the courtesy her official status

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1782.

2026

required her ruffled feathers settled down and I discovered, as I had suspected, that her belligerent attitude was simply a protective bluff founded on theoretical rights to equality, and that after all she was simply a middle aged, hard working, and very capable woman. As ³oon as she discovered that her protective shield of aggression was not necessary with me she dropped it and we became very good friends. But all the other men were a little afraid of her, were hostile in their attitude to her, treated her as an interloper, and damned the Governor of Wisconsin for giving credentials to a woman--a real old hen--as they characterized her. In a way they were right, because the lady in question was not interested in forestry except as a purely abstract proposition, and knew absolutely nothing about it. She was a ~~profess~~^{prof}essor of law in the University of Wisconsin on a trip to Europe and had heard of the Forestry Congress at Rome and had pulled all sorts of strings to have herself designated as a delegate to the Congress simply to give her an official status on her vacation trip.

In the late afternoon the Institute had a formal reception for the forestry delegates, with a regiment of soldiers in attendance, an official band to furnish music, and an array of refreshments. Not being a delegate I was not invited.

I spent the morning of the 5th in Mr. Hobson's office discussing the question as to whether the American delegation would be justified in ~~in~~ extending an invitation to the ^{International} Forestry Congress to hold its next meeting in the United States. There was much difference of opinion because of the uncertainty as to how far the delegation could make good its invitation, the decision being to leave the whole matter in the hands of Mr. Dana. I spent the afternoon with the Forestry Congress in plenary session. The

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(1926, May, Rome.

E--1783.

2029
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That evening I called at her hotel, the Esperia, Via Nacion^{al} numero 29, by appointment. I took her and a Mr. and Mrs. Hill to the Ulpia where Mr. Hobson was giving a dinner to the American delegation. The dinner and the music were exceptionally good. In the Via Sacra room I got acquainted with Mr. Fisher, in charge of the forestry department of the Philippine government. Our party had a very happy evening.

May 6 was a showery day. I went without breakfast in order to reach the tram station at 8.30 A.M. There I was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. Dana and their daughter, Dean Mulford of Cornell, and Mrs. Greeley, and we obtained seats in a trolley car for Rocca da Pappa. On reaching our destination we walked up the steep incline through the narrow alley streets and across to Monte Cavo, a high peak a mile or more distant from the village. The wheat fields in the Campagna below were heading out. Especially

(1926, May, Rome.)

M-1787.

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(1926, May, Rome.

E; 1784.

attractive were the patches of gorgeous poppies in ^{full} flame.

At Rocca da Pappa spirea, wisteria and roses were in full bloom.

The mountains were covered with a profusion of yellow bloom.

P After we passed through the village Mrs. Dana ^{her daughter Hattie,} and Mrs. Greeley lingered behind and I remained with them as escort. The other members of the party kept on and disappeared around a crueve in the road. Little ~~e~~ Hattie ~~and~~ Dana and I were congenial companions and had a good time picking wild flowers and chasing butterflies. At times we got ahead of the ladies and had to wait for them to catch up. At last the ladies consented to proceed. The party ahead of us had been out of sight for some time. We came to a point where the road forked and, of course, took the wrong road. We wandered leisurely along enjoying the wild flowers, the trees, and the superb view over the Campagna. We followed the road for about a mile along the side of the mountain until I realized that it was descending instead of leading us to the peak above. To avoid loss of time I suggested that we climb straight up and the ladies readily agreed. It was a steep ascent and we had to stop at intervals for breath. At last we came out on a small plateau at the summit on which was an old monastery building in which was a restaurant. I ascertained that no one had been there before us. The ladies were somewhat anxious, but I assured them that this was the destination of the party and the men would arrive shortly. We explored an old garden and admired some magnificent beech trees. The men of the party soon joined us and met with a rather cool reception from the women who suggested that I was the only gentleman in the party--which caused me to grin inwardly. As a matter of fact I was glad to be relieved of the responsibility of looking after two women and a girl in wild and strange surroundings. Our picnic was somewhat spoiled by a dense fog ^g that rose

attractive were the patches of gorgeous poppies in full bloom. At Rocca de Pappa spires, wisteria and roses were in full bloom. The mountains were covered with a profusion of yellow bloom. After we passed through the village Mrs. Dana and Mrs. Greeley lingered behind and I remained with them as escort. The other members of the party kept on and disappeared around a curve in the road. Little Hattie and I were congenial companions and had a good time picking wild flowers and chasing butterflies. At times we got ahead of the ladies and had to wait for them to catch up. At last the ladies consented to proceed. The party ahead of us had been out of sight for some time. We came to a point where the road forked and, of course, took the wrong road. We wandered leisurely along enjoying the wild flowers, the trees, and the superb view over the Campagna. We followed the road for about a mile along the side of the mountain until I realized that it was descending instead of leading us to the peak above. To avoid loss of time I suggested that we climb straight up and the ladies readily agreed. It was a steep ascent and we had to stop at intervals for breath. At last we came out on a small plateau at the summit on which was an old monastery building in which was a restaurant. I ascertained that no one had been there before us. The ladies were somewhat anxious, but I assured them that this was the destination of the party and the men would arrive shortly. We explored an old garden and admired some magnificent peach trees. The men of the party soon joined us and met with a rather cool reception from the women who suggested that I was the only gentleman in the party--which caused me to grin inwardly. As a matter of fact I was glad to be relieved of the responsibility of looking after two women and a girl in wild and strange surroundings. Our picnic was somewhat spoiled by a dense fog that rose

(1926, May, Rome.

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and enveloped us in obscurity so that we could see nothing and lost all sense of direction. We could readily understand that it must be a beautiful spot with a magnificent view in clear weather, but now we could not see thirty feet in any direction because of the fog. *¶* We ate our luncheon in some discomfort and descended the mountain on the other side towards Lakes Albano and Nemi on a road paved with stone blocks that were covered with earth in places. This old road is about twelve feet wide and paved with stone blocks about two feet square with a high curb or border of stone on each side. The grade was very steep. Tradition said that this road was built for triumphal processions of returning victorious armies and generals who were denied an official celebration in Rome itself. The long walk down this old Roman road in the fog was interesting but tiresome, especially ^{as} ~~was~~ we could *not* see anything and could not know just where we were. On the lower slope we came to a sawmill and great piles of sawed lumber and slabs. I asked one of the workmen where the material was to be used and he said it would be exported to Spain. On the lower road we met a number of tourists and many peasants and laborers. Two peasant girls held out their hands and asked for soldi. The walk from Monte Calvo to Lake Nemi was about ~~4~~ five miles. The Danas had to reach Rome in time to catch an evening train. In order to make this connection it was necessary to press forward the last three miles. To add to our unhappiness Mr. Hobson developed a severe case of toothache. It was therefore with a sigh of relief that we got seats in a trolley car bound for Rome. Mr. Hobson, the most robust of the party fell sound asleep in spite of his toothaches. This no doubt was due to the mental strain he had been under with the General Assembly and the Forestry Congress in which he had worn himself out in trying to steer things the way he thought

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(1926, May, Rome.

E--1786.

they should go. We reached Rome at 5 p.m. where I bid good by to the others, took Mrs. Greeley to her hotel, and returned to my rooms thoroughly tired out.

What a ~~gl~~lorious feeling of relief it was to be alone and free. To get rid of the feeling of depression and gloom and disgust I changed clothing, stepped out to a restaurant and had a whiskey and soda, then to another restaurant for a nice little supper, and then to my rooms again and into pajamas to smoke and play some phonograph records. ~~P~~ Mrs. Scolari, the landlady came in to say that Mina, the maidservant, was greatly disturbed because I had not touch~~ed~~ my breakfast. After the landlady left and had retired for the night little Mina stole softly into the room and knelt at my feet, laid her head upon my knees, and murmured an apology. I stroked her head, assured her soothingly that everything was perfectly allright, ~~and then raised her up into my lap, embraced her, kissed her tears away,~~ and again assured her that it was all my fault, that the breakfast was as good as it could be but I did not have time to stay and eat it, and that the Signora and I both loved her. At this assurance she smiled through her tears and threw her arms about my neck and kissed me. For the first time I realized that she was an affectionate creature thirsting for words of appreciation and some show of human interest and affection. And so I petted her and assured her that everything was all right and made her happy. Incidentally I enjoyed the experience. It is true she was slim and trim and neat and well formed and I was hungry for the feel of a femal^e in my arms, but it was all so unexpected and my sympathies were so aroused over her unnecessary mental distress that I could well say "Honi soit qui mal ~~y~~ pense," because for the moment I was entirely sincere and disinterested and thought only of soothing and quieting a child.

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(1926, May Rome.

E--1787.

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On the 8th I finished my report on the ~~United States~~ census program, revised in accordance with the decisions of the various committees, together with a letter of transmittal to the various governments. I turned a copy of the manuscript over to Mr. Dore for translation into French. Mr. Fisher, Forester of the Philippines, called to say good by. He said he had furnished the intendentes of the villages with the Chinese abacus on which to make their calculations, and that many of them could operate these simple devices and make the most complicated calculations as readily and accurately as Europeans could on the most modern of adding and calculating machines. During the day I had trouble with daiarrhoea, which is embarrassing when one has many visitors.

In the evening I took Mrs. Greeley to a theater and we saw a Japanese play. Like most foreign plays it ended in tragedy, contrary to the ideas of most Americans as to the eternal fitness of things. However, the music was excellent and we got some enjoyment out of it.

Sunday, the 9th, was a bright spring day. Mina was away and the landlady served my breakfast. Again she said Mina was in trouble with a carabinieri who had promised to marry her but could not keep his promise. For the sake of appearances, however, Mina would be absent for a day or two and would return with a ring on her finger. I spent several hours at the office. I walked across to the zoological park and paid four lire for admittance. An attractive exhibit of flowers was held in one of the buildings by the professional florists of Rome. Returning to my rooms in the afternoon I had a long nap and then wrote some letters.

(Sister Nellie, May 9, ~~blue~~ folder.

(Regina dei cuore, ~~same~~.

(Mother, ~~same~~.

(1926, May Rome.)

E-1787.

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(Sister Nellie, May 9, 1926, Rome.)

(Regina del cuore, same.)

(Mother, same.)

"Roma, 9 Mai, 1926.

"Dear Sister Nellie:

"As your letter of April 17 was the ^{first} ~~last~~ one to reach me, it is your turn to get an answer. It is difficult for me to appreciate how much cold weather you have had and what difficulties the narcissus have had to struggle against. However, they are hardy and this year you should get a good crop. I have misgivings about the peonies unless the season changes. If it remains cold and backward through May, it will mean not only that the blossoms will come too late for the 30th, but that the crop to the south will be held back, so that when the warm days of early June come the peonies from Richmond north to Philadelphia and beyond will all come on the market together and result in a glut and low prices. I hope this will not happen, because our peonies should come into full bearing this year. Curiously ~~the~~/w/ enough the weather here in early May is colder than it was in early February.

"Following the adjournment of the General Assembly of the Institute on April 26 came the International Forestry Congress on April 29 with a very large attendance. I missed going on an excursion to Florence with the Congress last Saturday and Sunday because I was urged to serve on a statistical committee which remained in Rome. Monday the American delegation of about sixteen gave a luncheon to the British delegation of about eighteen at the Ristorante Ulpia which was a great success. The forestry congress adjourned on the 5th, after providing for the establishment of an independent bureau of forestry statistics, following the lines of the World Census Bureau, of which I am It. There was a lot of sparring and maneuvering between the strong Italian delegation and the Anglo-Saxon delegations, just as there was in the General Assembly. The Italians are trying to dominate the Institute and make it an Italian institution. The Americans have taken the lead, and with the support of the British compelled

the Italian president to subscribe to certain principles and a program, the faithful execution of which will determine the attitude of the U.S. government, and probably many other governments, in continuing to support the Institute. I think the conduct of the American delegation was highly creditable and about as successful as was possible under the circumstances.

"On the evening of the 5th, the closing day of the Congress, what was left of the American delegation and their wives had tea at a reception in the palace of the American Ambassador, and later had supper at the Ristorante Ulpia, which was a very enjoyable affair. As a substitute for wifey I accompanied a Mrs. Greeley, a lone lady who blew in at the middle of the Forestry Congress accredited from Wisconsin. She is a most virulent type of sufferin-
gette, militant, an extreme advocate of WOMEN'S SUPERIORITY AND RIGHTS over contemptible little man, a socialistic pacifist so far as war and international relations are concerned, and only my im-
movable resolution enabled me to overcome the irresistible desire to spank her and tell her that she is a little futile, infertile, sterile cactus that deserves to be exiled to North Africa where, under Mohammedan law, a female of the human species has no soul and no property or political rights and is prohibited from learning to read or write. However, it's part of my job to be polite and keep smiling, and so we became quite good friends. Really, these sufferin-
gettes are pathetic; they are all abnormal, sterile or semi-sterile females, with mixed emotions, futile longings and efforts, and disappointed lives, which causes them to strike out blindly against society--just like male socialists.

"Thursday, the 6th, a small party of Americans, including Mr. Hobson, the Permanent American Delegate to the Institute, Mr. and Mrs. Dana of Massachusetts and their little daughter Harriet,

Mr. Mulford, Dean of the Agricultural College at Berkeley, California, Mrs. Greeley of Wisconsin, and myself, went on an excursion to Rocca di Papa, taking our luncheons with us. The trip across the Campagna to the mountains was pleasant, greatly brightened by the wonderful display of crimson poppies in all the fields and along the roadsides. There are acres of them, like the daisies and in our meadows and fields. Wheat was just beginning to form heads. The country looked its best because of recent rains.

"We reached Rocca di Papa, a hill town about 1500 feet up, a little before noon, and wandered through its narrow filthy streets, full of donkeys and dirty children, all begging for 'Soldi,' the Italian five cent piece which is worth about 4/10 of a cent. Then we walked to the monastery on top of Monte Cavo, the highest peak in the Alban Hills, over 3000 feet above the sea, which can be seen about twelve miles to the west. Unfortunately the weather was bad. It was clear and the sun shone brightly and warm on the Campagna, but the clouds hung persistently about the peak of Monte Cavo, which meant a heavy fog, frequent showers, and a cold penetrating wind, besides cutting off the magnificent view. In spite of this we enjoyed the walk up the mountain because of the profusion of wild flowers. Buttercups, English daisies, forget-me-nots, violets, anemones, asphodel, and many little flowers that were strange to me, as well as moss, ferns, ivy, holly and hawthorne, were growing everywhere. There are some magnificent beeches on top of the mountain, some of them eight feet in diameter and with a great spread of branches. We had luncheon under the beech trees, and then descended on the other side of the mountain, following a road paved with blocks of stone, twelve feet or more in width, with stone curbing on each side, which the guide book says was built nearly 2000 years ago and up which the triumphal processions marched for those generals who were not granted a

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public triumph in Rome to celebrate their victories. This road is several miles long and is still in a good state of preservation, although little used. From the lower end the stones have been removed for buildings purposes. Sections of the road were excavated only last year, having been covered to a depth of several feet by earth that had washed down from above.

"We saw hundreds of acres of chestnut timber that had recently been cut, leaving only a few isolated trees several hundred feet apart to reseed the ground. The twigs are tied up in bundles and sold in Rome for fuel. The branches are cut into lengths and converted into charcoal. The trunks are used for lumber and poles. The lumber is used for construction purposes and for making wine casks and barrels.

"We walked for more than five miles, passing between the crater lakes of Albano and Nemi, to a station on the trolley line, and then across the Campagna along the New Appian Way to Rome.

"Today I have a letter from Mrs. Gray, the white-haired lady I went about with in March, saying that in Florence it has rained every day for so long that she has forgotten what blue sky looks like.

"I am hoping that you have had some good weather, that the flowers are showing color at Sunny Hill, and that you are all in good health and spirits.

"With love to all,

"Lee."

"Roma, Domenica 9 Mai, 1926.

"Dear Mother:

"Your welcome letter of April 25 came yesterday. Your letters are appreciated, not only because they are from you but because I

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can see so clearly the things you see and describe. I think of Sunny Hill and 1026 daily and several times a day, and every scrap of information I get in the letters from home help me to visualize what is taking place--it all strengthens the pull on my heart to end the work abroad and join those I love in U.S.A.

"Thank goodness and all the good little fairies the statistical committee, the General Assembly, and the International Forestry Congress, are things of the past. They lasted a whole month and kept us all busy and involved extra expense for entertainment, etc., although I enjoyed meeting the American delegates. The Italian government, the Italian officials of the Institute, and the Italian delegation made a strong fight for supremacy and domination. All the European delegations acquiesced and crawled and fawned and sang peans of praise, in which even the British delegation joined--at first. The American delegation stood out for a strictly international organization, which alone the American government would support, and submitted a statement of principles and a program which the British delegation warmly supported, and won out. Apparently the Americans are the only ones who have any vision, any initiative, and any fighting spirit--and they win.

"In my letter to Sister Nellie I summarized the events of the past week. Today, Sunday, was a beautiful, bright, spring day. I spent about two hours in my pleasant office in the park, arranging photographs and correspondence, and then walked across the park to the Zoological Garden and saw the collection of animals, which is very good, and the spring flower show, which was only partially set up. Saw some beautiful azaleas, lilies, roses, and hydrangeas.

"Had a good lunch and then a long nap this afternoon, followed by a good supper--which is rare--and stopped at a restaurant at the end of the bridge near my apartments. Here I had a Martini, a smoke,

listened to some good violin music, and watched the crowds of Italian men and women enjoying themselves. They are very expressive in voice, face, and gesture, and it is as good as a play to watch them. I forgot to say that on the way over I stopped at the Piazza Colona, heard the Municipal Band, and watched a moving picture of the Italian Forest Service, which was very good. The crowd^{ed} was immense. Mussolini's Dictatorial Facisti government provides picture shows, races, prize fights, and everything you can think of--something new every day--to amuse the populace. Italy is fortunate among the nations in having a leader--a Mussolini--who can do things with the sanction of a King, without worrying about the whims and vagaries of an asinine Congress.

"As soon as I can get certain printing done and distributed to all governments I shall start on my travels. In all probability I shall tour Europe this summer and autumn, and then I shall exercise my ingenuity and imagination in trying to fix up an itinerary that will take me to Washington, D.C., and Sunny Hill.

"Love to you and all,

"Lee."

"Roma, Domenica, 9 Mai, 1926.

"La mia carissima regina dei cuore:

"Your lovely letter of 5 Mai came one day last week, just as the little fairy said it would. I am sorry the weather has been so unpropitious, because the weather changes the whole aspect and spirit of things and colors one's life and fills it full of sober pictures instead of bright ones. But how good it is to know that bad weather, and sickness, and pain, and somber pictures, and trying experiences, cannot last always, and the mind automatically rejects them as unworthy of preservation and we remember only the

bright spots in the past. Rightly all the somber things of life fall naturally into the background where they belong, and where they serve the useful purpose of making the bright and beautiful things stand out more clearly.

"My good fairies certainly looked after me when they let the little jinxes hinder me from going on the excursion with the foresters to Florence and Valumbrosa a week ago. Those who took the trip were much disappointed with the way they were herded about, the inconveniences they suffered, and not the least was continuous rain, cold, and discomfort.

"The pleasant incidents of the past week were a luncheon at the Ulpia given by the American delegation to the British delegation of foresters; a tea at the American Ambassador's; a supper for the ladies of the American delegation at the Ulpia, which was a very pleasant affair; an excursion to Rocca di Papa and a walk to the top of Monte Cavo, the highest peak of the Alban Hills--3000 feet above sea level--a picnic luncheon, and a walk down the other side of the mountain between Lakes Albano and Nemi over an ancient paved Roman road, brightened by a wonderful profusion of wild flowers, including masses of anemones, forget-me-nots, and asphodels; and last evening I took the only lady American delegate to hear the light opera 'Iris' by Mascagni at the Costanza. I wish you might have been with me on these various occasions, because I know you would have enjoyed them, especially the picnic on Monte Cavo and the delightful five mile walk through the chestnut groves and wild flowers. The Campagna is gorgeous with bright patches of crimson poppies that are as plentiful as the daisies in the fields and along the roadsides of our eastern States.

"Today was all that the goddess of spring could desire. After spending an hour or two at the Maison d'Angelo arranging photographs

and other things I walked through the beautiful park to the Zoological Garden and saw the spring flower show. Saw some beautiful azaleas, roses, lilies, and hydrangeas.

"This afternoon I wrote some letters, took a nap, and in the evening had a nice suppet at the San Carlo, and then a Martini at Gargulio's at the end of the Ponte Cavour, at the same little table where La Regina dei Cuore, La Signora e Signorina White, and Io sat one evening last March. We'uns missed you'uns a lot.

"I am glad you are prolonging your stay at Florence. If it is possible for me to get away for the week end, I will wire.

"With very best regards, carissima, I am

"Sincerely,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1925, May, Rome.

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May 10 was quiet, cool, and gloomy. I dictated a number of letters. Had an interview with Mr. Dore regarding the bulletin I had prepared and he agreed to submit it to the Secretary General with recommendation that it be printed immediately. Also had an interview with Sr. Ballesteros regarding the census in Mexico.

The next day I began listing the things I should take with me on my travels.

The 12th I began to read a second time a History of Agriculture so as to become somewhat familiar with the agriculture I should see on my travels. Dictated a number of letters, including one to the Internal Revenue Bureau regarding income taxes for 1924, the Bureau after two years of cogitation and at considerable expense having decided that no deduction could be made for my travel expenses in Argentina for that year. ~~Thank God, I'm not a Revenue Brewer whose soul can never rest in peace.~~ No word from the Secretary General regarding the census bulletin, Sr. Ballesteros called again to talk about the census in Mexico. After office I took Mrs. Greeley to the Pincio for tea.

(Thelma, May 12, blue folder.

(1925, May, Rome.)

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(Thelma, May 12, blue folder.)

"Roma, 12 Mai, 1926.

"Dear Kittiwinks:

"Yesterday I received your lovely letter of April 25, with the postcards and the newspaper clipping, which were very welcome.

"Your letter was well written and I am glad to see how well you can use the typewriter. You are the first one who has said a single word about Rosie's puppies, and I have so much wanted to know whether they all found homes.

"I saw the cutest little dog yesterday evening you can imagine. It was some kind of Spitz, that is, he had long snow-white hair, large coal-black eyes, and a pointed black nose like Rosie's, and four dainty little paws. It lay quietly on the floor of a restaurant, and looked like a little animated rug, while its master sipped a glass of wine and talked and gesticulated to his companion. Its eyes were bright and expressive like Rosie's, and although it was very quiet it was watching everybody very closely.

"Yes, dearie, I know it is hard to think of things to write about when you are at home and each day is almost like every other day; but Daddy loves to get letters from home, and you can always write about what Mommie, and Otis, and Rosita, and the Pajaros, and Mr. Tom, and Miss Mattie, and Mrs. Jenkins, and Mrs. Johnston, and Miss Abbie, are doing, and how you are getting on at school, and whether you have made any new acquaintances and who they are, and whether you have been to church, or the park, or the Speedway, and how the buildings are progressing, and what changes there are on our street, and how nicely Mommie is learning to operate a Ford, and whether you have any new dresses, and don't you wish your hair was long instead of short, and how many ice-creams you have had, and whether you have been to any parties, and what the Girl Scouts are doing, and whether the flowers are blooming in the park, and whether

you have been down town, and what you saw, and all that you see and hear in the neighborhood, and whether you have read a new book, and what it was all about, and so forth. It all helps Daddy to see you and home, where he would like to be. When I get to traveling I will have lots to write about; but you see I am just like you, I live in one place, and each day is very much like every other day, so there is not much for me to write about. But I know you all want to hear from me regularly, so I try to write every week, even though sometimes I am tired, sleepy and dull, or want very much to do something else. Also, each of you have only one person to write to. I have Mommie, you, Otis, Grandma, Aunt Nellie, and Cousin Eunice, besides many other people who write to me; and I have to think up things to write about, something different to each one. I hope you and Otis will try to write a letter to me each week, even though it seems hard and you want very much to do something else. The more letters you write the easier it will become.

"Everybody likes to get letters, and everybody feels a little hurt if he does not get a reply to his letter. It is like speaking to some one and not getting an answer. So if you learn to write letters, nice letters that tell what you see and think, and always answer every letter you receive, you will make friends and they will write letters to you.

"I have a big bouquet of red roses on my desk, and they wink at me and say it is time to say Goodbye; and they join me in sending you a nice, ripe, rosy-red kiss. With much love,

"Daddy."

"Roma, 12 Mai, 1926."

"Dear Captain Jinks:

"Your nice letter of April 25 came yesterday. It was the

best typed letter you have written. Keep at the typewriter all you can, because the time will come when it will be a great convenience to you, and you will not want to write with a pen because it is so slow. Also, if you can operate a typewriter rapidly and correctly you can always earn money with it--more than some men can earn carrying brick or shoveling coal.

"Your letter was interesting also because it told me a lot of things I wanted to know; about the trees leaving out, the birds singing, the dinner at Aunt Sallie's, Mommie learning to drive a car, the visit of the Founder of the Boy Scouts, the crystal radio set, the escape of Paita through the window, the big new cage you got in Frederick--which was a good deal to crowd into one letter. I hope you will write me the same kind of letter every week, because it helps me to see everything at 1026 that I love and think about so much.

"This week the men have been pruning the big trees in front of the 'Casetta' in which I have my office. The trees are very tall and the men have long ladders made of poles. They do not use axes such as we have, but machetes, which are big heavy knives, with a hook on the end of the blade, with which they cut off little and big branches. They wear a belt with a slot behind in which they hang the machete when it is not in use. Every limb and twig is saved for fuel.

"About 200 yards from the office is a playground where boys and young men come every day to play ball. Sometimes a whole regiment of boys in black uniforms, long pants, and black military caps, march out ^{from} the city to the park to play. Sometimes also a regiment of little girls in gray or black uniforms, and led by white-capped nuns, come out for the same purpose.

"Every Sunday, and sometimes on week days, many regiments of

boys in black Facisti or boy scout uniforms march through the city. The Facisti regiments generally have a band. I wonder what your Boy Scout Company is doing, and whether you go to the Y.M.C.A. every week, and whether you are learning to swim and dive. I hope you are, because it is something every boy and man should know how to do.

"With love to you and all from

"Daddy."

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1789.

2047

The 13th was some sort of a holiday. Had a talk with Mr. Dore. Four days had elapsed and nothing done about the printing of the census bulletin. I told him I was getting impatient and unless quick action was taken I would first see the President of the Institute and then the Permanent Committee, because I could do nothing more until the bulletins were printed and there could be no good reason for further delay. Theⁿ I inquired as to the status of tabulations of various data for each country I had asked his bureau to make many months previously. I suggested that one good clerk could have finished the entire job in one month, and yet the work was not done, and now that I was about to start on my travels I would have to visit these countries without the data I needed and that he had promised. ¶ The rest of the day I spent working on an itinerary for Europe. It seemed desirable to so plan the itinerary as to enable me to visit the northern countries in summer and the southern countries in winter, and, if possible, visit the United States, Canada, Mexico, and the West Indies before the following summer, and thence across the Pacific. Also it seemed desirable to return to Rome once or twice a year to check up on the office work and to be in Rome at the time of the General Assembly in 1928, and in doing all this to so plan the itinerary as to avoid doubling back on my tracks of visiting the same country twice. There are few things more fascinating than working out an itinerary and estimating distances and times.

The 14th I spent in studying maps and estimating distances between capital cities and probable length of time required to travel between them. Mr. Gray called to say good by before going to Cairo. Mr. Hobson called with a draft of a cablegram to the Washington Bureau asking that a portion of my travel allotment be assigned to him, which I readily signed as it was apparent that I

(1926, May, Rome, Italy)

1926-1927

1926

The 15th was some sort of a holiday. Had a talk with Mr. Dore. Four days had elapsed and nothing done about the printing of the census bulletin. I told him I was getting impatient and unless quick action was taken I would first see the President of the Institute and then the Permanent Committee, because I could do nothing more until the bulletins were printed and there could be no good reason for further delay. The I indicated as to the state of tabulations of various data for each country I had asked his bureau to make many months previously. I suggested that one good clerk could have finished the entire job in one month, and yet the work was not done, and now that I was about to start on my travels I would have to visit these countries without the data I needed and that he had promised. The rest of the day I spent working on an itinerary for Europe. It seemed desirable to so plan the itinerary as to enable me to visit the northern countries in summer and the southern countries in winter, and, if possible, visit the United States, Canada, Mexico, and the West Indies before the following summer, and thence across the Pacific. Also it seemed desirable to return to Rome once or twice a year to check up on the office work and to be in Rome at the time of the General Assembly in 1928, and in doing all this to so plan the itinerary as to avoid doubling back on my tracks of visiting the same countries twice. There are few things more fascinating than working out an itinerary and estimating distances and times.

The 14th I spent in studying maps and estimating distances between capital cities and probable length of time required to travel between them. Mr. Gray called to say good by before going to Cairo. Mr. Hobson called with a draft of a cablegram to the Washington Bureau asking that a portion of my travel allotment be assigned to him, which I readily signed as it was apparent that I

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1790.

~~2049~~ 2049

could not use all of the allotment.

The 15th was windy, windows rattled, doors banged, and whirlwinds swept the streets. I called on Mr. Dore and learned that no action had been taken with respect to printing the census bulletin. I went directly to the office of the Secretary General, opened the door, walked in and took my seat uninvited at the side of his desk. He was very quiet at first, partly because of my uncereemonious entry. He looked up rather coldly. I said coolly, "Mr. Secretary General, I would apologize for intruding in this manner if it were not for one thing; I am here on official business of the highest importance, and ~~thatx~~ because that business has been shamefully neglected. You have had the manuscript for the census bulletin for more than a week. I see it now. It is still on your desk and staring you in the face. I am preparing to leave Rome at the end of this month to discuss that program with the responsible officials of every government. I cannot do so without printed copies of the bulletin. There is barely time to get it printed and mailed. It must leave your desk today and the printer must be urged to use all possible speed to get the printing done on time. If you think you cannot have it done in that time, say so, and I will go directly to the President; and if there is any delay there, I shall go to each member of the Permanent Committee individually, and if they can't hold a special meeting and get action I shall ask them to cable their governments at my expense and ask that their foreign ministers take it up with Il Duce. This little job of printing has got to be done and will be done, because I am prepared to go to any length to see that it is done. The delay that has already occurred is wholly inexcusable, and cannot be tolerated longer. Please understand that this printing has got to be done and will be done, either by

(1936, May, Rome.)

M-1720.

could not use all of the allotment.

The 15th was windy, windows rattled, doors banged, and whirlwinds swept the streets. I called on Mr. Dore and learned that no action had been taken with respect to printing the Geneva Bulletin. I went directly to the office of the Secretary General, opened the door, walked in and took my seat uninvited at the side of his desk. He was very quiet at first, partly because of my unceremonious entry. He looked up rather coldly. I said coolly, "Mr. Secretary General, I would apologize for intruding in this manner if it were not for one thing; I am here on official business of the highest importance, and this because that business has been shamefully neglected. You have had the manuscript for the Geneva Bulletin for more than a week. I see it now. It is still on your desk and staring you in the face. I am preparing to leave Rome at the end of this month to discuss that program with the responsible officials of every government. I cannot do so without printed copies of the Bulletin. There is barely time to get it printed and mailed. It must leave your desk today and the printer must be urged to use all possible speed to get the printing done on time. If you think you cannot have it done in that time, say so, and I will go directly to the President; and if there is any delay there, I shall go to each member of the Permanent Committee individually, and if they can't hold a special meeting and get action I shall ask them to cable their governments at my expense and ask that their foreign ministers take it up with Mr. Dore. This little job of printing has got to be done and will be done, because I am prepared to go to any length to see that it is done. The delay that has already occurred is wholly inexcusable and cannot be tolerated longer. Please understand that this printing has got to be done and will be done, either by

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1791.

2049

your authorization right now, or by authorization of the President before this day is over, or by authorization of the United States Department within fortyeight hours, or failing that the printing will be done at my personal expense and I shall look for reimbursement by the Institute under instructions from the next General Assembly, and a certain secretary general that I know will have one beautiful time explaining why he slept in his office for one solid week." I had stood up to make this communication, and now the Secretary General was all attention and affably invited me to sit down. "Certainly not," I answered curtly, "not until you sign a rush order for that printing." He started to make some sort of an explanation of the delay and I cut him short, saying "The printing should have been done by this time. The time for excuses, evasions, and explanations that don't explain has gone by. I want to see that order for printing today. I have told you already what steps I shall take if I don't see it, except one other point I forgot to mention, and that is a cable message to the headquarters of the International Education Board that is financing the census project to hold up the next remittance until the Institute gets a new secretary general." "Certainly, Mr. Estabrook, certainly, it shall go to the printer immediately." "That sounds reasonable, I said. "Now, if you will sign that printing requisition and put a rush order with it and ring for a messenger, perhaps I can forget that ~~it was necessary~~ you were too busy to see me, that the manuscript laid on your desk for one whole week, and that I had to break into your office and talk to you as I have talked. But if you will do this right now I will try to forget." He reached for the manuscript, signed the requisition, and wrote a postscript to the effect that it was urgent, and despatched it on its way by special messenger. Then, and then

(1926, May, Rome.

E-1791.

Left

Your authorization right now, or by authorization of the President before this day is over, or by authorization of the United States Department within forty-eight hours, or failing that the printing will be done at my personal expense and I shall look for reimbursement by the Institute under instructions from the next General Assembly, and a certain secretary general that I know will have one beautiful time explaining why he slept in his office for one solid week. "I had stood up to make this communication, and now the Secretary General was all attention and attention, and I invited me to sit down. "Certainly not," I answered curtly, "not until you sign a rush order for that printing." He started to make some sort of an explanation of the delay and I cut him short, saying "The printing should have been done by this time. The time for excuses, evasions, and explanations that don't explain has come by. I want to see that order for printing today. I have told you already what steps I shall take if I don't see it, except one other point I forgot to mention, and that is a cable message to the headquarters of the International Question Board that is financing the census project to hold up the next remittance until the Institute gets a new secretary general. "Certainly, Mr. Batsbrook, certainly, it shall go to the printer immediately." "That sounds reasonable, I said. "Now, if you will sign that printing reputation and put a rush order with it and ring for a messenger, perhaps I can forget that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ you were too busy to see me, that the manuscript laid on your desk for one whole week, and that I had to break into your office and talk to you as I have talked. But if you will do this right now I will try to forget." He reached for the manuscript, signed the requisition, and wrote a postscript to the effect that it was urgent, and despatched it on its way by special messenger. Then, and then

(1926, May, Rome.)

E--1792. 2050

only, did I thank him, and express sympathy for a man who had so much detail to look after as he did, and reminded him that the census project was generally considered the most important undertaking of the Institute since its organization, that success would win support from all over the world, and that I was about to start out as the travelling representative of the Institute to win that support, and that was why the census bulletin that I was to explain to the responsible officials of all governments was of supreme importance, not to me but to the Institute, that the census was to be taken in 1930, that I had to complete my round of the capitals of the world sometime in 1929, and that to do so I would have to travel as fast and hard as possible, which was the reason I must start at the earliest possible date, but could not start until the bulletin was in the mails, and that was why the printing had to be done immediately and with the least possible delay." He acknowledged he had not thought of the matter in that light. "No, you looked over the manuscript casually and wondered if this paragraph was correct grammatically, if that paragraph correctly expressed the sense of a resolution of the General Assembly, and the other paragraph was strictly in accordance with Institute procedure, of course, but you forgot that it had all been authorized by the General Assembly, that the funds to pay for the preliminary work connected with the census were contributed by the United States, and you forgot that I was employed to conduct this census project, that I accepted it at a considerable personal and financial sacrifice, but having accepted propose to see it through to a successful conclusion, and when it is successfully concluded will retire, and that I feel that I have a right to expect the best of cooperation from you and all other officials of the Institute, and if I don't get

(1946, May, Rome.)

1-17-46

only, did I thank him, and express sympathy for a man who had so much detail to look after as he did, and reminded him that the genus project was generally considered the most important undertaking of the Institute since its organization, that success would win support from all over the world, and that I was about to start out as the travelling representative of the Institute to win that support, and that was why the genus bulletin that I was to explain to the responsible officials of all governments was of supreme importance, not to me but to the Institute, that the genus was to be taken in 1950, that I had to complete my round of the capitals of the world sometime in 1949, and that to do so I would have to travel as fast and hard as possible, which was the reason I must start at the earliest possible date, but could not start until the bulletin was in the mails, and that was why the printing had to be done immediately and with the least possible delay. He acknowledged he had not thought of the matter in that light. "No, you looked over the manuscript casually and wondered if this paragraph was correct grammatically, if that paragraph correctly expressed the sense of a resolution of the General Assembly, and the other paragraph was strictly in accordance with Institute procedure, of course, but you forgot that it had all been authorized by the General Assembly, that the funds to pay for the preliminary work connected with the genus were contributed by the United States, and you forgot that I was employed to conduct this genus project, that I accepted it at a considerable personal and financial sacrifice, but having accepted propose to see it through to a successful conclusion, and when it is successfully concluded will retire, and that I feel that I have a right to expect the best of cooperation from you and all other officials of the Institute, and if I don't get

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1793.

2-551

it I am apt to quit in disgust, but if I feel compelled to do so I shall also feel compelled to make my reasons so widely known that the Institute will be powerless to carry on the census project and ~~the Institute~~ will receive a serious setback, so serious that it might be removed to Genveva, or Paris, or Washington. I am sure that you appreciate these considerations and that I shall leave Rome knowing that I can count upon your full cooperation." He hastened to assure me that I could count upon the cooperation of the Institute.

As I left his room I found Mr. Dore waiting outside and he looked at me inquiringly. I informed him that the manuscript had gone to the printer with a rush order and asked him to see that as the proof was returned it be sent by special messenger without delay to my office. *Lunched with Mr. Hobson.*
Lunched with Mr. Hobson.

The next day, Sunday, I first went to the office and read the morning papers. Then I walked to the ~~G~~^gallery of ~~M~~^Modern ~~A~~^Art to get away from all thoughts of projects and politics. Then to the Ristorante San Carlo where I had a standing order for strawberries. Then a long nap in my rooms, a satisfactory dinner at the Ristorante Umberto, and back. Having trouble with my eyes, which interfered with reading.

(Wife, May 16, blue ~~folder~~ folder.

it I am apt to quit in disgust, but if I feel compelled to do so I shall also feel compelled to make my reasons as widely known as that the Institute will be powerless to carry on the same project and the Institute will receive a serious setback, so serious that it might be removed to Geneva, or Paris, or Washington. I am sure that you appreciate these considerations and that I shall leave Rome knowing that I can count upon your full cooperation." He hastened to assure me that I could count upon the cooperation of the Institute.

As I left his room I found Mr. Dore waiting outside and he looked at me indignantly. I informed him that the manuscript had gone to the printer with a rush order and asked him to see that as the proof was returned it be sent by special messenger without delay to my office. *Finished with Mr. Hobson.*

The next day, Sunday, I first went to the office and read the morning papers. Then I walked to the gallery of modern art to get away from all thoughts of projects and politics. Then to the Ristorante San Carlo where I had a standing order for strawberries. Then a long nap in my room, a satisfactory dinner at the Ristorante Umberto, and back. Having trouble with my eyes, which interfered with reading.

(Wife, May 16, blue folder.

1793--a 2052

"Roma, 16 Mai, 1926.

"Dear Mommie:

"The envelope postmarked Washington May 9 came yesterday with inclosures. I note the extension of time from May 28 to June 28 for income tax protest. I have already protested and sent a copy to you. Hope it will be effective, but suspect not. I am returning herewith the notice of dues amounting to five dollars for 1926 as a member of the American Economic Association. Please send check with note saying delay was due to my absence in Europe. Membership in this and other associations helps me as long as I am in the public service; when I retire I shall resign from them all.

"I shall ignore the bill from El Campo, Buenos Aires, because I wrote them more than a year ago to discontinue sending the magazine, as I would be away from the country and could not read it.

"The past week has been very quiet and very trying for me. After adjournment of the International Forestry Congress I settled down to work again and revised and combined ~~into one~~ two bulletins ^{into one} regarding the census project which will be distributed to the various governments. It was then submitted to the Secretary General for approval before printing. I waited a whole week without being able to see him. Yesterday I walked unceremoniously into his office and when he scowled I smiled, so he had to smile back. Then he told me that he was sick, but arranged for the printing. That is why I have had to wait a whole week with little to do.

"In the meantime I have been figuring on an itinerary, because I shall begin to travel as soon as the bulletin is printed and distributed. I am planning to visit the statistical bureaus of all countries in Europe this summer and autumn. After which I shall return to Rome to clean up accumulated correspondence. Probably then

Rome, 16 May, 1936.

Dear Mr. ...

The envelope postmarked Washington May 9 came yesterday

with inclosures. I note the extension of time from May 25 to

June 15 for income tax protest. I have already protested and

sent a copy to you. Hope it will be effective, but cannot say.

I am returning herewith the notice of dues amounting to five

dollars for 1935 as a member of the American Economic Association.

Please send check with note saying delay was due to my absence in

Europe. Membership in this and other associations helps me as

long as I am in the public service; when I retire I shall realize

from them all.

I shall ignore the bill from El Centro, Buenos Aires, because

I wrote them more than a year ago to discontinue sending the magazine,

as I would be away from the country and could not read it.

The past week has been very quiet and very trying for me.

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and distributed. I am planning to visit the statistical bureaus of

all countries in Europe this summer and autumn. After which I shall

I shall visit Spain and Portugal and the countries of North Africa. Then to the U.S. and Canada--because of their importance agriculturally--!!!. Then to Cuba and Mexico--and practically all of 1927 visiting Japan, China, Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, Straits Settlements, India, and back by way of South Africa, to Rome in spring of 1928. Seems like a big contract, doesn't it. And all the time and every day I am thinking of 1026 and the loved ones there, and of Sunny Hill, the mountain and the valley, the spring crocuses, the flowers and the fairies, and Oh, dear, how I shall hug and hold you when we are together again.

"Yesterday was a curious day. After a week of positively cold weather--colder than in February--the hot winds from the Sahara came howling over Rome, roaring through the tree tops, whistling around corners, banging every loose window and shutter, and raising great whirlwinds of dust, and altogether making a lot of noise. After disposing of three visitors, came the report of the noonday gun and the ringing of innumerable church bells. Then I walked through the park with the great pine trees sighing in the wind and tall waving grass dotted with red poppies underneath, and saw many men and women lying underneath the trees half asleep and listening to the roar of the wind and the music of the trees. Then past the green lake with the white swans on top of the hill, through a long avenue of trees with fountains and statues on either side, past the gardens with pergolas, archways, and bowers of roses in full bloom, past a small meadow bright with daisies and red poppies, to the great wall and arched gateways, ^{and} ~~to~~ a little restaurant beyond where I had my luncheon. Then by various shortcuts through alleys and narrow passageways to my apartments across town, en route stopping to buy a few roses and baby's-breath for my vases. Then into pajamas, a smoke, a sip of wine, and to bed at 2.30 p.m. and to sleep until 6.30 p.m. Then, in order

to feel like a gentleman, I dressed up in regimentals, stiff shirt, tuxedo, and all--and had some music on the phonograph. The phonograph is a great consolation to me at times, because it brings so vividly to mind the room at 3023 Calle Mendoza, Buenos Aires, and 1026 17th Street, Washington, D.C. At the first I see not only the room and the decorations, but you, the children, Rosita, and Manuela. At the second I see the basement den, the desk, the latrobe, Rosie and the tumbling puppies.

"At 8 o'clock I walked across the Tiber, bought a newspaper, which was full of speculation as to the whereabouts of the 'Norge' somewhere in Alaska and concerning which all Italy is greatly excited, to the San Carlo, where I have supper. Then to the Theater Vale where I saw one of Barrie's plays, 'By Way of Good Clothes' as I would translate the Italian title. The principal part is taken by one of Italy's most celebrated actresses, Emma Grammaton. She was a little disappointing, being a little old for the part, rather thin, with an obvious make-up and a poor voice. The play itself, like all of Barrie's plays, was most charming. On the way back, about midnight, I stopped at a great restaurant where there was light and music and had--Oh horrors--a whiskey and soda. There were many people present, including ladies in evening gowns which showed their beautiful necks, shoulders, arms and bosoms to good advantage--for which reason I like evening gowns. I could suggest only one improvement, and that is that the skirts that go with them should be as short in proportion as the waists, so that one could get a better view of the legs that match the arms. I can think of no reason why ^{there} ~~they~~ should not be a little better balance in the costume.

"A brisk walk across town brought me to the apartment house

where I let myself in with a key, climbed 115 steps to Piano Cinque, the elevator being locked promptly at 10.00 p.m. with a big padlock. Then into pajamas and some writing at 1.30 a.m. So much for life in Rome where the streets are crowded at 2 a.m. Well, when we get to Sunny Hill I shall expect to go to roost with the chickens and be up in the morning in time to see the sun rise over the eastern hills, as in the old days.

"When I think of the sunrise and moonlight nights at Sunny Hill I say 'Damn my New England conscience' that made me think it my duty to try to get this wild-eyed World Agricultural Census under way. I am sure I would be happier with you and the children at Sunny Hill, and I suspect the world would wag along just the same.

"With love and kisses to all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, May, Rome.

E-1794. 2056

On the 17th I spent reading History of Agriculture, but having trouble with my eyes. Mr. Hobson came over to return a copy of my report of the action of the General Assembly on the census project, and he discussed the action of the British delegation. A group of Japanese gentlemen called who wanted information on methods of estimating cotton production.

The next two or three days were spent in writing letters. Among them was a series of letters to be sent by the Institute notifying ministers of agriculture of the countries of Europe of my intended visit and its purpose.

(Regina dei cuore, May 4th, blue folder.

(Eunice, May 18, blue folder.

"Roma, 17 Mai, 1926.

"My dear Mrs.Gray:

"Your welcome letter of the 13th came last Saturday morning. I will not repeat the remark of the cat that was chased by the dog--which you probably remember--but simply say that life is full of disappointments. One of mine was that I could not go to Assisi last Thursday, which was a holiday, and on to Florence for a few days, which I considered doing very seriously, but I found I could not leave. I feel that the success of the census project is paramount and that so long as there is a possibility of advancing the project by staying in Rome and camping out on the trail of dilatory officialdom I must forego the pleasure of sightseeing and friendship. So here I still am and am likely to remain for two or three weeks and then start on my travels.

"So far I have not been able to see Emma Grammaton in Joan of Arc, but last Thursday evening I saw her at the Teatro Valle in 'La Via Bel Garbo' by Barrie. The play was charming, but I was disappointed in the actress. She looked a little old, thin, even haggard, and her voice was weak and a little harsh, as if she might have a cold. Also the house was only half filled and there was none of the inspiring enthusiasm and spontaneity that characterized the Pirandello plays and audiences that we saw.

"I am reminded of the last letter I had from my daughter Thelma (otherwise known as Kittiwinks) in which she wrote, 'Daddy, how can I write every week, and what can I write about, when we stay at home all the time and each day is like every other day, and nothing ever happens?' I am in somewhat the same situation with reference to last week. Yesterday, Sunday, I had intended to get out of the city to the mountains somewhere, anywhere just to be in the open, but it rained most of the forenoon. In the afternoon I took a

long tramp down one side of the Tiber and back on the other side. I found and crossed the only toll bridge in Rome, and paid the big sum of one soldi for the privilege. Roses are blooming in great profusion and the edges of the parks are bright with flaming scarlet poppies.

"I hope the weather will improve so that you and your friends will have an enjoyable time this week end; also that you will not follow the robins northward until I am free to visit Florence and see you at least once more before my period of almost continuous travel begins.

"The good little fairies that sit on my shoulder are whispering and tell me to send you 'Some rose leaves for memory, Some smiles for good cheer, Pleasant thoughts for company, And best wishes from all here,' which, of course, I do with much pleasure, and in which the aforesaid little fairies join me.

"Sincerely,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

"After waiting patiently, "Roma, 18 Mai, 1926.

"Dear Eunice:

"It has been a coon's age since I wrote a letter to you and your last letter has remained unanswered all these weeks. The reason is that I have so many other letters to write and I keep thinking of you at Winworth and feel that any letter I write to any member of the family is really to all members of the family. However, this letter is especially for you, although I have little to add to the last letter I wrote to wifey.

"This week I have received Mother's two letters of May 3 and 4 telling me about the bad weather you have had. That is nothing. We've had bad weather here too--colder than in February, and

continuous rains, floods and hurricanes in the north, with rivers out of banks, bridges washed away, and train service stopped. I'm wearing heaviest winter clothing and had a fire started in my office today--which was not necessary in February.

"The papers the last few days are full of accounts and jublations over the successful voyage of the Italian dirigible to the North Pole, although they are strangely silent as to the equally successful voyage of the American aeroplane.

"Letters from Mother and Sister Nellie say that you and ~~May~~ Charles Augustus have spent a lot of time in Frederick this winter and spring. Rather hard on you when you have a palace of your own at your country Villa de Winworth. However, lei Signor e Signora de Worthy are rolling in fabulous wealth that falls from the clouds like the dew of heaven and grows on bushes like huckleberries, so it makes little difference. Whereas, we Italian dagoes have to count the centesimos ($1/50$ of a cent) to decide whether we will walk a mile through the dust or mud or pay two cents for a ride on a street car.

"After waiting patiently--no, that's a white lie, because I was damned impatient--for many days the white-haired, ~~incompetent~~, ~~old woman of a~~ Secretary General announced with great pomp, and many smiles, and much ceremony that my plans are approved, and that in fact the INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURE had all along intended to instruct me to the same effect--which is a damn lie--and as soon as certain documents I wrote are translated and printed, probably about June 1st, I will start out on my real mission, namely, visiting the departments of agriculture and the statistical bureaus of as many countries as time will permit me to reach--and you can bet your sweet life I will hang on to the tail of old time and make him hump. The fact is the last year I have just been sort of

continuous rain, floods and hurricanes in the north, with rivers
out of banks, bridges washed away, and train services stopped. I'm
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Charles Annetta have spent a lot of time in Frederick this winter
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de Worthy are rolling in fabulous wealth that falls from the clouds
like the dew of heaven and grows on bushes like huckleberries, so
it makes little difference. Whereas, we Italian dopes have to
count the centesimo (1/50 of a cent) to decide whether we will
walk a mile through the dust or mud or pay two cents for a ride on
a street car.

"After waiting patiently--no, that's a white lie, because I
was damned impatient--for many days the white-haired, incompetent,
old woman of a Secretary General announced with great pomp, ceremony
and much ceremony that my plans are approved, and that in-
fact the INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURE had all along in-
tended to instruct me to the same effect--which is a damn lie--and
as soon as certain documents I wrote are translated and printed,
probably about June 1st, I will start out on my real mission, name-
ly, visiting the departments of agriculture and the statistical bu-
reau of as many countries as time will permit me to reach--and you
can bet your sweet life I will hang on to the tail of old time and
make him pump. The fact is the last year I have just been hurt of

hibernating and saying 'Oh Lord, just give me a little patience, help me to keep quiet until the next General Assembly meeting in April, 1926, and then turn me loose.' I have lived through it all and survived, with smiles thank you, but never again. I think all preliminaries can be settled by June 1st and then I start on my travels to visit the capitals of Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Roumania, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Russia, Finland, Sweeden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, England, Scotland, North Ireland, Irish Free State, France, and Switzerland, twenty-seven countries in all, and allowing five days to each country it will take me to next November to reach Rome again. Then I will visit Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and back to Rome for a few weeks to clean up correspondence and set matters straight, about January next. Then if all goes well I will sail for the U.S.A., Canada, Cuba, and Mexico, to be followed y by an itinerary that will take me to Japan, China, Australia, India and back.

"Anyhow, I shall try to so arrange matters that I can see Sunny Hill and those I love at least once a year, because they loom big in this little world of ours. I plan to stay with the project until it is well tied to the é neck of a bull ~~cat~~ calf and cannot stop, and then I shall cut loose and return to Sunny Hill to sit on the steps under the locust tree, smoke, see the sun rise over the eastern hills, or listen to the whippoorwills and ~~cat~~ catbirds, and let the other fellows worry and wish I was there to tell them just what to do.

"Buona, carissima, I stopped in a restaurant this evening on the way to my apartments and watched the orchestra tune up their instruments, making all sorts of squawks and discordant sounds before they settled down to business, and I thought of you and Don Carlos,

~~1794~~ - 2061

and that's why I came to write this letter. Write whenever you feel like it.

"Love and best wishes for you all, from

"Uncle Lee."

(1826, May, Rome.

E--1795.

2546
2062

On the 20th I called on the American Consul and obtained a list of the American Consuls in European countries. Also started Guidi on a round of visits to the consulates in Rome to get visas on my passport. Applied for an advance of funds for travel expenses. Began studying the economic geography of European countries. Mr. Dore returned a compilation I had made showing for each country its area, population, and dates of censuses it had taken.

May 21st was cold enough to require winter clothing outside and heat inside. I called on Mr. Dore regarding the delay in sending over proofs of the census bulletin. Later in the day I was told that the French translation was being made and that I might expect proofs the following Monday.

Miss Broad, my secretary, came in to talk over her personal situation. She announced her engagement to marry a German citizen and was facing all sorts of difficulties on account of citizenship, religion, and documentation in Italy and thought she might have to go to England or Germany to be married.

The 22d I went to a local printery for a supply of business cards, one set to be printed in French and another in English. I left a list of the places I was to visit with the American Express Company and asked them to note time of arrival and departure of trains and approximate cost of transportation between places, but the official I interviewed refused, advising me to see Cook's agency. An employe at Cook's said he would try to work out the problem for me--but later said he could not because of the frequent changes in train schedules, and that I would have to find out time of arrival and departure of trains and cost of tickets at each city I stopped at. I purchased a leather carrying case especially for maps and transportation schedules which I

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1796.

2047
2062

found very convenient in traveling. Mr. Hobson came over for a last interview before leaving with his family for the summer. He was still very pessimistic and much discouraged.

Sunday, the 23d, was cool and showery. After breakfast I rode ~~up~~^{to} the end of the trolley line, cross~~ed~~^{ed} the Tiber, and followed a country road for several miles. This took me through a military camp. Farther on I saw several hundred pigs fed on city garbage. They were loathsome looking objects. The road I was following up into the hills ended in a number of paths, one of which I followed through a grove and some fields to a modern public highway. This road was on high ground and afforded a fine view of the Tiber valley, of Rome, and of the mountains beyond. I returned to the city in time for luncheon, had a long nap, and then wrote some letters.

(Wife, May 23, ~~blue~~ folder.

(Regina dei cuote, same.

(1926, May, Rome.

E-1796.

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(Wife, May 25, blue folder.

(Regina del cuore, same.

"Roma, 23 Mai, 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"No letter from 1026 this week, but one each from Mother and Sister Nellie, telling about the unfavorable weather at Sunny Hill. Well, the weather here for several weeks has been nothing to brag about--very cold and much rain. All north Italy and much of Europe has had excessive rains, floods, interrupted train service, and unseasonable cold. Here, the weather is tricky. I leave my room with a cane in brilliant sunshine in the early morning, and in less than two hours it is raining and I come back wet. Or, I start out with rubbers and an umbrella, and in a few hours the sun is shining. And then, too, we have had gales of wind that raise great whirlwinds of dust. Rome is either dripping wet and sloppy with mud, or dry and dusty, and both conditions may prevail in a single day.

"Not much to write about--simply a week of waiting--waiting on slow pokey, dilatory officials of the Institute to put their O.K. on certain papers before I start on my travels. They always approve my proposals in the end, but the trouble is that they are so inefficient that they cannot understand the relative importance of things, waste a lot of time, and never get things done on time or in the right way. Then there is a lot of time lost on holidays--Sundays, Saturday afternoons, and one or more holidays every week to celebrate something or other, and not half the people know what half the holidays are for, and nobody seems to know in advance when they will come.

"For several days I have had Guidi, my major domo, trotting around town getting visas on my passport. I am going south first in hopes of striking some warm weather, and will follow the season northward nearly to the arctic circle about August, and then

southward. I shall visit the capitals of all countries of Europe. It will probably take until October or November to complete the tour before returning to Rome. Then, after cleaning up correspondence in Rome, I will probably visit the countries of North Africa and ~~then~~ return to Rome for a brief period. Then to 1026--most important of all--before ~~to~~ proceeding on my world tour.

"Letters should continue to come to me at Rome and be forwarded by Miss Broad. She tells me in strict confidence that she expects to be married in September and will then resign. If this happens before I return, Mr. Hobson's secretary will look after my correspondence. The course of true love never does run smooth, and her case is no exception. Her intended is a German artist and a widower considerably older than she--although my guess is that she is at least 35 and therefore old enough to know her own mind. The trouble is that her English parents object--and they object in true English fashion, and threaten her with ostracism and disinheritance and all sorts of terrible consequences if she marries without their consent and approval. The fact is that husbands are so scarce in Europe since the war that if she does not take this one she will probably ^{not} have another chance. She is a very capable, efficient, warm-hearted woman, and would have made an excellent wife--fifteen years ago--but now she is so independent, so English, so 'sot' in her maiden-lady ways, that I foresee many strained situations in her married life. And yet she is woman enough and sensible enough to realize what a ~~brée~~/barren existence single women lead after middle life, and she is willing to take the risk. The pity of it is that she wasted so many years of her youth and her life in preparation for something else. And so I may expect to lose a very efficient and satisfactory secretary--and so it will ever be with female secretaries. If they are any good they inevitably get married, as

southward. I shall visit the capitals of all countries of Europe. It will probably take until October or November to complete the tour before returning to Rome. Then, after clearing up correspondence in Rome, I will probably visit the countries of North Africa and return to Rome for a brief period. Then to 1855--most important of all--before proceeding on my world tour.

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they should, and are lost to the service; if they are no good, the chances are they have not sense enough to get married and simply become pensioners of the service.

"This forenoon the sky was overcast, so I did not go to the mountains as I had planned. Instead, shortly after nine o'clock I started out afoot north along the west side of the Tiber hoping to find a road that would let me get up in the hills. I walked for two or three miles, most of the distance through military barracks, before I found a road branching off. I followed the road for about half a mile to the foot of the hills and came plump up against a closed gate with a sign 'Admittance positively prohibited,' so I had to turn back. At last I found a road that went past a great field in which a troop of soldiers were firing at a long range of targets, and on up between wooded hills. Half way up I passed a horrible place where several hundred swine were feeding on garbage, in charge of some men and women who looked even less human than the swine. Beyond this I came to some high hills, almost as high as Catoctin Mountain, covered with small trees and a dense growth of shrubs. Then the road began to peter out until it became only a path through the woods. Just before reaching the path a little boy called out 'Via chiuso' (road closed), and he showed me another path which I followed. First, there was a quarter of a mile through woods and shrubs with all kinds of woodland flowers, and then into a meadow of waving grass, clover, gorgeous red poppies, and a golden daisy-like flower. From the top of the hill I had a wonderful view of the Tiber Valley, Rome to the south, and blue and purple mountains in every direction. I found a good hard surfaced road back to the city and passed many beautiful villas with gardens full of flowers--masses of roses, iris, lilies, poppies, pansies, larkspurs, etc. I think perhaps I walked

about ten miles and was comfortably tired when I reached my rooms. Brought back a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers.

"I had a most unsatisfactory luncheon that cost 96 cents. I could get a better one in Washington for 25 cents. On my travels I am hoping to escape the abominable Italian cooking. I may find worse, but anyway it will be different. I cannot relish Italian food--and I note with satisfaction that most people from other countries have the same trouble. I am convinced that the few people, especially women, who gush 'Oh, I just love Italian cooking,' are unmitigated snobs and most cheerful liars.

"True to form, the weather turned rainy after lunch and there has been a cold drizzle ever since. I wished you and the Niñas might have been with me for awhile this forenoon and sat with me amid the nodding poppies on top of the hill overlooking Rome. As I sat there I wondered if you had bought a car and whether or not you were all at Sunny Hill and enjoying yourselves, as I hope you were.

"Well, dearie, even though traveling continuously, as I shall be in a few weeks, I shall try to get off a letter or at least a postcard every week, and I shall hope to hear from you.

"Love to all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1798.

2069

in lieu of my American passport^P in entering Russia. I asked Mr. Walsh, who was British, how Sir Daniel Hall became identified with agriculture. He replied that Sir Daniel began his career as head of the agricultural college at Wye, was for many years director of the agricultural experiment station at Rothamsted, ^ethan as head of the Development Board which made a survey of the soils and agricultural possibilities of every district in England, and lastly was employed as technical adviser to the British Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. ^PIn the late afternoon Mr. Dore and one of his assistants came over to consult me about the statistical organization of Yugoslavia. ^PBoth luncheon and dinner at the restaurant were disappointing. On the way back from supper I stopped at a restaurant at the end of the bridge over the Tiber for a whiskey and soda and to listen to some lively music and try to forget the miserable supper I had had. I became interested in a little drama. At a nearby table was a young couple. The pretty young lady wore unusually short skirts. She sat facing and conversing with her companion and was wholly unconscious that under the table her skirts were above her knees and everything was visible to the waist line. At another table near by were seated three young men whose eyes were glued on the alluring spectacle under the young lady. It was amusing to watch the expressions on their faces as they tried to feign indifference and yet lose nothing of the leg and lingerie show beneath the other table. What a funny world this is on account of sex and what funny things men and women do because of it.

This morning little Mina, the maid who was so distressed a day or two before because I left my breakfast untouched, brought in the tray. Usually she left it on the reading table before I got up. She had heard I expected to leave and wanted to know when,

(1946, May, Rome)

5-1738

1946

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(1926, May, Rome.

E--1799.

2069

and she seemed much depressed when I said probably the following week. I wondered if it was because of the two lire I had been leaving on the platter each week. She was a pathetic little woman, young, alone in a strange city, and hard working, her life spent on the sixth floor of an apartment building, with no companions or society of her own kind, and in trouble with a young soldier who could not marry her and provide a home for her, with a baby impending and all that means in a civilized community. What a difference a cheap ring, a foolish ceremony, and a scrap of paper would have made in her life. The thought of these things perhaps made me especially gentle and considerate in talking with Mina, whom I regarded as a poor, simple, country girl away from home and friends, and in trouble.

I spent the 26th studying commercial geography. Mrs. Hodgson, the college graduate, bobhaired, short skirted, rather pert wife of Mr. Hodgson who seemed to think she was a treasure and quite remarkable, brought some manuscript which she wanted to typewrite in the adjoining room that had been furnished for an assistant director and was unoccupied. Mr. Hodgson had previously asked permission for his wife to use the typewriter in that room, and I had reluctantly consented. She said she had written a story and could not typewrite it at home because she had no machine and household duties interfered, which was probably true. In the afternoon I had a visit from Mr. Cottrell, director of the fixed nitrogen laboratory. He was accompanied by his wife and they stayed for two hours or more. He had attended a chemical congress at Biarritz and had met Mr. and Mrs. Oakley. They were interesting people and in the evening I took them to the Ulpia, where we had a good supper and music and met some friends from England. About midnight we drove out to the Coloseo and saw it by moonlight.

(1926, May, Rome.)

2-1722.

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week. I wondered if it was because of the two life I had been leaving on the latter each week. She was a pathetic little woman, young, alone in a strange city, and hard working, her life spent on the fifth floor of an apartment building, with no companions or society of her own kind, and in trouble with a young soldier who could not marry her and provide a home for her, with a baby impending and all that means in a civilized community. What a difference a cheap ring, a foolish ceremony, and a scrap of paper would have made in her life. The thought of these things perhaps made me especially gentle and considerate in talking with Mina, whom I regarded as a poor, simple, country girl away from home and friends, and in trouble.

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(1926, May, Rome.

E--1800.

2057
2070

Moonlight softens ugly details, magnifies its colossal proportions, and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ imagination heightens the appeal to one's imagination. By all means the Col^oaseo should be seen by moonlight.

The 27th was clear and comfortably warm. I had another long and interesting visit from the Egyptian delegate who was keenly interested in discussing the establishment of a statistical service in his country. I corrected proof for a paragraph in "Biography of Science." Had another long visit from Mr. Cottrell who asked all about the Institute and talked about Esperanto, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer and which he said was rapidly gaining ground as a universal language. I disposed of him by taking him over to the main building and introducing him to another Esperanto enthusiast. In the afternoon I spent some time ~~in~~ with Mr. Dore in checking up on the statistical organization of European countries and the completeness of the data supplied by them to the Institute and making notes as to wherein their service might be improved.

(Otis, May 27, blue folder.

Thelma

0081-5

(Ottawa, May 22, 1910)

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1801.

~~2054~~
2071

The 28th I began listing names and addresses in my pocket memorandum book. Continued study of commercial geography of countries to be visited. At one o'clock I went to the Hotel Russie to meet Mr. and Mrs. Cottrell whom I had invited to take luncheon with me at the Ristorante dei Cesare. After a long wait he came down and apologised because his wife was sick. To this day he and his wife don't know what they missed. In my momentary exasperation I took him to the Ristorante San Carlo where we had an indifferent luncheon and I talked statistics to him. Had another long session with Mr. Dore in the afternoon on statistical organization of European countries and their shortcomings. Had an argument with him over the use of the term "normal" in the crop estimating system of the United States and his suggestion that the United States should adopt the European system of describing crop conditions as "Excellent," "Good", "Fair," and "Poor."

Aarsten

Before we had finished Mr. Van ~~Rijn~~ of Holland came in and we discussed the methods used in Holland for estimating the production of garden crops.

(Mother, May 28, blue folder.

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1801.

2011

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(Mother, May 28, 1926, Rome Folder.

"Roma, 28 Mai, 1926.

"Dear Mother:

"Your welcome letter of May 10 came two days ago. I am sorry the weather has continued so unfavorable at Sunny Hill. If it keeps up this way I shall begin to think of Catoctin Mountain as being in the semiarid region. Dry weather is especially unfavorable to peonies and bulbs. The late season and drouth augurs badly for the peony season this year. I am sorry on Sister Nellie's account, because she has enough to worry about in overcoming the physical difficulties involved in keeping the necessary work up and in marketing the flowers without worrying about the financial results.

"The weather here has been very disagreeable until about three days ago when it stopped raining, the sun ^acame out and it began to get comfortably warm. I shed my heavy weight winter suit today for the first time. Late Sunday I took a long walk up the Tiber and out into the hills overlooking the valley, the city, the Campagna, and the mountains, and enjoyed seeing the innumerable wild flowers, especially the scarlet poppies, but the trip was spoiled by showers.

"Monday, which was one of the numerous unexpected holidays of Rome, I went in the trolley cars across the Campagna to Rocca di Papa, a picturesque hill town on the peak of one of the Alban Hills and one of the places where Hannibal and his army camped many centuries ago, and from there walked to the top of Monte Cavo, which is a little over 3000 feet high and commands a wonderful view of the Campagna, Rome, mountain peaks to the north and the sea to the west. I reached the top about 12.30 p.m. where, on a level space, are the ruins of an old monastery with a few giant beech trees nearby. The ostensible caretaker was an old beggar woman who sold me a pint of wine for about ten cents. After drinking the wine I descended the

mountain on the other side, following an old road paved with stone blocks by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago. The upper part of the road is still in good condition, but at the lower level the stone of which the road was made have been hauled away for building purposes by the degenerate mercenary descendants of the old Romans. The trip down was spoiled by showers, but afterwards the sun came out and everything was fresh and bright. The town of Rocca di Papa is indescribably dirty, and swarming with little children that follow one about holding out their hands and crying 'Dame soldi,' and looking at one with the same curious, appealing, expectant look that one sometimes sees on the faces of little puppies.

"The return ride through the suburbs of the city was interesting because of the crowds of people sitting at little tables along the sidewalks, eating and drinking. They were mostly poor working people out for a holiday with their families. It was a holiday in celebration of the entrance of Italy in the war. There have been so many holidays and important events recently, such as the escape of Mussolini from the assassin's bullet, his triumphal return from Lyberia, official holidays, unofficial holidays, the crossing of the Pole by Nobile with the Italian dirigible, etc., that rarely the flags come down or the troops cease marching or the bands to play.

"I am just waiting for some printing to be done and a few details to be straightened out before starting on my long European trip. Mail should be addressed to me at the Institute and will be forwarded.

"Love to all,

"Lee."

(1926, May, Rome.

E--1802.

~~2073~~
2074

May 31 was warm enough to be comfortable. I spent the day writing letters and arrangeing papers. Mr. Hodgson, whose wife was typewriting a story in the adjoining room, called. Mrs. Greeley, the lady lawyer from Wisconsin, called and I invited her to take dinner with me in the evening.

At the appointed time I called at her hotel and waited a long time in the reception room for her to come down. When she did appear she asked why I had ^{not} gone directly to her room. I wished I had, but somehow it seemed contrary to my inherited or acquired ideas of propriety. She was an opulent woman and I should have enjoyed seeing her dress. She was in evening gown that showed to advantage her well developed arms, shoulders, the upper portion of two beautiful breasts, and the lower extremities of two shapely legs. I appreciated both her mentality as a specialist on international law and her feminine charms, which latter were more in evidence when she dropped her lawyerlike aggressiveness, as she did this evening.

I took her to the Ristorante Ulpia. We had a table to ourselves and a nice supper and good music, and then to the Via Sacra room where we enjoyed the varied company, the music, the lights, the liquers, and the unique and very ancient surroundings. I was pleased at the evident enjoyment of Mrs. Greeley, who relaxed and was quite entertaining with all sorts of philosophical remarks from a feminist viewpoint. The company broke up about midnight.

Outside there was some delay in securing a taxi and my companion suggested that we walk to her hotel. Arm in arm we walked up the Via Nazionale. [#] Opposite the Theatre Apollo I stopped to point it out as a place I understood was a rendezvous for women and men who disregarded the accepted conventions. I explained that I had been there with parties of delegates in the daytime, but never at

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(1926, May, Rome.

E--1803. 2075

night when all the devilment occurred. She at once expressed a desire to see inside the place. I assured her that it would be a pleasure to take her in, that I wanted to see what it looked like at night myself, but she should understand clearly the character of the place and that respectable people did not go there after dark. She said that was the very reason she wanted to see it. We checked our wraps and were shown to a table in the corner. I asked what should it be. She said the drink that made Milwaukee famous, so I ordered beer. It was a cheerful place with light, music, and dancing. Around the main floor was a raised platform on three sides of the hall on which were little tables. At each table sat one or more young women, well dressed, self possessed, and attractive, waiting for courtiers. Under the rules of the establishment any gentleman who wished female companionship was privileged to approach any one of these maidens, introduce himself, and sit at her side. She would greet him with an engaging smile and order a meal. He was expected to order also a bottle of champagne. It was then her business to make herself agreeable and entertain him with smiles, with conversation, with caresses, with dancing, and perhaps become his temporary mistress for the night. I explained all this to Mrs. Greeley and she said she thought it was a very good arrangement. She expressed surprise that the young women were so decorous, modest, and well behaved, some of them with innocent, refined, and attractive faces, dress, and appearance. I suggested that they were exactly like all other young women, neither better nor worse and that the only difference was one of psychology, their own and that of others. They have for various reasons crossed a certain dead line set for women by society, a purely artificial dead line like all social taboos. We spent about an hour at the place, drinking, smoking, listen-

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checked our wraps and were shown to a table in the corner. I asked what should it be. She said the drink that made Miss Alice famous, so I ordered beer. It was a cheerful place with light, music, and dancing. Around the main floor was a raised platform on three sides of the hall on which were little tables. At each table sat one or more young women, well dressed, self possessed, and attractive, waiting for courtiers. Under the rules of the establishment any gentleman who wished female companionship was privileged to approach any one of these maidens, introduce himself, and sit at her side. She would greet him with an engaging smile and order a meal. He was expected to order also a bottle of champagne. It was then her business to make herself agreeable and entertain him with smiles, with conversation, with caresses, with dancing, and perhaps become his temporary mistress for the night. I explained all this to Mrs. Greeley and she said she thought it was a very good arrangement. She expressed surprise that the young women were so decorous, modest, and well behaved, some of them with innocent, refined, and attractive faces, dress, and appearance. I suggested that they were exactly like all other young women, neither better nor worse and that the only difference was one of psychology, their own and that of others. They have for various reasons crossed a certain dead line set for women by society, a purely artificial dead line like all social taboos. We spent about an hour at the place, drinking, smoking, listen-

(1926, May, Rome.

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ing to the music, and watching the couples form, enjoy themselves and leave. *P* I walked with her to the hotel where we had to wait for the sleepy porter to open the outer gate and let her in. Before entering she turned to me and said, "This has been one of the most wonderful evenings of my life and I thank you. If it were not for the conventions and the presence of this hotel man I would invite you to come to my room." I replied "Yes, and if it were not for my unfortunate inhibitions I would accept your invitation and gladly spend the night with you, but so it is, and I must say good night." With that we squeezed each others hands, smiled, and parted. As I walked back to my rooms I solo^{il}-quized, "Just think of it; two American hypocrits wanted to spend the night ~~o~~ together, but their peculiar brand of American hypocrisy prevented; at least they were honest enough to admit to each other what they would like to have done had it not been for their puritanical inheritance and obsequiousness to what they thought was public opinion. Why, can't a man over fifty and a woman over forty-five ^{be} break loose once ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ a while and do what they want to do." Moral? No, we were simply cowards.

It was 3.30 a.m. when I reached my rooms, because I did not feel like riding and had walked across the city.

The next day, Sunday, was spent at the office arranging papers and at my rooms packing up. The landlady came in to apologize because the hotwater heater was out of order. She said a young lady from the Institute had called to see about renting my rooms, but the landlady did not want any women in her apartments because they always want to do cooking and washing and are apt to have undersirable young gentleman visitors.

Monday, the 31st. Mr. Dore called to explain that the printing office had made a serious mistake in my census bulletin

(1926, May, Rome.)

H-1804.

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(Regina dei cuore, ~~May~~ 31, Rome.

(1926, May, Rome.)

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(Regina del cuore, May 21, Rome.)